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1817
ARTES SCIENTIA VERITAS

Hamilton, Elizabeth

MEMOIRS

OF

MODERN PHILOSOPHERS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

" Ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius magnas plerumque ſecat res."
HOR.

" Ridicule ſhall frequently prevail,
And cut the knot, when graver reaſons fail."
FRANCIS.

DUBLIN:

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"THE pudding is very good," replied Mr. Mapple, "and does great honour to my couſin Biddy, who, I dare ſay, is the maker."

'I have often told you,' cried the young lady in a reſentful accent, 'that my name is not Biddy. Will you never learn to call me Bridgetina?'

"Well, well, Biddy, or Biddytiny, or what you pleaſe," rejoined the old gentleman; "though, in my opinion, the world went as well when people were contented with the names that were given them by their godfathers and godmothers in their baptiſm. Bridget is a good chriſtian name, and I pray the Lord make you as good a woman as your aunt Bridget, from whom you had it. She too was an excellent hand at making a plum-pudding.'

'A pudding!' repeated Bridgetina, reddening with anger, 'I do aſſure you, ſir, you are very much miſtaken, if you think that I employ my time in ſuch a manner.'

"And pray, my little couſin, how do you contrive to employ it better?"

To this queſtion Miſs Bridgetina diſdaining reply, caſt ſuch a look of contempt upon her reverend relative, as but for the circumſtance of the ſquint, which we have already noticed, muſt infallibly have diſcomfited him. But as her eyes, while in the act of darting indignant fire in his face, had every appearance of being directed towards the door, the poor gentleman eſcaped unhurt.

Mrs. Botherim now thought it time to aſtoniſh her old friend, by a diſcovery of the wonderful accompliſhments of her daughter.

"You do not know, ſir," ſhe exultingly exclaimed, "that Biddy is a great ſcholar! You will find, if you converſe with her a little, that ſhe is far too learned to trouble herſelf about doing any thing uſeful. Do, Bridgetina, my dear, talk to your couſin a little about the *cowſation*, and *perſebility*, and all them there things as Mr. Glib and you are ſo often upon. You have no ideer what a ſcholar ſhe is," continued the fond mother, again addreſſing herſelf to Mr. Mapple, "ſhe has read every book in the circulating library, and Mr. Glib declares ſhe knows them better than he does himſelf."

'Indeed, mamma, but I do no ſuch thing,' cried Bridgetina, pettiſhly; 'do you think I would take the trouble of going through all the dry ſtuff in Mr. Glib's collection?—hiſtory and travels, ſermons and matters of fact? I hope I have a better taſte! You know very well I never read any thing but novels and metaphyſics."

"Novels and metaphyſics!" repeated her kinſman, caſting up his eyes, "*O tempora! O mores!*"

'Moſes,

'Moſes, ſir,' rejoined the young lady, 'if indeed ſuch a man as Moſes ever exiſted, was a very ignorant perſon. His energies were cramped by ſuperſtition, and the belief of a God, which is well known to be the grand obſtacle to perfectibility.'

"My poor child!" ſaid Mr. Mapple, in a tone of compaſſion mixed with aſtoniſhment, "where haſt thou got all this?"

'I told you ſo!' cried the delighted mother, 'I knew you had no ideer of her larning. She puts every one as viſits us to a none-pluſh. The Doctor himſelf had as lief go a mile out of his road, as enter into an argument with her.'

"Truly, I make no doubt of it," returned Mr. Mapple, drily, "I am quite of his way of thinking; and as you have probably ſome preparations to make for the company you expect this evening, ſhall take my leave. You know I ride but ſlowly, and I ſhould like to reach******** before it grows dark."

'Nay, do pray now, ſir, have a little more talk with Biddy before you go; for as to preparing for the company, I does all theſe there ſort of things with my own hands. For though Nancy is a tolerable good cook in a plain way, ſhe has no notion of nick-nacks. I am ſure, if any one knew what a trouble it is for me to give ſuppers! Indeed, Mr. Mapple, you have no ideer. There had I this morning to make the tarts, and the cuſtards, aye, and the pudding too, which you até at dinner, and praiſed ſo much. And now I have only to put on the beſt covers on the drawing-room chairs, and to unpaper the fire-ſcreens, and to fix the candles on the ſconces, and to prepare my daughter's things; ſo that I ſhall ſoon be ready; meanwhile you may

chat with Biddy—it will do your heart good to hear her talk."

Mr. Mapple ſeemed to be of a different opinion; and declining to enter into any controverſy with an adverſary, whoſe proweſs was ſo highly vaunted, he immediately took his leave.

CHAP. VI.

Diſtruſtful Senſe with modeſt caution ſpeaks,
It ſtill looks home, and ſhort excurſions makes.
But rattling *Nonſenſe* in full vollies breaks;
And never ſhock'd, and never turn'd aſide,
Burſts out reſiſtleſs with a thund'ring tide.

AS the principal families in the pariſh continued the ſame attentions to the widow of their late rector, which they had paid her as his wife, it will be concluded, to a certainty, by thoſe who know any thing of the world, that ſhe was left in poſſeſſion of affluence.

It was not, however, to the extent of her fortune, ſo much as to the exertion of her talents, that Mrs. Botherim ſtood indebted for the civilities of her richer neighbours.

Whatever idea the reader may have formed of the negative ſtrength of her intellects, ſhe had ſufficient ſagacity to diſcover, that when ſhe could no longer give dinner for dinner, and ſupper for ſupper, a complete termination would, in the minds of many of her dear friends in the neighbourhood, be given to her exiſtence. Effectually to keep herſelf alive in their remembrance, was a point

a point which ſhe might literally be ſaid to *labour*. It required the inceſſant exertion of all the economy, and all the notability, of which ſhe was miſtreſs: nor would theſe alone have been ſufficient, if they had not been aſſiſted by the perfect knowledge of a ſcience, which produced effects more delightful to many of her gueſts than all "Philoſophy e'er taught."

Though the ſcience of cookery was the only one with which Mrs. Botherim was acquainted, it may be doubted whether it did not ſometimes produce attractions as powerful as the metaphyſical knowledge of her daughter.

Even Mr. Myope himſelf has been ſuſpected of this preference; and has been actually known to leave his free-will opponent in poſſeſſion of the laſt word, from the *neceſſity* he felt himſelf under of devouring the good things ſet before him on Mrs. Botherim's table. Never ſhall I forget the eulogium I once heard him make on one of the good lady's currant tarts: a tart which, as he judiciouſly obſerved, could never have been ſo nicely ſweetened, *if Alexander the Great had not ſet fire to the palace of Perſepolis.**

To praiſe her cookery, or to praiſe her daughter, was at all times the moſt direct road to Mrs. Botherim's heart. When the tribute of flattery was on either of theſe ſubjects withheld, ſhe quickly diſcerned the motive, and conſoled herſelf by obſerving, "that it was better to be *envied* than pitied."

That ſhe and her daughter were the objects of envy to many of her neighbours, ſhe could not doubt. The rector's family, in particular, had given her many ſtrong proofs of being poſſeſſed

* See Godwin's Pol. Inſ. vol. i. p. 161.

of this hateful paſſion: even the reverend gentleman himſelf had oftener than once dropt ſome hints about the needleſs expence of formal entertainments among friends and neighbours; and it was certain, that neither he, nor his ſiſter nor his daughters, appeared to enjoy half ſo much ſatisfaction at one of her feaſts, as at the ſimple fare which was ſet before them when on a chance viſit. The ſame *envious* diſpoſition it was, which, in Mrs. Botherim's opinion, made them not only avoid the ſubject of metaphyſics, on which her daughter could ſo far outſhine them, but ſeem in pain when it was mentioned.

Of the viſitors expected at the concluſion of the laſt chapter, the ladies of the family we have juſt mentioned, accompanied by the daughter of the diſſenting clergy-man, were the firſt that arrived. They were ſeated in the drawing-room before either Mrs. or Miſs Botherim were ready to make their appearance.

At length the mother came curtſeying into the room, and while ſhe ſtroked down the obſtinate folds of her well-ſtarched apron, made a thouſand apologies for not being ſooner prepared for their reception. She was followed by Bridgetina, whoſe ſtiff turban and gaudy ribbons put the homely plainneſs of her countenance in the moſt conſpicuous point of view.

Neither her dreſs nor perſon were, however, in any danger of criticiſm from the party preſent. They perceived not the prodigious fund of merriment that might have been derived from her wearing a blue gown and yellow ſlippers; a circumſtance, which would have afforded a week's gigling to many miſſes, was altogether loſt upon them. Their ſtupid inſenſibility to the pleaſure of perſonal ridicule, will, no doubt, impreſs many

many readers with an unfavourable idea of their underſtanding. To the misfortune of never having been at a boarding-ſchool, may perhaps be attributed this ſeeming want of diſcernment to thoſe deformities of perſon, and incongruities of dreſs, to which ſo many ladies, and ſo many beaux, confine their whole ſtock of obſervation.

The compliments of both mother and daughter were received by theſe ladies with that unaffected complacency, which they had been taught to feel for the virtues of the heart. They were not inſenſible to the foibles or the peculiarities of either; but if thoſe of Mrs. Botherim ſometimes excited a ſmile, it was a ſmile unaccompanied by malice, and void of the ill-natured wiſh of expoſing the object that excited it to the ridicule of others. What were their feelings with regard to Bridgetina, may, perhaps, appear hereafter.

Perſonages of greater conſequence now call for our attention. A loud knocking at the door announces the arrival of Sir Anthony Aldgate, his lady, and daughter.

Of her relationſhip to this great man Mrs. Botherim was not a little proud. She exulted in the honour of an annual viſit from him, which he regularly paid on his way to Buxton every ſummer: and though the trouble and expence it coſt him, to come ſo many miles out of the direct road, was always ſet forth in ſuch terms, as might have diſguſted a more faſtidious mind; it acted upon Mrs. Botherim's exactly as it was intended, and only ſerved to enhance the value of the viſit. Mrs. Botherim was herſelf the daughter of a tradeſman in the city, and had early acquired ſuch a profound reſpect for wealth, that the ſight of that ſort of intoxication, produced by a full purſe on a narrow heart and ſhallow underſtanding,

derſtanding, was not ſo diſguſting to her feelings, as it probably was to thoſe of ſome of her preſent gueſts.

The two Mr. Gubbles', father and ſon, with their reſpective ladies, next appeared, and were formally introduced to Sir Anthony and his lady. In Miſs Aldgate, the younger Mrs. Gubbles ſoon diſcovered a ſchool-mate, and although the daughter of the city knight appeared not very willing to recognize the wife of the apothecary as an acquaintance, the claims of the latter were brought forward in too forcible a manner to be reſiſted.

"Locka me!" cried the bride of young Gubbles, "Miſs Jenny Aldgate, I declare! Who would have thought of ſeeing you here? And you are not married yet! Well! I declare it is ſo odd that I ſhould get married before you! Is'nt it?"

Miſs Aldgate bit her lips, while ſhe declared, 'how vaſtly glad ſhe was to ſee her old companion, and to wiſh her joy.' Without liſtening to her compliment, Mrs. Gubbles continued, "All the ladies at Mrs. Nab's ſchool were ſo ſurpriſed when I went to ſee them, you have no ideer. Locka me! Do you remember our governeſs? How we quizz'd her! I never think of our ſtealing the nice chicken from the fire, which ſhe was having roaſted for her own ſupper, without being ready to die with laughing. I told it all to Mr. Gubbles, and it ſo diverted him! And then the going over the garden-wall to get prog at the paſtry-cook's ſhop: was n't it excellent? And do you remember"—

Here followed a whiſper, which called up ſomething very like a bluſh in the cheeks of Miſs Aldgate. Her friend proceeded—

"Oh, I aſſure you, upon my honour, I never told

told *that* to any one;" caſting a ſignificant glance at her huſband. "I would not tell ſuch a thing to any one for the world. But, locka me! I wager you won't gueſs what is become of Miſs Bellfield, that was thought to be ſuch a fortune: do gueſs, now, what is become of her: I lay that you don't?"

'Perhaps ſhe is married,' ſaid Miſs Aldgate.

"She married, poor thing!" replied Mrs. Gubbles, "Locka me! ſhe is only one of Mrs. Nab's teachers: is n't it very droll now, is n't it?"

'It is what I never ſhould have thought of to be ſure,' returned Miſs Aldgate: 'though, as I heard pa ſay, her father was ruined. I ſuppoſe, poor thing, ſhe was glad to do it for bread.'

"Aye, poor thing! you can't think how I feel for her! But," lowering her tone, "did you ever ſee ſuch a fright as that Miſs Botherim? I declare ſhe is quite a *Guy!*"*

'O dear,' cried Miſs Aldgate, giggling, 'how can you be ſo droll? I proteſt you will make me die with laughing; you are ſo very comical!' Here both ladies, holding up their fans before their faces, continued for ſome time tittering a duet, to the great edification of the Miſs Orwells, who were placed beſide them; but who, not having been at Mrs. Nab's ſchool, were not, in boarding-ſchool phraſeology, to be *taken into the baby-houſe*.

The entrance of their father, accompanied by his reverend friend Mr. Sydney, would, they hoped, give a more general turn to the converſation; but in this they were diſappointed.

The

* Alluding, as we ſuppoſe, to a groteſque effigy of Guy Faux, which is uſually carried through the ſtreets of London, by the rabble, on the anniverſary of the Gunpowder-plot.

The diſappointment of theſe young ladies aroſe, like moſt other diſappointments, from the fallacy of their expectations. So ignorant were they of the world, as to imagine that thoſe who were beſt qualified to ſpeak, ſhould, by the ſuffrage of the company, be called upon to ſpeak the moſt. They did not know, that while thoſe whoſe knowledge enables them to inſtruct, or whoſe genius qualifies them to enlighten, every circle in which they are placed, are reſtrained by the modeſty and diffidence which are the uſual concomitants of real merit, from taking the lead in converſation, it is without ceremony aſſumed by the ſelf-aſſured, the vain, and the ignorant.

The characters of Doctor Orwell and Mr. Sydney were in many reſpects ſo ſtrikingly ſimilar, that the outlines might juſtly be deſcribed in the ſame terms. Both were benevolent, pious, unaffected, and ſincere. The minds of neither were narrowed by party zeal, nor heated by prejudice. To this liberal turn of thinking were they indebted for the bleſſing of mutual friendſhip: a friendſhip, which received no interruption from the difference of their opinions in ſome ſpeculative points, as each, conſcious of the integrity that governed his own breaſt, gave credit for an equal degree of integrity to the other. Both delighted in literature and ſcience; but in theſe, as in other purſuits, each took the walk moſt agreeable to his own peculiar taſte without conteſting for its abſolute ſuperiority over that which was choſen by his friend. General literature, and the belles lettres, had greater attractions for Doctor Orwell, than the abſtruſer ſtudies which engaged the attention of Mr. Sydney. The amuſement of the one was gardening; of the other, botany: but the chief buſineſs of both

was

was to promote the happineſs of their fellow-creatures.

No ſooner had theſe reverend gentlemen taken their ſeats, than they were addreſſed by Sir Anthony upon the late fall of ſtocks, a ſubject in which he well knew himſelf to be the only perſon in company at all intereſted. The confeſſed ignorance of his audience inſpired him with an unuſual flow of eloquence. He conſidered the portentous event in every point of view in which it could poſſibly be placed. He compared it with ſimilar occurrences of former years, and recited, with great exactneſs, all the obſervations he had then made; obſervations which never failed to be verified by the event, ſo as to redound to the honour of his own ſagacity.

Various were the effects produced by his diſcourſe on the minds of his hearers.

When he ſpake of his mighty bargains of twenty thouſand ſcrip, and thirty thouſand conſols, purchaſed in the courſe of one morning, his importance ſeemed to riſe ſo high, in the eſtimation of the Meſſrs. Gubbles, that they exulted in the honour of being in company with ſo great a man.

"Bleſs me!" thought Mrs. Botherim, "with ſo many thouſands of them there ſtocks, (if ſo be as how, that they are all like ſo many bank-notes) one might keep as good a table as my lord-mayor himſelf!"

'Ah!' thought the lovely Harriet Orwell, a ſweet bluſh riſing with the thought, and playing for a moment on her beauteous cheek, 'Ah! that ſuch a fortune were in the poſſeſſion of the noble-hearted Henry Sydney! To what exalted purpoſes would he employ ſuch a fund of ſuperfluous wealth! How many would he make happy! But would

would Harriet Orwell be then the object of his attention?'

The deep ſigh that followed was drowned in the ſharp tones of the elder Mrs. Gubbles, who, impatient of the knight's long harangue upon a ſubject in which ſhe could bear no ſhare, had broken the painful reſtraint of ſilence; and in a hoarſe whiſper was giving to Lady Aldgate a minute and circumſtantial detail of an intrigue, long ſuſpected, but only that morning *brought to light*, betwixt the ſhopman and her favourite houſe-maid.

Long as was this hiſtory, and many as were the *ſays I's*, and *ſays ſhe's*, which added to its length, when it was finiſhed, Mrs. Gubbles found the knight juſt where ſhe had left him.

"I tell you, ſir," ſaid he to Mr. Sydney, whoſe eye he at that moment caught, "I tell you, ſir, it is the very beſt ſtock in which you can poſſibly purchaſe, and I will undertake to prove it to you in a moment. Suppoſing, I ſay, ſuppoſing now you to have only ten thouſand pounds."

'Indeed, ſir,' ſaid Mr. Sydney, 'I never was, nor ever expect to be, worth the tenth part of the ſum in my life,'

"Eh!" rejoined the knight, "not worth a thouſand pounds! Pray, what did you begin with?"

'I began the world,' replied Mr. Sydney, with an education, which taught me that a man's riches conſiſteth not in the abundance which he poſſeſſeth—that he only is truly affluent, whoſe treaſures lie where moths cannot corrupt, nor thieves break through and ſteal; and that a man worth fifty thouſand pounds, if wanting theſe, is poor indeed!'

"Very true, very true, indeed," rejoined Sir Anthony,

Anthony, "no man can be called rich, till he is worth a plum."

'There is one advantage,' reſumed Mr. Sydney, 'attendant upon riches, which a good Providence has no doubt beſtowed as a compenſation for the degradation to which the glorious powers of intellect are forced to ſtoop in its acquirement, as well as for the cares, anxieties, and temptations, which inevitably accompany its poſſeſſion; I need not name this advantage to you, ſir,' continued the reverend old gentleman, 'but I think, if you had been witneſs to the ſcene which my friend Dr. Orwell and I have juſt come from, you would have declared you never had a more glorious opportunity of enjoying it.'

The eyes of Dr. Orwell gliſtened with pleaſure, at the ſucceſsful method taken by his friend to introduce a ſubject on which his thoughts inceſſantly dwelt, and which Mrs. Botherim's frequent praiſes of the knight's liberality made him anxious to bring forward.

"It was a ſcene of extreme miſery, indeed!" cried he; "happy muſt be the perſon who could effectually relieve ſo worthy a family from at leaſt one moiety of their preſent diſtreſs."

The knight took ſnuff, which occaſioned a long fit of ſneezing; at the concluſion of which, Dr. Orwell repeated the laſt ſentence he had uttered, in a ſtill more impreſſive manner, adding, "the ſtruggle they have made has been noble, their reſignation has been exemplary, and unbounded, I am ſure, would be their gratitude."

'Gratitude, did you ſay, ſir?' cried Miſs Bridgetina, who had been all this while ſitting ſcrewed up for a metaphyſical argument, 'Give me leave to tell you, ſir, there is nothing ſo immoral as gratitude. It is, as Mr. Myope ſays, a vice,

or

or rather a miſtake, peculiar to minds who have imbibed certain prejudices, but which none who have energy to riſe above them, are ever known to practice; it is in ſhort, the greateſt obſtacle to perfectibility. Whoever knew Mr. Myope grateful for any favour that he ever received?'

Juſt as Bridgetina had concluded this ſpeech, which, though new to great part of the company, had been delivered in exactly the ſame words at leaſt ſeventeen times before, a ſort of general alarm was produced by the ſudden entrance of Mr. Glib; but this is a ſubject well deſerving a new chapter.

CHAP. VII.

"Spectatum admiſſi riſum teneatis."

HOR. ARS POET.

MR. Glib, who, like a true philoſopher, deſpiſed all ceremony, took not the leaſt notice either of Mrs. Botherim or her gueſts, but ſkipping at once up to Bridgetina, "Good news!" cried he, "citizen Miſs. Glorious news! We ſhall have rare talking now! There is Mr Myope, and the goddeſs of Reaſon, and Mr. Vallaton, all come down upon the top of the heavy coach. There they are at my houſe taking a ſnack, all as hungry as ſo many cormorants. I was in ſuch a hurry to tell you, that I left the ſhop to take care of itſelf, and off I ran. Juſt as I was at the door, up comes a wench for the patent ſtyptic for

for Mr. Plane, the carpenter, who, ſhe ſaid, had met with a doleful accident—but would not go back. Bid him exert his energies, my dear, ſaid I: that's it! energies, do all! And off I came, as you ſee, without gartering my ſtockings. But never mind, come along. The goddeſs of Reaſon longs to give you the fraternal embrace; faith, and a comely wench ſhe is, that's certain. But let us be off, I have not a moment to ſpare, and I can't go without you."

'Mr. Myope! and the goddeſs of Reaſon! and Mr. Vallaton! and all!' exclaimed Bridgetina, 'you make me too happy! Lead me to the enlightened groupe,' continued ſhe, riſing from her chair, or rather getting off it, (for as ſhe was rather taller ſitting than ſtanding, ſhe could not well be ſaid *to riſe* when ſhe aſſumed the latter poſture) 'Lead me to the enlightened groupe; I would not loſe a moment of their converſe for the world; the injury would be incalculable.'

Mrs. Botherim obſerving her daughter's motion, laid down the tea-pot to expoſtulate.

"You would not go now, ſure, my dear?" cried ſhe; you cannot poſſibly think of leaving this here company, who are all of our own inwiting: and who, though they may not be quite ſo larned in that there philoſophy, ſeeing that it is but a new ſort of a thing, as a body may ſay; yet you know, my dear, it would be one of the moſt rudeſt things in the world to run away from them."

To this expoſtulation, which was made in a low voice, Bridgetina replied aloud—.

'And do you think I am now *at liberty* to remain here? I wonder, mamma, how you can ſpeak ſo ridiculouſly? Have I not told you again and again, that I am under *the neceſſity* of preferring

ferring the motive that is moſt preferable? The company, if they are not very ignorant indeed, muſt know that my going inſtantly to Mr. Glib's is a link in the glorious chain of cauſation, generated in eternity, and which binds me now to act exactly as I do.' So ſaying, ſhe put her arm in Mr Glib's, and hurried off as faſt as the ſhortneſs of her legs would permit.

Her conductor, ſoon tired of the ſlow pace at which ſhe appeared to him to walk, though ſhe had actually hopp'd and run her very beſt to keep up with him, propoſed leaving her at the firſt turning, while he ran up to Captain Delmond's for Miſs Julia, whoſe preſence he knew was expected with much impatience by ſome of the party at his houſe.

He could not have left the hapleſs maiden at a more unlucky moment. She had not advanced many ſteps, till her paſſage was oppoſed by a mighty torrent, vulgarly called a kennel, which was now ſwelled to an unuſual ſize by the waſhing out of the ſhambles, it being market-day. While ſhe ſtood meditating on the brink of this by no means pellucid ſtream, a ſudden guſt of wind whirled off the high-raiſed turban, and with it, O luckleſs deſtiny! went the flowing honours of her head. The ſtiff ringlets ſo well pomatumed, and ſo nicely powdered, which Mrs. Botherim had with her own hands ſo carefully pinned on, together with the huge knots of many coloured ribbons; all, all were hurried down the black boſom of the remorſeleſs ſtream!

"Smoke the lady's wig!"* called out an unlucky

* At the time the above was written, the author had probably no idea that wigs were ſo ſoon to become a reigning faſhion amongſt his fair country-women. He, poor man, would

lucky boy to his companions, who inſtantly ſet up ſuch a ſhout of laughter, that the diſcomfited Bridgetina, regardleſs of the danger ſhe encountered, and forgetful of the irremediable ruin of her yellow ſlippers, daſhed into the muddy torrent, which, in ſpite of many oppoſing obſtacles, ſhe made ſhift to waddle through. Arrived at Mr. Glib's, ſhe ſlipt in through the ſhop and back-parlour to the kitchen; but there ſhe found only the three children, buſily employed in picking the bones that had been ſent out upon the ſtranger's plates. She begged the eldeſt boy to go into the parlour for his mother: "No, but I wont though," returned the little half-naked urchin, "I would as ſoon go to church." She attempted to coax him, but in vain. At length her voice was heard by Mrs. Glib, who, coming into the kitchen, was ſoon informed of the diſmal plight of Bridgetina, which ſhe relieved as far as poſſible, by a neceſſary change of apparel; and having pinned up the petticoats to prevent their trailing on the ground, for Mrs. Glib was rather above the middle ſize, ſhe conducted her into the parlour.

Miſs Botherim was received by Mr. Myope, and Mr. Vallaton, in a manner ſufficiently cordial: each of them taking a hand conducted her up to the goddeſs of Reaſon, who was lolling in the eaſy chair, careſſing that favourite monkey who acted ſuch a conſpicuous part at the Apotheoſis of her Goddeſsſhip at Paris, as hath been already related in the third chapter of theſe memoirs. Placing her companion upon the table, ſhe

would moſt likely have deemed it a ſlander upon the taſte and underſtanding of the ladies of England—to ſuppoſe it in the power of *faſhion* to introduce a cuſtom ſo odious and abſurd!

ſhe aroſe to embrace the pupil of her dear Myope; but on obſerving the groteſque figure that was preſented to her, ſhe heſitated.

Mr. Pug was not quite ſo ſcrupulous, he without ceremony ſprang forward, and claſping his paws round the neck of Bridgetina, gave her the fraternal embrace in due form; and then putting out his chin, chattered in her face in ſuch a manner, that poor Miſs Botherim, who was not accuſtomed to this ſort of jargon, uttered a ſcream of terror.

It was with ſome difficulty that the Goddeſs of Reaſon prevailed upon Mr. Pug to quit his hold. While ſhe was coaxing him for that purpoſe, Mr. Myope, provoked at the obſtinacy of the little animal, ſeized his paw on purpoſe to force him to relinquiſh his graſp, which Mr. Pug, being an avowed enemy to the ſyſtem of coercion, reſented upon the finger of the philoſopher by his teeth.

"D—ye!" cried the ſerene inculcator of non-reſiſtance, "you little devil! If I don't break every bone in your body for this!"

'Ah! de poor little angel!' exclaimed the Goddeſs of Reaſon, hugging her little favourite cloſe to her boſom, 'Has he frightened oo, lovey, has he? but oo ſaut be hurt, ittle dear! oo ſant.'

"You are inſufferably provoking," retorted Myope; "but don't think that the little devil ſhall eſcape a beating for this. He has bit my finger to the very bone!"

'Well,' returned the Goddeſs of Reaſon, 'and how could *pauvre cher* help dat? Had he no de motive?'

'The citizen Goddeſs is in the right,' ſaid Bridgetina. 'As juſtly might you puniſh the knife for cutting your finger, as the monkey for biting

biting it; ſince, according to your own ſublime ſyſtem, they are inſtruments equally paſſive.'*

"D—their paſſiveneſs," cried Myope in encreaſed agony, while Mrs. Glib applied ſome Fryer's Balſam to the wound, "d— their paſſiveneſs: I tell you, I believe I ſhall loſe my finger; I never felt ſuch pain in my life."

"Exert your energies, my dear citizen," cried Mr. Glib, who had juſt entered, "exert your energies, my dear. That's it! energies do all! Cure your finger in a twinkling. Energies would make a man of the monkey himſelf in a fortnight."

The wound being now bound up, and the pain a little abated, Mr. Myope did exert his energies ſo far as to reſume ſome degree of philoſophical compoſure.

Not ſo Mr. Vallaton. Having twice changed his ſeat to different corners of the room, through the reſtleſſneſs of impatience; he again, from the ſame impulſe, drew near Mr. Glib, to re-queſtion him concerning Julia; and was receiving from him, for the third time, a full and complete recital of all that ſhe had ſaid to him, when the door opened, and Julia herſelf, the charming Julia, appeared.

Never did ſhe look more lovely. The ſmall ſtraw hat which was careleſsly tied under her chin with a bow of pink ribbons, had been ſo far driven back by the wind, as to diſplay the auburn ringlets that in profuſion played upon her lovely cheeks; thoſe cheeks, where the animated bloom of nature ſet all poetical compariſon at defiance. Mr. Vallaton was the laſt perſon to whom ſhe addreſſed herſelf; but the bluſh that over-

* See Godwin's Pol. Juſtice, vol. i. b. 3d.

overſpread her countenance, plainly denoted that he was not the moſt indifferent to her heart. Mr. Vallaton likewiſe reddened; but who, ſo little ſkilled in phyſiognomy as not to have perceived, in the different ſhades of the colour that overſpread each countenance, the difference of the ſenſation by which it was produced? Whilſt the pleaſure of beholding the object of an innocent affection heightened the glow in the cheek of modeſty, and ſweetly ſparkled in the eye; the paſſions that fluſhed the countenance of the deep deſigner, were evidently of far groſſer birth.

The fraternal embrace (that laudable inſtitution, and moſt excellent contrivance for baniſhing all reſerve betwixt the ſexes) being over, Mr. Vallaton began to complain, in exaggerated terms, of the length of time ſhe had kept him in ſuſpenſe about her coming.

'I could not get away ſooner indeed,' cried Julia, eager to juſtify herſelf from the charge of unkindneſs. 'You know,' continued ſhe, 'the general bad ſtate of my father's health; but he has been indiſpoſed even more than uſual for this laſt fortnight: and when he is ill, nothing appears to ſoothe his pain ſo much as my reading to him; and knowing the pleaſure it affords him, I cannot poſſibly be ſo undutiful as to deprive him of it.

"Duty!" repeated Mr. Vallaton, "How can a mind ſo enlightened as Julia's talk of duty, that bugbear of the ignorant? I would almoſt as ſoon hear you talk of gratitude."

'Indeed,' anſwered Julia, 'I cannot help thinking that there is ſome regard due to duty. You know how kind my father has ever been to me. My mother, too; whoſe very ſoul ſeems wrapt

wrapt up in me, who knows no pleaſure but in promoting mine. Is it poſſible that I do not owe them ſome duty? Gratitude you have convinced me is out of the queſtion; but indeed I cannot help thinking that there is in this caſe ſomething due to duty.'

"And is this," retorted Mr. Vallaton, in a chiding tone, "is this all the progreſs you have made in the new philoſophy?* Do you not know, that duty is an expreſſion merely implying the mode in which any being may be beſt employed for the general good? And how, I pray you, does your humouring theſe old people conduce to that great purpoſe? Ah, Julia! there are other methods in which you might employ your time far more beneficially."

"Truth," ſaid Mr. Myope, who had been attentively liſtening to their converſation, "truth, fair citizen, obliges me to declare, that Mr. Vallaton is in the right. We are not, you muſt remember, connected merely with one or two percipient beings, but with a ſociety, a nation, and in ſome reſpects with the whole family of mankind. To eſteem any individual above his deſerts, becauſe he is in ſome manner related to us, or has been in any wiſe ſerviceable in promoting

* The frequent plagiariſms of our author have been particularly objected to by ſome of my learned friends; who informed me, that by peruſing the works of Mr. Godwin, and ſome of his diſciples, I ſhould be enabled to detect the ſtolen paſſages, which it would be but honeſt to reſtore to the right owner. Alas! they knew not what a heavy taſk they impoſed on me. If I have failed in its execution, I humbly hope Mr. Godwin and his friends will accept of this apology; and while they recognize, in the ſpeeches of Mr. Vallaton, the expreſſions they have themſelves made uſe of, that they will have the goodneſs to forgive me, for not having always correctly pointed out the page from whence they have been taken.—EDITOR.

moting our happineſs, is the moſt flagrant injuſtice. What magic is there in the word *my*, to overturn the deciſion of everlaſting truth? Did the obligations, as you call them, conferred upon you by your parents, originate in the conviction of your being a being of more worth and importance than any other young female of their acquaintance? If they did not, they were founded in injuſtice, and therefore immoral; and whatever is ſo, your judgment ſhould contemn."

"Yes," reſumed Vallaton, "and as to your regard for them, philoſophy ſhould teach you to conſider only—how can theſe old people benefit ſociety? What can they do for the general good? And then placing beſide them ſome of thoſe whoſe extenſive faculties, whoſe great powers enable them to perform the glorious taſk of enlightening the world; ſay, whether juſtice, pure unadulterated juſtice, will not point out where the preference ought to fall?"

'Well!' rejoined Julia, 'I declare I never thought of it in this light before. Every new proof of affection which I received from my father and mother, has always ſo endeared them to my heart, that I have thought, if I could lay down my life for them, it would be too little for all their goodneſs to me.'

"How unworthy of the enlightened mind of Julia is ſuch a ſentiment!" exclaimed Vallaton. "But I hope you will ſoon get the better of theſe remains of prejudice, and in ardent deſire for the general good, loſe this confined *individuality* of affection."

'Indeed I ſhall never loſe my affection for my parents,' returned Julia; 'I ſhould hate myſelf if I did.'

Mr.

Mr. Vallaton, afraid of puſhing the matter too far, changed the diſcourſe; but in every ſubject that was introduced, artfully contrived to bring in ſuch alluſions to the purpoſe of his argument, as he thought beſt calculated to work on the ardent imagination of his fair and unſuſpecting pupil.

CHAP. VIII.

"But ſome there are who deem themſelves moſt free,
"When they, within this groſs and viſible ſphere,
"Chain down the winged thought; ſcoffing aſcent,
"Proud in their meanneſs, and themſelves they cheat
"With noiſy emptineſs of learned phraſe."

SOUTHEY.

IN the ſketch we preſented to our readers, of the principal incidents which marked the life of Mr. Myope, we entered into a ſort of promiſe to furniſh a ſimilar degree of information concerning his friend and aſſociate, Mr. Vallaton.

As we hold every engagement of this nature ſacred, and as it is probable that a more convenient opportunity than the preſent may not occur for diſcharging our obligation, we ſhall, without further loſs of time, proceed to gratify the curioſity which we make no doubt we have excited.

Who were the parents of this illuſtrious hero, it is probable the moſt accurate reſearch could not have aſcertained; not that we ſhall take upon us to affirm that ſuch reſearch was ever made; it

is more probable, that the diſcovery was left to that chance which is ſo obliging to the foundling hero of every novel. Similar as were the circumſtances of Mr. Vallaton's birth, in point of obſcurity, to that of the great men, whoſe lives and adventures have employed the pens of ſo many eminent writers, philoſophers and ſempſtreſſes, authors by profeſſion, ladies of quality, and milliners at their leiſure hours; it was attended by ſome peculiarities, a relation of which will ſufficiently exculpate us from the charge of plagiariſm.

A woman who lodged in one of the ſubterraneous abodes, vulgarly denominated cellars, in a little alley of St. Gile's, was called his mammy; and to her, upon pain of whipping, he delivered all the halfpence which his infant importunity had extorted from the paſſengers in the ſtreet; but this woman, even at the foot of the gallows, denied being the mother of *the funny vagabond*, as her little charge was commonly called. To her inſtructions, however, was he indebted for the firſt rudiments of his education; and it is but juſtice to his early genius to obſerve, that there never was an apter ſcholar.

At ſix years old he could, with wonderful adroitneſs, adapt his tale ſo as beſt to work upon the feelings of his auditors. Sometimes, in a pitiful and whining tone, he would beg 'for God's ſake, a ſingle halfpenny to buy a bit of bread for ſix of them, who had not broke their faſt to-day.'

One paſſenger he would follow with clamorous importunity for the length of a ſtreet. Another, from whoſe aſpect he expected better things, he would attack with a tale of ſorrow; his father had then a broken leg, and his mother was juſt that

that morning brought to-bed of twins; a ſtory which he told ſo well, and with ſuch apparent ſimplicity, that it more than once produced a ſixpence. In this way were the talents of our hero employed till his ninth year, when the fatal exit of his mammy left him at his own diſpoſal.

During the laſt weeks of the life of his benefactreſs, he ſo improved by the converſation of her fellow priſoners, that there were few of the choiceſt ſecrets in the ſcience of pilfering, of which he did not acquire ſome idea; of all the more common modes of exerciſing the profeſſion he became perfect maſter. Being thus initiated in the theory, we make no doubt that he would ſoon have become an adept in the practice, had not the laſt moments of his mammy produced a certain feeling of terror, which ſo forcibly operated upon his mind, as to deter him from accepting the overtures of a gang of thieves, who had conceived a juſt opinion of his talents.

That moſt great men have had their weakneſſes, is an obſervation, which, however trite it may appear, is nevertheleſs founded in truth. Let not, then, our hero be derided for *his*; ſince it muſt be acknowledged, that many have trembled at phantoms leſs formidable than the gallows.

Whether the native ſtrength of his mind might not have at length enabled him to conquer the dread of an evil from which he daily ſaw ſo many adventurers eſcape, and which he knew to be moſt deſpiſed by thoſe on whom it was moſt likely to fall, we cannot take it upon us to determine. Before the power of exiſting circumſtances had directed his energies into this channel, an incident occurred, which probably changed the colour of his future deſtiny.

While employed in ſweeping the croſſing, oppoſite the door of a charitable lady, in the neighbourhood of Bloomſbury-ſquare, he obſerved a ſquirrel make its eſcape from the houſe; and ſeeing two or three ſervants immediately run after it, judged that ſomething might be got by recovering the fugitive. He accordingly engaged in the chace, and being either the moſt active, or the moſt zealous, of thoſe who were employed in the purſuit, eaſily outſtripped them all, and had the honour of ſecuring the little runaway, who revenged the loſs of liberty by biting the hand of its enſlaver. Notwithſtanding the pain occaſioned by the wound, the litte fellow bravely kept hold of his adverſary, and returned with him in triumph to his miſtreſs.

The good lady delighted at the reſtoration of her favourite, demanded the name of his preſerver. 'The boys calls me *the funny vagabond*,' replied he, 'and Ise never anſwers to no other name.'

"And where do your father and mother live?" enquired the lady.

'Iſe have got no fathers nor mothers,' returned he, beginning to whimper.

"Poor thing!" ſaid the lady, "and were you never at ſchool?" The negative to this queſtion, and the apparent wretchedneſs of the little object, ſo wrought upon the compaſſionate heart of this good woman, that ſhe immediately conceived the intention of taking him under her protection. He was accordingly cloathed, and put to ſchool by the name of *Alphonſo Vallaton*; for ſo the good lady, who was a great reader of novels, choſe to conſtrue the appellation of *funny vagabond*, which, though probably but a nick-

name,

name, was all that he had any remembrance of poſſeſſing.

If our hero's progreſs in literature did not keep pace with his adroitneſs in other purſuits, yet even here he found apparent ſmartneſs an impoſing ſubſtitute for more ſolid underſtanding. So plauſibly could he retail ſcraps of the leſſons of others, that with all, but the maſter, he paſſed for a promiſing ſcholar; and the maſter had ſomething elſe to do than to attend to the real progreſs of a boy who was indebted to the ſupport of charity. When, at the deſire of her lady, the houſekeeper would ſometimes condeſcend to liſten to the young Alphonſo, while he read to her a leſſon in his ſchool-book, ſhe acknowledged herſelf aſtoniſhed at the manner in which he acquitted himſelf. He did not then (as a boy of inferior genius in the ſame circumſtances certainly would have done) proceed to ſpelling and putting together, but went boldly on without ſtop or heſitation, ſo artfully managing the tones of his voice, as to remove all ſuſpicion of deceit. When memory failed, invention was always at hand to ſupply the deficiency.

Indeed the wonderful dexterity with which he brought theſe powers of the mind to contribute to each other's aſſiſtance, was, through life, one of the moſt conſpicuous as well as moſt uſeful of our hero's accompliſhments.

At twelve years old being, by the report of the houſekeeper, which was corroborated by the teſtimony of his ſchool-maſter, qualified to read, write, and caſt accounts, he was taken from ſchool, and promoted to the employment of footman's aſſiſtant. Here every talent that he had received from nature, every habit that he had acquired among the companions of his early life,

were placed in a ſoil ſuited to their expanſion and improvement. Here that inventive faculty, which not only furniſhed him with a ready excuſe for every fault he himſelf committed, but which was ever at the ſervice of his friends, found daily opportunities of exerciſe. Nor was it in words alone that his ſuperior genius was diſplayed. Each of his fellow-ſervants received, in their ſeparate departments, convincing proofs of his abilities. To John, his immediate ſuperintendant, he quickly endeared himſelf, by the dexterity with which he aſſiſted him to carry off a greater quantity of wine from the cellar and the ſideboard, than he had ever before ventured to appropriate to his own uſe. By the cook, his knowledge in the art of making up accounts was put in a continual ſtate of requiſition. So acutely did he perceive where the additional charge could beſt be made, that while her bills had the appearance of being leſs extravagant, they were actually more productive to her than ever. The coachman likewiſe experienced the benefit of his good offices, in a more advantageous diſpoſal of the oats bought for his horſes; one half of which he now contrived to ſell for little leſs than half of what they had coſt his miſtreſs. In ſhort, during the two years of our hero's abode in this family, the ſyſtem of peculation was ſo completely organized, that it is thought to have given the firſt hint to Mr. Myope of his notion of perfectibility.

Here we think it is neceſſary to ſtop, and to enter a caveat againſt any invidious application of our account of the above tranſactions. For which purpoſe we do moſt ſolemnly declare and aver, that we did not mean to inſinuate the moſt diſtant alluſions to the practices of any man, or bodies of men, in any public office or department

of

of the ſtate, in this or any other country; and particularly beg we may not be underſtood as intending any thing in the leaſt diſreſpectful to thoſe gentlemen who are called "*ſervants of the public*," either in this or the ſiſter kingdom. With which aſſeveration of the purity of our intentions, we ſhall conclude the chapter.

CHAP. IX.

"Ha! ſoft! 'twas but a dream,
"But then ſo terrible it ſhakes my ſoul:
"Cold drops of ſweat hang on my trembling fleſh;
"My blood grows chilly, and I freeze with horror."
SHAKESPEARE.

THAT "fortune favours the brave," is a remark almoſt proverbial; but, alas! the truth of the obſervation is not always juſtified by experience. The moſt ſhining abilities are not at all times crowned with equal ſucceſs: and in the warfare of life, there are ſome contingencies placed beyond the reach of human foreſight to prevent, of human vigilance to elude.

While our hero was flouriſhing the pride and darling of the kitchen, an event was ripening in the womb of fate, which threatened to deprive him of all the comforts he there ſo liberally enjoyed.

The ſuſpicions of his miſtreſs, with regard to the depredations on her wine cellar, were at length arouſed. They were communicated to a friend, and this friend, who poſſeſſed talents for circumventing fraud, and detecting villainy, far beyond

what the good lady herſelf could boaſt, laid ſuch a train as, at the moment leaſt ſuſpected, produced a full and complete diſcovery. As the falſe keys were found in the poſſeſſion of our hero, his fellow-ſervants thought to ſcreen themſelves by throwing all the blame on him, and with one voice voted his impeachment. The young gentleman did not heſitate to recriminate, and brought ſuch convincing proofs of the knavery of his accuſers, as the friend of the lady wiſely obſerved, left her no choice but to *diſmiſs them all.*

In the benignity of his patroneſs, however, our hero ſtill found a powerful advocate; which, in ſpite of the remonſtrances of her friend, prevented her from throwing deſtitute upon the world, a creature ſhe had once taken under her protection. Inſtead, therefore, of diſmiſſing him with thoſe to whoſe bad example ſhe attributed all his ſhare of guilt, ſhe reſolved to expoſe him no more to ſimilar temptations. She deſired him to chooſe a trade for his future ſupport, and, in conſequence of his preference, had him bound to a hair-dreſſer; taking upon herſelf to pay the cuſtomary premium, and to provide him with clothes during the period of his apprenticeſhip.

In the dexterous management of the comb, and the curling irons, our hero ſoon excelled; nor in the more ſubtle and recondite arts of his new profeſſion did he leſs ably diſtinguiſh himſelf. In the latter part of the above account, we are, doubtleſs, anticipated by the judgment of the reader, which will at once conclude, that a proficient in lying, would ſoon be an adept in flattery. With ſuch accompliſhments he could not poſſibly fail of becoming a favourite with the ladies. In fact, his ſervices were in ſuch requeſt,

that

that long before the expiration of his apprentice-ſhip, the houſe of his maſter attained celebrity with the fair ſex, from the name of Vallaton.

During this period, the amours of our hero would, of themſelves, be ſufficient to fill a volume; and much do we wiſh it were in our power to gratify the laudable curioſity of our reader with a circumſtantial and minute detail of this part of his hiſtory. Convinced as we are, from authority the moſt reſpectable, that it is from works like theſe the modern philoſopher ſeeks the materials with which he builds his ſyſtem of the human mind, we feel diſtreſſed at withholding from him information ſo deſirable as that which we certainly have it in our power to beſtow. But, alas! in ſpite of all our efforts, we find ourſelves ſtill ſo much the ſlaves of a certain weakneſs, called *delicacy*, as to be withheld from the deſcription.

However derogatory the above confeſſion may be to our fame, we are happy to learn, that the world is not likely to loſe any thing by our infirmity. A full and complete account of the life and atchievements of our hero being now preparing for the preſs by one of our *female philoſophers*, who will, no doubt, amply fill up every chaſm, which the weakneſs above alluded to has forced us to make. To return to our narrative.

It was not in the favour of the ladies alone, that the young Vallaton found means to ingratiate himſelf; nor was it to them that his attentions were excluſively confined. In a certain three-penny ſpouting club, his oratorical talents had already been ſo conſpicuouſly diſplayed, as to obtain the unbounded applauſe of all the apprentices, journeymen, and ſhop-ſweepers, who were there aſſembled. They did more; they attract-

ed the notice of a gentleman who was particularly desirous of being considered *the patron of genius:* and from him our hero received such information, with regard to some speculative points, as in some degree obviated the inconvenience to which he was exposed by his own consummate ignorance.

He soon had his ambition gratified by a little circle of applauders, who received, without comment or contradiction, whatever opinions he chose to advance. In short, he soon became the oracle of his district, and who has not observed with what despotic sway these oracles preside in the circle that acknowledges their supremacy? The subjects, over whom Vallaton began his reign, were distinguished by one uniform sentiment of enmity toward religion and religionists of all denominations. His towering genius quickly discerned, that by advancing one step beyond what any of his contemporary oracles had ventured to soar, he should infallibly procure for himself the most enviable distinction. He, therefore, boldly professed himself an ATHEIST.

To account for this wonderful display of mental energy, let it be remembered, that our hero enjoyed advantages from his early education, equal to any that the most enlightened philosopher has ventured to prescribe.

He reached his ninth year without having even heard of a GOD, but through the medium of blasphemy; and the words "God have mercy on your soul," pronounced by the judge in giving sentence on his mammy, was the first expression that conveyed to his mind any sort of idea of a future state. It is true that, by the directions of his patroness, he had been taught to repeat the creed, the catechism, and the Lord's-

prayer;

prayer; but in the repetition, not a ſingle idea obtruded itſelf upon his mind, that could tend to injure it by any religious prejudice or impreſſion whatever. The value of theſe manifeſt advantages we leave it to our philoſophical readers to calculate; it is our buſineſs to point out the effects.

The breaſt of our hero now glowed with an ambition, which not all the praiſes beſtowed upon his pretty taſte as a *friſeur*, had power to gratify.

The applauſe he had met with as an orator, enflamed his deſire to figure as an author. To the uninitiated in the art of book-making, ſuch a deſign, in a perſon of our hero's ſlender ſtock of information, may, perhaps, appear temerarious and abſurd. To thoſe who are better acquainted with ſuch matters, a ſufficient number of precedents will occur to exculpate Mr. Vallaton from the charge of ſingularity.

As it fell to the lot of the writer of theſe memoirs to correct the orthography and grammar of the volume of metaphyſical eſſays, which was the firſt production of his pen, he may, perhaps, be ſuppoſed to arrogate to himſelf ſome of the merit of its ſucceſs; and will, therefore, paſs it over in ſilence.

Whatever reception this production met with from the world, it appears to have effected a complete revolution in its author's views. For the pen, the comb, and the curling irons, were from thenceforth forſaken; and the taſk of adorning the heads of his fair country-women gave place to the more dignified employment of enlightening their underſtandings. In which of the occupations, whether as an author or a friſeur, our hero was moſt conducive to the real benefit

benefit of ſociety, it may perhaps be difficult to determine.

To enlarge the ſphere of his utility, Mr. Vallaton thought it neceſſary to have recourſe to politics, and took upon himſelf (for we never heard that it was conferred upon him by the public) the appellation of *Vallaton, the patriot.*

Should the reader be inclined to ſuppoſe, that the patriotiſm of Vallaton bore any reſemblance to that which has appeared in ſome diſtinguiſhed characters of our own and former days, he will labour under an egregious miſtake.

To that generous and diſintereſted love of liberty, which glowed in the breaſts of a Ruſſel and a Sydney; to that zeal for the glory, and jealouſy for the honour, of his country, which animated a Chatham; or to the effect of all theſe principles, as they appear combined, invigorated, and improved in the capacious minds of ſome diſtinguiſhed characters of our own day, our hero was a perfect ſtranger. The only ſhape in which patriotiſm ever appeared to the mind of Vallaton, was in that of a ladder, by the aſſiſtance of which, he might be enabled to climb a few ſteps higher on the hill of fame. But, alas! his courage by no means kept pace with his ambition. At the very ſecond ſtep in his career he ſtumbled. A threatened proſecution for ſedition ſtruck ſuch terror to his heart, that he reſolved to quit the kingdom, and haſtened to communicate his intentions to the only friend, on whom, in ſuch a juncture, he could depend for ſupport or aſſiſtance.

This gentleman, whom we have already mentioned as the patron of his riſing genius, and from whom he had already received many pecuniary obligations, cordially entered into his views; and

and told him that he would moſt cheerfully bear his expences at Paris, provided he took charge of a ſum of money, which he greatly wiſhed to convey to a brother then reſiding in that city. To this propoſal Vallaton gave a cheerful conſent, and having ſo artfully concealed the ſeven hundred guineas committed to his care, as to avoid detection, ſet out upon his journey. The route he was obliged to take, though circuitous, was ſafe; ſo that without material accident or interruption, he, in leſs than a fortnight, reached the French capital.

The firſt public ceremony to which he was a witneſs, was the Apotheoſis of the Goddeſs of Reaſon; where, as has been already related in the ſecond chapter of theſe memoirs, he met with Mr. Myope. The circumſtances of their meeting, together with all the events of that memorable day, have there been given at ſuch full length, that we ſhall not weary the reader by a repetition; ſuffice to ſay, that the friendly behaviour of Mr. Myope, upon that occaſion, ſeemed to excite in the breaſt of Vallaton feelings of the moſt lively gratitude. He was profuſe in his acknowledgments, and having formerly known Myope in the character of an itinerant preacher, he took care to ſeaſon his ſpeeches with ſuch pious phraſes, concerning his wonderful deliverance, as he thought would be pleaſing to the ears of his benefactor.

Mr. Myope quickly convinced him of his miſtake. He informed him of his having become a convert to the new philoſophy; and by the enthuſiaſtic warmth of his eulogium, convinced him, that if he wiſhed to ingratiate himſelf in his affection, he could not take a more effectual method

method than by eſpouſing the doctrines he had embraced.

Had Mr. Myope continued a religioniſt, it is difficult to ſay whether the complaiſance of Vallaton would have been able to carry him ſo far as to profeſs himſelf a proſelyte to his opinions. For though the ſpeculative points that had ſucceſſively excited the zealous ſupport of that doctrinal Proteus, had little or no connection with that religion which "purifies the heart;" they were all attended with the inconvenjency of being attached to certain notions of a Supreme Being, and a future ſtate, which it was by no means agreeable to our hero to take into his account.

The new opinions embraced by Mr. Myope, were happily free from this encumbrance. They were, moreover, poſſeſſed of an advantage which, to a perſon of Mr. Vallaton's education, gave them a manifeſt ſuperiority over ſuch doctrines as require the trouble of ſtudy, or ſtand in need of the ſupport of knowledge.

Vallaton quickly perceived how much it would be for his advantage, to become the ſtrenuous advocate of a ſyſtem, which nature had ſo eminently qualified him to ſupport: a ſyſtem, which, ſoaring to a higher region than experience has ever reached, might be deſpiſed by the wiſe, but could never be refuted by the learned. Nor were theſe the only advantages attendant upon the new theory. While a ſhallow plauſibility rendered it admirably calculated for gaining proſelytes among the young, the unthinking, and the uninformed, the boldneſs of its aſſertions was not likely to incur the cenſure of the legiſlative authority; ſince, however they might tend to warp the heart and miſlead the underſtanding, they

they neither excited to tumult, nor recommended immediate reform.

After a due conſideration of all theſe weighty arguments, Mr. Vallaton acknowledged himſelf not only to be convinced, but enraptured, by the enlightened reaſonings of his new friend; and from thenceforth never opened his lips, but in the language of the new philoſophy.

Our hero had been ſeveral days in Paris, before the object of his miſſion once occurred to his recollection. At length the money which he had received from his friend for travelling expences being exhauſted, the bag of gold, which was concealed in his portmanteau, preſented itſelf to his thoughts. Why ſhould he not ſupply himſelf from thence? How ſhould he know whether the proprietor was dead or alive? Perhaps the guillotine had ere now put an end to his exiſtence. Were that, indeed, happily the caſe, who could call him to account? Not the original proprietor, who had violated the laws of his country by ſending it thence. Muſt not the money, in that event, be certainly his own? This thought ſeemed to inſpire our hero's breaſt with a new degree of animation. He looked at the gold: its value appeared enhanced, and his deſire of poſſeſſing it to encreaſe at every glance. It was not without difficulty that he tore himſelf from the contemplation of this tempting object; but at length having taken out twenty guineas for his immediate uſe, he reſtored the reſt to their place of concealment; reſolving, that if their owner did not ſeek them, they ſhould never ſeek their owner.

The more he conſidered the ſubject, the more fully was he convinced of the expediency of his ſilence. He was quickly perſuaded, that any enquiry

quiry concerning the brother of his friend might, at this time, be attended with real danger to himſelf. "This perſon was known to be an Engliſhman. He, through the good offices of one of the ſervants of the American Ambaſſador, who had been his fellow-apprentice, paſſed for an American. To have any connection with a native of England, would inevitably involve him in ſuſpicions." Such were the reaſonings of our hero; and conſidering that this was the very height of the reign of terror, they may, perhaps, be thought ſufficiently cogent. It is, however, a little remarkable, that the ſame reaſonings never occurred to prevent him from forming an acquaintance with any other perſon of his own country, except this unfortunate gentleman. Of this gentleman, however, he was at length obliged unwillingly to hear. One day, when he happened to call upon his friend at the ambaſſador's, he received the unwelcome intelligence, that a perſon had juſt been there to enquire for him, who was very urgent to receive his addreſs: that his friend had at firſt ſcrupled to comply with the requeſt of the ſtranger, but remarking the mildneſs of his deportment, and the genteel air which not even the dreſs that beſpake the extreme of indigence could conceal, he had at length yielded his belief to the ſtory which he told of his being brother to Mr.——, and of his expecting, from that gentleman, the remittance of a conſiderable ſum through the hands of Mr. Vallaton. Our hero uſed his beſt endeavours to conceal from his friend the chagrin which this information occaſioned, and quickly took his leave.

As he was on his return, ruminating on the method he might beſt employ to elude the reſto-

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ration of the precious depoſit, a croud advanced towards him, in the midſt of which he preſently diſcovered the fatal cart, which had, alas! become too familiar to the eyes of the inhabitants of Paris, and which was now loaded with victims for the guillotine: he ſtood aſide to obſerve them as they paſſed. Various were the expreſſions which might be read in the different countenances of theſe unhappy perſons. On ſome was depicted the meekneſs of reſignation; on others, the ſullenneſs of deſpair.

A youth of about ſeventeen or eighteen years of age, whoſe air of manly fortitude expreſſed maturity of virtue, appeared to exert his utmoſt efforts to comfort and ſupport an aged mother, whoſe enfeebled mind was loſt in the horrors that ſurrounded her. A young woman, who was placed in the moſt conſpicuous part of the machine, ſtill more forcibly attracted the notice of the ſpectators. A gleam of ſatisfaction illumined each fine feature of her beautiful countenance; and as ſhe turned her lovely eyes to heaven, they appeared animated with the ſweet enthuſiaſm of hope and joy.

This young lady was the laſt remains of an honourable and happy family; ſhe had, in the beginning of the reign of terror, ſeen her father, mother, and brother, periſh on the ſcaffold; and laſt of all, a lover, to whom from childhood her heart had been united, was doomed to the ſame fate. After the death of this beloved youth, ſhe ſeldom ſpake, but to repeat the French tranſlation of the lines of our Engliſh poet,* Which words having

" *This* is the deſart, *this* the ſolitude;
" How populous, how vital is the grave!"

* Young.

having been overheard by the reporter of the commune, ſhe was accuſed of inciviſm, denounced, and ſent to the guillotine.

The perſon who imparted theſe circumſtances to our hero, ſeemed willing to favour him with an equal degree of information concerning the reſt of the unhappy groupe; but he was too much occupied by his own thoughts to liſten to ſuch unintereſting details, and haſtily ſtepped on.

"What a charming contrivance is this guillotine!" ſaid he to himſelf, as he went along. "How effectually does it ſtop the mouths of troubleſome people. Would that this good-for-nothing old man had made ſuch a deſirable exit! And why ſhould he not? Of what utility is his life to ſociety? Why ſhould he deprive me of theſe ſeven hundred guineas? Does not the philoſophy, I now profeſs, teach that there is no ſuch thing as right? From thence the inference is plain, that the gold ought in juſtice to be diſpoſed of in the way that will be moſt conducive to the general intereſts of ſociety. If I give to this fooliſh old man the ſix hundred and fifty guineas which are now left, what will be the conſequence? Will he not claim the remainder; and aſperſe my character, if I refuſe to comply with his demand? And would not this be to deprive me of my utility? Thus it is evident, that one of us muſt inevitably be deſtroyed; and ſurely, of the two, it is fitting that the one moſt uſeleſs to ſociety ſhould ſuffer.

"My promiſe has been paſſed to his brother. True; but in the interval, betwixt the promiſe and my fulfilling it, a greater and a nobler purpoſe offers itſelf, and calls, with an imperious voice, for my cooperation.* Which ought I to prefer?

* See Pol. Juſ. vol. i.

prefer? That, ſurely, which beſt deſerves my preference. A promiſe, ſays my friend Myope, can make no alteration in the caſe. Ought I not to be guided by the intrinſic merit of the objects, and not by any external and foreign conſideration? And what merit has this old man to boaſt? It is ſaid, that he has paſſed an innocent and inoffenſive life; but innocence is not virtue. It is great paſſions that beſpake great powers, and great powers are but another expreſſion for great energies, and in great energies the whole of virtue is compriſed; I, then, am a more virtuous, and conſequently a more uſeful, individual than this perſon; therefore it is I whoſe utility ought not to be interrupted."

In this manner did Vallaton continue to reaſon with himſelf, till every doubt vaniſhed, and hope and confidence once more took poſſeſſion of his mind.

The greedineſs with which denunciations were at this time received by that tribunal, whoſe decrees were written in blood, and the ſlender evidence that was neceſſary for the conviction of the accuſed, were circumſtances well calculated to facilitate the ſucceſs of that plan which had ſuggeſted itſelf to the mind of our hero. He hurried home, and ſhutting himſelf up in his chamber, ſoon ſcrawled over ſuch a letter as he thought beſt ſuited to the important ſervice for which he intended it. This letter, which was addreſſed to the owner of the ſeven hundred guineas, bore a fictitious ſignature, but purported to be from an intimate correſpondent; and was written as if in anſwer to one which had communicated the plan of an intended aſſaſſination of ſome of the members of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and treated the gentleman as head of the conſpiracy.

No

No ſooner had our hero finiſhed this epiſtle, than he went in ſearch of the perſon to whom it was addreſſed.

Having, at length, with ſome difficulty, found out the obſcure and ſhabby habitation at which he lodged, he was told by the owner, (whoſe poverty would not permit her to maintain a ſervant) that the good citizen he enquired for was not then within, but that ſhe expected him every minute.

Vallaton's eye flaſhed with the triumph of ſucceſs: he begged leave to wait the return of his friend, to which the good woman of the houſe readily conſented, and uſhered him into the dirty and half-furniſhed chamber, which ſhe called *the apartment of Monſieur.*

"You are an Engliſhman, I preſume," ſaid the woman, while ſhe reached him a chair, "and, *apparemment*, you bring ſome good news for Monſieur. Alas! he has been ſo often diſappointed! And after the ſtraits to which he has been reduced, diſappointment ſits ſo hard! And what is the hardeſt matter of all is, his having a fortune of his own too, though he has been ſo many months without having the value of a ſingle ſous. But, *qu' importe?* Monſieur is ſo good, and ſo amiable, that he ſhall ſhare a bit of bread with me and my children, as long as we have a morſel to eat." Here a knock at the door gave notice of Monſieur's return. The woman flew to open it, and our hero, rejoicing in her abſence, dexterouſly depoſited the feigned letter beneath the cover of an old broken ſopha, which ſtood in a corner of the room.

The Gentleman entered, and Vallaton announced himſelf as the friend of his brother. An emotion of pleaſure ſeemed to reanimate the old

old man's pallid countenance. He ſaluted his viſitor with the moſt cordial ſatisfaction, liſtened to his apology for not having waited on him ſooner with complacency, and heard of the ſafety of the ſeven hundred guineas with delight. Vallaton then preſented him with a letter from his brother, the peruſal of which brought tears (though not ſuch bitter ones as he had of late been accuſtomed to ſhed) down his furrowed cheek; and again, and again, he repeated his fervent thanks to GOD for the happy period that was thus put to his diſtreſſes.

Having appointed the day after the following for returning with the money, Vallaton took his leave, loaded with the Gentleman's thanks for his goodneſs in taking ſo much trouble.

In the evening he again ſallied forth, and directing his ſteps to the office of the Revolutionary Tribunal, he threw into it an anonymous billet, notifying, that "a conſpiracy, of which*** ***, a lodger in the houſe of a female citizen in Le Rue***, was the contriver and the head, had come to the knowledge of a *bon patriot*, who deſired that a thorough ſearch might be made in the apartment of the conſpirator for further information." He retreated unobſerved, and took the neareſt road to his own lodgings.

Never, till this moment, did the legs of Vallaton ſhake under their maſter's weight. He attempted to tread firm, but in vain, his knees bent under him at every ſtep; and a certain flutter of ſpirits, which he had never before experienced in the ſame extent, ſeemed alternately to accelerate and to arreſt the motion of his heart.

Aſhamed of this weakneſs, he retired to his chamber to avoid the obſervation of his fellow-lodgers: he there recalled to his recollection every

every dogma of the philoſophy that was moſt eminently calculated to reaſſure his mind. What he had juſt done would, it was true, probably be the means of making an old man loſe his head. What then? he was but the paſſive inſtrument: no more to blame than the guillotine which ſhould behead him. His actions had, of neceſſity, followed their motives. And to whom was he accountable? There was no God to whoſe all-ſeeing eye the ſecrets of his heart were open; no judge to condemn; no hell to puniſh; no ſtate beyond the grave, where retribution could poſſibly await him.

While the idea of death and judgment glanced along his mind, a cold ſweat broke upon his forehead; he found it was not by meditation, that his agitated ſpirits were to be reſtored to compoſure; and haſtily leaving his apartment, he ſought in wine and revelry to forget the events of the day.

The morning came on which he was, by appointment, to wait on Mr. **** with his money; but ſome hours before it would have been neceſſary to have attended him, he read, in *Le Journal de Paris*, of his having been arreſted as a conſpirator. Not all the energies of our hero were ſufficient to quell the anxiety which, for ſome days after this event, continued to haunt his mind. It was not long however, till doubt was loſt in certainty. As he was one morning of the following week haſtily walking along the *Pont Neuf*, without knowing where he intended to proceed, his ears were ſtunned by the vociferous pronunciation of that name, which he had of late ſo aſſiduouſly laboured to baniſh from his thoughts. Scarcely knowing what he did, he ſuffered the hawker, who was bellowing it, to put a paper

paper into his hands; it was the liſt of thoſe who had on that morning expired by the guillotine; and the firſt upon this liſt was the unfortunate old gentleman, who was there termed *the organizer of a bloody and atrocious conſpiracy againſt the guardians of liberty!*

The paper dropt from our hero's hand. "This morning!" ſaid he to himſelf, "this very morning! But what have I to ſay to it? I am but a machine in the hand of fate. Nothing but what has happened, could have happened. Every thing that is, muſt inevitably be; and the cauſes of this old man's death were generated in the eternity that preceded his birth. What then have I to ſay to it?" Abſorbed in theſe reflections our hero returned home.

He found Mr. Myope, and the goddeſs of Reaſon, and two gentlemen, who were their gueſts, ſitting down to dinner. 'O gemini!' exclaimed the Goddeſs of Reaſon, 'how pale Mr. Vallaton is! he look for all de world as if he had ſeen a ghoſt.'

"Do I?" ſaid Vallaton, with a forced ſmile; "I have, indeed, been haunted with a violent head-ache all the morning, and have, beſides, tired myſelf to death with walking, but a bumper of burgundy will recover me;" ſo ſaying, he filled a bumper to the lady's health, and ſo frequently repeated the preſcription, that before the end of dinner he was completely reſtored to his complexion.

The accidental mention of a ghoſt gave to Mr. Myope an opportunity, of which he was ever willing to avail himſelf, of inveighing againſt prieſts and prieſtcraft. A momentary pauſe in his harangue permitted one of the ſtrangers to get in a word. 'I admit,' ſaid this gentleman, 'that

to

to ſuperſtition many of the terrors which haunt the imagination and enervate the mind, may certainly be traced; but feeble would have been the powers of ſuperſtition, if they had not been armed by the ſting of guilt. What apparition did fancy ever form, or credulity ever liſten to, that did not originate in a guilty conſcience?'

"And what, pray, is this bugbear of a guilty conſcience?" retorted Myope. "What is it, I ſay, but one of the creatures of prieſtcraft? Have I not already proved that there is no ſuch thing as crime? How, then, can there be any guilt? The moſt atrocious *crime* (as it is vulgarly termed) that ever was perpetrated, amounts to no more than mere miſtake; and whoſe conſcience ever ſmote him for a miſtake? Our miſtakes ought, on reflection, to excite in our minds the emotion of pleaſure rather than of pain. Error once committed cannot be recalled; and regret, and ſorrow, and repentance, are the extremes of folly. It is this fruitleſs and childiſh waſte of time, which conduces to an habitual abuſe of our faculties; and it is this abuſe of our faculties which creates the bugbear of remorſe and conſcience, and all that nonſenſe, which prieſts know ſo well how to manage for their advantage."

'Whatever uſe may have been made of it,' returned the ſtranger, 'I cannot believe that, that awful monitor, which heaven has implanted in the breaſt of man, was beſtowed upon him in vain; or that, after the perpetration of any atrocious crime, it is in the power of ſophiſtry to ſilence its imperious voice. Pray, ſir, what is your opinion?' added the ſtranger, turning to Vallaton, who ſat next him.

Vallaton drank off another glaſs of wine, got up

up haſtily from the table, complained of increaſed indiſpoſition, and retired.

The indiſpoſition of Vallaton was not altogether feigned. He felt a ſickneſs at his heart, which he perſuaded himſelf was occaſioned by the unuſual quantity of wine which he had ſwallowed, operating on an empty ſtomach. The open air would diſſipate theſe fumes, and a walk would, by ſupper-time, reſtore his appetite: he went out. With haſty ſteps he hurried along the ſtreets without obſerving which way he went, nor did any object attract his attention, till he found himſelf in the midſt of *La Place de Carouſal.* He there looked up; but never were the energies of a philoſopher put to a ſeverer trial than thoſe Vallaton underwent, on beholding himſelf at the foot of the inſtrument of death—the blood-ſtained guillotine! He ſtarted with horror, yet had he not the power of inſtantly turning from it; he ſeemed arreſted to the ſpot; he gazed upon the ſcaffold; he fancied he there beheld the placid countenance of the meek old man ſmiling upon him, as when he preſſed his hand at parting. Again he thought he ſaw his ſilver hairs graſped by the hand of the executioner, and the blood-ſtreaming head held up to his diſtracted ſight. His knees ſmote againſt each other, a chilly coldneſs crept along his whole frame, and his emotions became ſo apparent, as to attract the notice of the paſſengers.

An honeſt ſans-culotte came up to him. "My good citizen," ſaid he, "I would have you remember, that this is no place to indulge your melancholy. You have, probably, had ſome friend ſent to heaven by this ſhort bridge; but who, in Paris, has not? If you ſtay here till your grief be taken notice of, it may create ſome ſuſpicions

of inciviſm, which may get you into a diſagreeable predicament."

Vallaton thanked his monitor, and uſing his utmoſt endeavours to recollect himſelf, returned to his home.

The inventions of prieſtcraft had never implanted a prejudice in the breaſt of Vallaton. He laughed at the terrors of ſuperſtition, and derided the folly of thoſe who could believe in the exiſtence of conſcience. Yet would he now have given, not only the bag of gold which was contained in his portmanteau, but all which the wide world could furniſh, to have been reſtored to the ſame tranquillity which, but a fortnight ago, he had enjoyed.

Whether he ſought the converſation of his friends, or mixed in the ſcenes of revelry and riot; whether he baſked in the mid-day ſun, or covered himſelf up in the darkneſs of night; ſtill the trunkleſs head of the old man purſued him. To his "*mind's eye*," in every place, in every ſituation, the haggard viſion appeared. In this frame of mind, it may be believed, that he readily acquieſced in Myope's propoſal of leaving Paris. All that happened to him from this period is ſo interwoven with the hiſtory of Mr. Myope, that it muſt ſtill be freſh in the reader's recollection. Here, therefore, we ſhall cloſe this tedious chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

" Hard is the fortune that your ſex attends!
" Women, like princes, find few real friends.
" Hence, oft from reaſon heedleſs beauty ſtrays,
" And the moſt truſted guide the moſt betrays;
" Hence by fond dreams of fancy oft amuſed "

LYTTLETON.

IT was a late hour before the philoſophers, aſſembled at Mr. Glib's, thought of ſeparating; and long after Mrs. Botherim's uſual time of breakfaſt on the following morning, before Bridgetina iſſued from her apartment.

They had juſt began the repaſt, which the fond mother had been at much pains to prepare, and to keep warm for her darling child, when Julia Delmond entered the parlour. The pallid countenance and languid air of their fair viſitor plainly ſpoke her want of reſt; and the viſible impatience with which ſhe waited for the finiſhing of the tedious meal, evidently denoted the perturbed ſtate of her ſpirits.

No ſooner had Mrs. Botherim left the room, than Julia, ſeizing the hand of her friend, ſaid ſhe was extremely anxious for her opinion concerning an affair of ſome moment, but could not have that ſatisfaction without betraying the ſecrets of another, and feared it was not juſtifiable to do ſo.

" Not *juſtifiable!*" returned Bridgetina, " ſurely you cannot have forgotten, that *the facts* with which you are acquainted are a part of your poſſeſſions, and that you are as much obliged, with

reſpect to them as in any other caſe, to employ them for the public good. *Have I no right to indulge in myſelf the caprice of concealing any of my affairs; and can another perſon have a right, by his caprice, to hedge up and reſtrain the path of my duty?* You may take down the book, if you pleaſe, but I know I have quoted it word for word; you know I am ſeldom wrong in a quotation."

'Well, then,' ſaid Julia, 'I ſhall tell you all. You muſt know, that laſt night Mr. Vallaton gave me his whole hiſtory.'

"How!" cried Bridgetina, "while he eſcorted you home?"

'No!' returned Julia, while a crimſon bluſh overſpread her countenance, 'not exactly as we were walking home, but afterwards. For you muſt know,' continued ſhe, bluſhing ſtill deeper than before, 'that having offended him by ſomething I ſaid at Mr. Glib's, he told me, as we were going to my father's, he plainly ſaw that, inſtead of being enlightened by the principles of the philoſophers, I was ſtill the *ſlave of prejudice.* I denied the charge, and he retorted it. At length he ſaid he would put me to the proof. If I had energy ſufficient to dare to meet him in the arbour at the bottom of the garden, after the family were retired to reſt, he would acknowledge his error, and adore me. I for ſome time heſitated, but at length I could not bear the thought of appearing deſpicable in his eyes by my *want of energy.* I went. Think, Bridgetina, what an interview! how extraordinary! how intereſting!'

"Ah! how charming!" exclaimed Bridgetina, heaving a deep ſigh; "ah! what a dear man Mr. Vallaton is!"

'Dear,

'Dear, indeed!' rejoined Julia, 'he is the moſt amiable of men, and, alas! the moſt unfortunate. Had you but heard how feelingly he deplored the myſtery that hung over his birth!'

"Good gracious!" cried Bridgetina, interrupting her, "a myſtery over his birth! how delightful! how did it happen?" drawing her chair ſtill cloſer to Julia's, "Pray tell me all."

'Why you muſt know,' proceeded Julia, 'that it was on a fine ſummer's morning, in the month of July, that his dear deceaſed patroneſs (a lady of great family and fortune) being induced, by the beauty of the morning, to take a walk in the thick ſhade of a ſequeſtered grove, heard the cries of an infant, and turning her eyes, beheld a white baſket, lined with quilted pink ſatin, and a covering of white peelong, richly embroidered, thrown lightly over it. She approached; and lifting up the covering, beheld a lovely boy, who ſweetly ſmiled in her face. She immediately reſolved on taking the charming infant under her protection, and bringing him up as her own ſon. As he grew up, her affection for him, as you may eaſily imagine, increaſed; and her whole fortune would undoubtedly have been ſettled upon him, had ſhe not ſuddenly died one morning without having made a will, ſo that poor Mr. Vallaton was left without any other proviſion than two or three thouſand pounds, which ſhe had put into the funds for his college expences. Theſe circumſtances, he ſaid, unfortunate as they might appear in the eyes of vulgar minds, were to him matter of great ſatisfaction, till he ſaw me. His mind had ſufficient energy to riſe above every exiſting circumſtance, but that of hopeleſs love. It was now that he firſt deplored thoſe circumſtances of his birth and fortune, which he knew

the illiberal prejudices of my father would conſider as an obſtacle—an invincible obſtacle to our union. 'Accurſed prejudices!' exclaimed he, 'what miſery do ye not create in ſociety! Why, my Julia,' he continued, in a voice ſo tender and ſo impreſſive, 'why were we not born in a more enlightened period? In that bleſt time, ſo happily approaching, when the ſentiments of nature ſhall be omnipotent, when no abſurd inſtitution ſhall ſtand in the way of the happineſs of lovers, and no cruel father's ſanction be neceſſary for its completion!' O Bridgetina! had you ſeen how he was agitated, while he pronounced theſe words, I am ſure you would have pitied him. For my ſhare, (continued Julia, while a pearly drop ſtole down her cheek) I was quite melted into compaſſion; but though I ſaid all I could to comfort him, the dear youth was ſo overwhelmed with affliction, that it made me truly wretched.'

"Happy Julia!" exclaimed Bridgetina, "how I envy you for being the object of ſuch a paſſion as that which inſpires your Vallaton! But, pray, was Vallaton the name of his adopted mother, or was it only given him by her?"

'In ſeveral parts of his infant robes,' replied Julia; 'as well as in the covering of the baſket, the initial letters A. V. were moſt beautifully embroidered, from which his patroneſs beſtowed upon him the name he at preſent bears. It is from this circumſtance, Bridgetina, that a ray of hope has darted upon my mind; and an idea occurred, which, though it may at firſt ſight ſeem romantic, is far from improbable, and the more I think of it, appears the more likely to be true. What would you think, if I ſhould make a diſcovery of his real parents?'

"Think!"

"Think!" returned Bridgetina, "I ſhould think it extremely wonderful, to be ſure."

'Well, wonderful as it is,' ſaid Julia, 'I think I have hit upon them. You know my father's friend and patron, Gen. Villers. He and his lady were for ſome years privately married, or at leaſt promiſed to each other, before they durſt acknowledge it, for fear of his father the old lord. What can be more likely than that he ſhould be their ſon?'

"Nothing, certainly, can be more probable," returned Bridgetina. "Nay, it is quite obvious; for the General's name is Andrew, which you know begins with an A: I wonder it did not occur to me from the firſt. If you take my advice, you will make your father write immediately to the General a full account of the whole affair."

'Alas!' ſaid Julia, ſighing, 'my father, as Mr. Vallaton juſtly obſerves, has his prejudices. It would, perhaps, be a difficult matter to make him view the affair in the very light we do. Beſides, I ſhould rather have the pleaſure of making the diſcovery myſelf. Good heavens! what extatic delight I ſhall feel in ſeeing the amiable Vallaton claſped in the fond arms of his venerable parents! They weeping over him tears of joy, and thanking me by their looks, a thouſand times more expreſſive than words, for reſtoring to them their long loſt-ſon. My poor father, too! how happy he will be to ſee me united to the ſon of his friend. It is too much,' continued ſhe, covering her face with both hands, 'I can never deſerve ſuch a torrent of felicity.'

Here the entrance of Mrs. Botherim put an end to the *tête-a-tête*, and Julia, whoſe imagination was too much heated to deſcend to the common

topics of the good lady's diſcourſe, took her leave. She was no ſooner gone, than Bridgetina (who meaſured her progreſs in philoſophy by the degree of contempt which ſhe felt for the ignorance of her parent) left the room, and muttering an ejaculation upon the misfortune of being ſubjected to the ſociety of a perſon whoſe purſuits were ſo diſſimilar, retired to her own apartment.

"Happy Julia!" cried ſhe, throwing herſelf into a chair, "Happy Julia, to have ſuch a lover! Why do I not experience the ſame delightful ſenſations? Why have I not likewiſe inſpired the breaſt of ſome fond youth with a ſimilar paſſion? Is it becauſe I am not quite ſo handſome? But are not moral cauſes ſuperior to phyſical? And in philoſophy I have ſurely made a greater progreſs than ſhe. I am, therefore, a fitter object for admiration. It is true, I am not quite ſo tall—but all men do not admire maypoles; and though I have a little caſt in my eyes, and a little twiſt in my left ſhoulder, theſe defects are no moral obſtacles to love. Nothing but the unjuſt prejudices of an unnatural ſtate of civilization, could make Julia loved in preference to me. But Henry Sydney loves her not. Happy thought! Henry, the beloved object of my ſoul's tenderneſs, may not be inſenſible to thoſe ſoft effuſions of a tender ſenſibility which he ſhall find to flow from my heart; and inceſſantly ſhall I—" Here the ſoliloquy of the loving maiden was interrupted by the maid-ſervant, who came to inform her that Mr. Sydney and his ſon were in the parlour. She inſtantly went to the glaſs to adjuſt her morning cap; and now firſt felt the mortifying conſequences of the diſaſter of the preceding evening. To appear before Henry Sydney without the flowing braid and frizzled curls,

was

was diſtreſſing; but to remain in her chamber while ſhe knew he was below, was more ſo: ſhe, therefore, only ſtaid to pin an additional bow to the bright pink ribbon that bound her cap, and then, in the ſlow ſtep which ſhe thought beſt ſuited to the expreſſion of extreme ſenſibility, ſhe moved towards the parlour.

She was met at the door by young Sydney, who, with eaſy and unaffected good-nature, expreſſed his pleaſure at ſeeing her, and his hopes that ſhe had enjoyed her health during his abſence.

"I thank you, ſir," ſhe replied, with a ſigh; "the intereſt you are ſo good as to take in my health, ſhould certainly make it precious to me."

'I hope, indeed,' ſaid Mr. Sydney, 'that my ſon will never be ſo baſely intereſted, as not to rejoice in the health of his friends, notwithſtanding his profeſſion."

"His profeſſion, ſir," ſaid Bridgetina, is a noble one: and I dare ſay will, by Dr. Sydney, be directed to the nobleſt purpoſes. When mankind are ſufficiently enlightened to cure all diſeaſes by the exertion of their energies, I doubt not, that deſpiſing what he may in point of fortune ſuffer from it, he will have ſufficient philanthropy to rejoice in ſuch a ſublime proof of the perfectibility of his ſpecies."

A queſtion which had been put to the old gentleman by Mrs. Botherim, relative to the culture of ſome of her garden-ſtuff, prevented his hearing the latter part of this obſervation; which, however, attracted the notice of his ſon, who was well enough verſed in the language of the new philoſophy, to know at leaſt from whom ſhe now quoted.

He would have anſwered her in her own ſtile,

but recollecting how unpleaſant, as well as unprofitable, it is to enter into an argument with one poſſeſſed of a ſhallow underſtanding, and a mind totally occupied by two or three ideas, on which the changes are eternally to be rung, he only obſerved, that he found Miſs Botherim had not miſpent her time in his abſence.

"I hope, ſir," ſaid ſhe, in as ſoft a tone as the natural ſhrillneſs of her voice would permit, "that that time which has appeared ſo inſupportably tedious to your friends, has been ſpent agreeably by you."

Henry only bowed.

"I know not how it happens," reſumed Bridgetina, "ſeeing that moral cauſes are always ſuperior to phyſical ones, I ſay I know not how it happens, that the pain of ſeparation appears to be always more ſeverely felt by our ſex than by yours. It is more than probable, that ſince you left your native village, no painful ſenſation, excited by the tender recollection of the friends you left behind you, has ever diſturbed your boſom's peace. Ah! how different have been the feelings of thoſe friends!"

Henry, who inſtantly ſuſpected that the ſecret of his attachment to Harriet Orwell, which he, till then, imagined confined to his own breaſt, had been ſome how or other diſcovered by Miſs Botherim, coloured, and with an impreſſive accent, but faultering voice, ſaid, 'he was much indebted to the friends who in his abſence had ſo kindly remembered him.'

Joy diffuſed itſelf through the boſom of Bridgetina. In the looks, in the words of Henry, ſhe diſcovered the tender ſenſibility of his ſoul; and exulting in the idea that ſhe too had a lover, ſhe reſolved to return his paſſion with tenfold tenderneſs,

neſs, and caſt upon him a glance which ſhe hoped would have been ſufficiently expreſſive of her ſentiments. But, alas! the unfortunate ſquint rendered the charitable deſign abortive. Henry, following, as he thought, the direction of her eyes, caſt his towards the door, which was at that moment opened by a little dirty-looking urchin, kept by Mrs. Botherim to attend her cow upon the common.

"Here be miſs's wig," cried he, in a loud voice, "the boy be come with it as picked it out o' the kennel; what a ſluſh o'wet it is!" holding up the diſhonoured treſſes of the enraged Bridgetina; who puſhing the little wretch from the door, entered into a warm expoſtulation with her mother on keeping ſo unenlightened a domeſtic.

Mr. Sydney and his ſon, not wiſhing to take any part in the altercation, took their leave; and left the mother and daughter to ſettle the diſpute by themſelves.

CHAP. XI.

HAD the inclination of Henry been conſulted, the firſt viſit which had been paid that morning, would have been to the rectory; but as his father propoſed calling firſt on Mrs. Botherim, whoſe houſe lay directly in their way, he could not with any propriety object to it.

The words that had fallen from Bridgetina added fuel to his impatience. That he had ſome intereſt

eſt in the heart of Harriet Orwell, he fondly flattered himſelf: but that ſhe ſhould make a confidante of Miſs Botherim, of one who poſſeſſed a mind ſo uncongenial, in every way ſo unlike her own, was equally irreconcilable with her extreme delicacy and good ſenſe. Yet how otherwiſe could he interpret the ſpeech of Miſs Botherim?

While the mind of Sydney was occupied with theſe reflections, his father, who had ſtood for ſome moments contemplating the beauty of a tree in full bloſſom, was expatiating on the charms of nature; and as the aſſociation of his ideas led "from Nature up to Nature's GOD," was making obſervations on the ſtriking proofs of the divine benevolence with which we are every where ſurrounded; a benevolence which, he obſerved, makes the beauteous cradle of the embryo fruit a feaſt no leſs delightful to the eye, than the fruit itſelf is to the palate. Happily this was a ſubject which never failed to elevate the heart of this good old gentleman in a degree that totally engroſſed every faculty, otherwiſe he could not but have obſerved, how much the monoſyllable anſwers of his ſon indicated the total abſence of his mind.

As they approached the door his agitation increaſed, and it is probable would no longer have eſcaped the notice of his father, had not the old gentleman's attention been attracted to another object. A moth butterfly, of rare and uncommon beauty, happened to alight on a neighbouring honey-ſuckle; and to diſcover whether it was the **** **** of Linnæus, or the **** **** of Buffon, was a matter of too great importance, in Mr. Sydney's eſtimation, not to deſerve the moſt ſerious attention. While he went in purſuit of the butterfly, his ſon, attracted by beauty of a different

different kind, haſtily advanced to the ſaloon where he knew the family of Dr. Orwell uſually ſpent the mornings.

It was now paſt twelve o'clock. Already had the active and judicious Harriet performed every domeſtic taſk, and having completely regulated the family economy for the day, was quietly ſeated at her work with her aunt and ſiſter, liſtening to Hume's Hiſtory of England, as it was read to them by a little orphan girl ſhe had herſelf inſtructed.

Here ſome notable houſewife, who may, peradventure, chance to ſit long enough at a time to catch the laſt paragraph as it is read by ſome of her family, will probably exclaim, "a few hours' attention regulate a family, indeed! a pretty ſtory, truly! what nonſenſe theſe *men authors* ſpeak! but how, indeed, ſhould they know any thing of the matter? I wiſh any of them ſaw how I am employed from morning till night. I wonder how I ſhould get time to liſten to books?" Softly, good lady, and for once take the trouble to calculate. Be ſo good as fairly to ſet down, at the end of every day, the time employed in repeating directions imperfectly given, or in revoking thoſe that were given improperly; the time waſted in again looking at that which you have looked at before; the time thrown away in peeping into corners, without object or end in view; the time miſpent in perplexing your domeſtics with contradictory orders; and the time abuſed in ſcolding them;—and caſting up the ſum total, pleaſe to conſider the amount; and then candidly confeſs, whether Miſs Orwell, whoſe enlightened intellect, and calm and ſteady judgment, deprived her of all thoſe admirable methods of evincing her notability, might not have time

time ſufficient for the cultivation of her underſtanding, and the fulfilment of every ſocial as well as every domeſtic duty. But to return—

The ſurpriſe occaſioned by the unexpected appearance of Henry was announced by a general exclamation. Unaffected pleaſure ſparkled in every eye; and if thoſe of Harriet beamed with a ſuperior expreſſion of delight, that delight was ſo regulated by the tranſcendant delicacy of her mind, that it required a delicacy ſimilar to her own to read its full extent. Dr. Orwell, who had heard the name of Henry from his ſtudy, quickly joined the friendly groupe, and with heart-felt pleaſure welcomed the return of his young favourite. He enquired for his father: at that moment the old gentleman entered with a joyful countenance, holding out his pocket-handkerchief, in which the captive butterfly was ſafely lodged. Nor let this circumſtance excite the contempt of any peeviſh critic, till after a mature inveſtigation of the intrinſic value of his own favourite purſuits, of every object which engages his attention, and every care which diſturbs his reſt, he can lay his hand upon his heart and ſay, that all are in the eye of reaſon more truly eſtimable.

Happy in themſelves and in each other, the time ſlipt ſo imperceptibly away with this little party, that though their converſation was not *relieved* by one word of ſcandal, nor enlivened by any of the news of the village, the clock announced the hour of dinner before they thought of ſeparating: nor would they have done ſo then, but for the ſake of Miſs Sydney, who was at home alone.

The old gentleman, whoſe temper made every thing eaſy to him, would ſoon have been prevailed upon to accept of Dr. Orwell's cordial invi-

tation

tation, but Henry, who knew the diſappointment it would give his ſiſter, and was too juſt and too generous to inflict a moment's pain on another for the ſake of his own gratification, was peremptory in his refuſal. On going through the garden, which afforded a nearer way to the houſe of Mr. Sydney. Dr. Orwell pointed out to his friends ſome improvements he had lately planned. "And all this," ſays he, "ſhould have been done this ſummer, but for the folly of my daughter Harriet, who has ſuch a ſtrange fancy for that good-for-nothing buſh," (pointing to a moſs-roſe tree, which grew in the middle of a ſmall plat) "that I was ſilly enough, at her entreaties, to put it off till another ſeaſon."

No chromatic air ever raiſed ſuch ſoft emotion in the breaſt of any Grecian youth, as thoſe words of Dr. Orwell's excited in the heart of Henry. That roſe-tree he had, ſome time previous to his laſt departure for college, planted with his own hands. The charge of rearing it he had given to Harriet, and the pretence of ſeeing how it throve had given occaſion for many a delightful *tête-a-tête*. His eyes now met hers—need we tell the reader they were both ſufficiently expreſſive?

CHAP. XII.

" When I ſee ſuch games
" Play'd by the creatures of a Power, who ſwears
" That he will judge the earth, and call the fool
" To a ſharp reck'ning, that has liv'd in vain;
" And when I weigh this ſeeming wiſdom well,
" And prove it in th' infallible reſult,
" So hollow and ſo falſe—I feel my heart
" Diſſolve in pity."

COWPER.

WHILE the daughter of Dr. Orwell was enjoying the happineſs with which the return of Henry Sydney had inſpired her breaſt, a happineſs rendered doubly dear by the approving ſmiles of her reſpected parent; emotions of a leſs placid nature agitated the fair boſom of her ſiſter beauty. In the breaſt of Julia Delmond all was turbulence and perturbation. While following the courſe of an unreined imagination, ſhe experienced that deluding ſpecies of delight, which rather intoxicates than exhilarates, and which, by its inebriating quality, gives to the ſanguine votary of fancy a diſreliſh for the common enjoyments of life; the eagerneſs with which her mind graſped at the idea of an extraordinary extatic felicity, agitated her whole frame, and deprived her of peace and reſt. Still ſhe purſued the flattering dream of fancy, and kept her mind's eye ſo fixt upon its airy viſions, that ſhe at length believed in their reality, and what appeared at firſt the mere ſuggeſtion of imagination, ſeemed in the ſequel the certain dictates of truth.

That in General Villers Mr. Vallaton ſhould find

find a father, at firſt ſeemed barely poſſible; then probable; then more than probable, it was next to certainty, or rather *certainty itſelf.*

All that now remained was to find means for effecting the diſcovery in a manner the moſt ſtriking and pathetic. For this purpoſe ſhe called to her remembrance all the ſimilar events in her moſt favourite novels; in theſe inſtructive books the diſcovery of the hero's parents had always appeared to her a cataſtrophe particularly intereſting, and the idea that ſhe ſhould now have it in her power, not only to witneſs, but to be a principal actor in ſo tender a ſcene, filled her heart with extacy. After much deliberation, ſhe at length fixed upon a moſt delightful plan for introducing Vallaton to the houſe of his long loſt parents; but as part of it depended on the indulgence of her father, ſhe found it neceſſary immediately to procure his conſent to its execution.

In order to conceal the agitated ſtate of her mind, ſhe had, on pretence of indiſpoſition, abſented herſelf from breakfaſt, and begged to be excuſed from her uſual attendance in her father's chamber; nor did ſhe now approach it with that cheerful alacrity which had hitherto led her ſteps to his door.

Inſtead of lightly tripping, in her uſual manner, to make the fond enquiry after his health, ſhe now ſtole through the paſſage as if afraid of being ſeen; and on opening his door was ſeized with ſuch a palpitation and embarraſsment, that he had twice demanded who was there, before ſhe muſtered ſufficient courage to advance towards the couch on which he lay. For the firſt time in her life ſhe now feared to meet the ſcrutinizing eyes of her father, for, for the firſt time of her life, ſhe had ſomething to conceal. The ſhame

of

of being ſuſpected to be the dupe of prejudice had prompted her aſſent to the clandeſtine meeting with Vallaton; to that ſhame ſhe had ſacrificed her feelings of propriety, and now felt a conſciouſneſs of deſerved blame, which not all the applauſes beſtowed upon her conduct by her enlightened preceptor could palliate or remove.

While Vallaton ſpoke, his arguments appeared irrefutable, and the light in which he placed the prejudices of her father, made them ſufficiently contemptible in her eyes; but the inſtant ſhe found herſelf in her father's preſence, a mingled ſentiment of affection and reſpect took poſſeſſion of her mind; the high ſentiments of honour he had ſo carefully inculcated, recovered their influence in her breaſt; and the ſhame of having ſwerved from them, by encouraging the clandeſtine addreſſes of the philoſopher, overwhelmed her with mortification and diſquiet.

It is now time to introduce the father of Julia to the reader's acquaintance, for which purpoſe we hope the following ſketch of his life will not be deemed an impertinent digreſſion.

HISTORY OF

CAPTAIN DELMOND.

Captain Delmond was the ſon of an officer of diſtinguiſhed merit, who loſt his life in the field of battle, leaving to his only child the inheritance of his ſword, his honour, and his valour. The young man was then in his ſeventeenth year, an enſign in his father's regiment. The ſame ball which tore in pieces the body of the

the gallant father, ſtruck the ſtandard from the hands of the no leſs gallant ſon; who, ſtarting from the ground, bravely recovered the colours as they were about to be taken poſſeſſion of by a party of the enemy.

The ſpirited behaviour of young Delmond upon this occaſion happened, fortunately for him, to be mentioned at the table of a certain General, in the very moment when the ſucceſsful efforts of his cook, in dreſſing a turbot of uncommon excellence, had extorted his warmeſt approbation. The praiſe of the turbot and of the enſign were repeated alternately; and it was, perhaps, owing to the happy aſſociation of ideas thus produced, that the memory of the noble General, which, upon ſuch occaſions, was very apt to be imperfect, now ſerved him ſo well, that he remembered young Delmond in the next promotion. He was by this circumſtance raiſed to the rank of lieutenant.

The two nations then at war, having at length ſacrificed ſuch a quantity of human blood, and expended ſuch a portion of treaſure, as was deemed ſufficient for the amuſement of the governing powers on either ſide, thought proper to make a peace; and after a few preliminaries, in which the original cauſe of diſpute was not once mentioned, and things were put as nearly as poſſible into the ſame ſtate in which they were at the commencement of hoſtilities, its ratification was formally announced.

The wretched remains of thoſe numerous armies which in the beginning of the conteſt had marched forth, elate with health and vigour, were now returned to their reſpective countries; ſome to languiſh out their lives in hoſpitals, in the agony of wounds that were pronounced incurable;

ble; ſome to a wretched dependance on the bounty of their families, or the alms of ſtrangers; and the few whoſe good fortune it was to eſcape unhurt, according to the ſeniority of their regiments, either diſbanded to ſpread habits of idleneſs and profligacy among their fellow-citizens, or ſent into country quarters to be fattened for fields of future glory.

The regiment to which young Delmond belonged, was diſpoſed of in the laſt-mentioned way. It was ordered into the north of England; and the diviſion of it to which he was attached, quartered at a ſmall village in a very remote ſituation, and above ten miles diſtant from the reſt of his military aſſociates.

As it was a fine ſporting country, the diverſions of hunting and ſhooting afforded for ſome time ſufficient employment to his active mind; but the winter ſetting in earlier than uſual, and with uncommon ſeverity, he was not only deprived of theſe ſources of amuſement, but by the badneſs of the roads cut off from all communication with his brother officers, whoſe ſociety he had hitherto occaſionally enjoyed.

In this dilemma he had recourſe to reading, and ſoon diſcovered that books were really capable of affording ſome degree of entertainment. The pleaſure which reſulted from this diſcovery daily increaſed, and he ſoon found it little inferior to that which is derived from any of the methods uſually employed by the modern ſons of Mars to murder that worſt of enemies, Time. If it loſt in compariſon with the lounge at the milliner's-ſhop, it was, at leaſt, fully as amuſing as *looking over the bridge*, that never-failing reſource for every vacant hour; and though leſs exhilarating than drinking, gambling, or intriguing, it was, perhaps,

perhaps, as good for the fortune, and ſafe for the conſtitution, as any of theſe approved methods of killing time. The important diſcovery made by this young ſoldier, we ſhould here ſtrenuouſly recommend to the ſerious attention of thoſe whom it particularly concerns; did we not apprehend, that to recommend books, through the medium of a book, to thoſe who never look into one, would not probably be attended with any great effect. From the example of many great divines and moraliſts, we might, indeed, infer that this ought to be no obſtacle; but as the advancement of our own character for ſuperior wiſdom, in the eyes of our own adherents, is not the object at which we aim, we ſhall reſerve our inſtructions for thoſe whom they may have a chance of reaching.

The place of young Delmond's reſidence, in the village to which we conducted him, was at an old manor-houſe, now occupied by the farmer who rented the adjoining lands. The family to whom the eſtate devolved, had on the death of the late poſſeſſor removed from the houſe all the valuable pieces of furniture, leaving to the preſent tenant ſuch articles of lumber as they did not deem worthy of removal: of this deſcription was an old book-caſe with its contents.

Doomed to duſt and obſcurity, here lay mouldering many ponderous volumes of romances, which had, in the days of their glory, afforded ample amuſement to the fair readers of former times; and the works of many free thinking philoſophers, whoſe labours alarmed the pious zeal of our fathers, but whoſe names are now forgotten, or only known to thoſe who make it their laudable employment to preſent to the world under new titles, what they have pilfered from their

their contents. Of theſe it may be conjectured that the romances firſt engaged the attention of the young ſoldier. Happily his taſte had not as yet been ſufficiently formed to the more perſpicacious ſtile of modern writers to render him faſtidious. The ſtories were of a nature calculated to excite an intereſt in his breaſt. The ſentiments of honour were congenial to thoſe he had been early taught to entertain; and the wonderful inſtances of fortitude, conſtancy, and valour, diſplayed in the lives of thoſe illuſtrious heroes, excited his moſt ardent admiration. With unwearied patience he laboured through every huge folio in this collection, and was not a little mortified at the concluſion of the Grand Cyrus, to find that not one new adventure remained to excite or to gratify his curioſity.

The ground was ſtill covered with ſnow, and the inclement ſkies continued to pour forth their vengeance on the world. What could he do? To read over again the books, which had afforded him ſo much pleaſure, was, indeed, an obvious reſource; but like other young people, he had too great a thirſt for novelty to reliſh any ſtory as well a ſecond time as a firſt. From the works of the philoſophers he had been deterred by the profeſſions of regard to religion, with which, in compliance to the prejudice of the times, ſome of theſe old authors had thought proper to commence their eſſays, and which produced in his mind a very proper degree of contempt. Religion he had heard his father talk of as a very proper thing for the common people, who, not having the advantages of military diſcipline, required a parſon with ſome notion of hell, inſtead of a cat-of-nine-tails, to keep them in awe, but was quite beneath the notice of a gentleman. From this

this conſideration Mr. Delmond would probably have for ever remained in ignorance of the treaſure in his poſſeſſion, had it not been for an accident which preſented to his view, in the middle of a volume, a delicious piece of ridicule on the bible. The wit and pleaſantry of this paſſage, which has indeed raiſed the reputation of every ſucceeding author by whom it has either been ſtolen or borrowed, highly delighted the young ſoldier, and ſo effectually excited his curioſity with regard to the reſt of the books, that in leſs than a fortnight he was in complete poſſeſſion of all that ever has, and probably all that ever will be, ſaid againſt the Chriſtian faith.

Great and manifold were the advantages reſulting to Mr. Delmond from this circumſtance. Beſides ſtrengthening his contempt for the weak votaries of religion, it furniſhed him with weapons for attacking their belief. Early taught to claſs all profeſſors of piety into two diviſions, viz. fools, and hypocrites, he exulted in the ſuperior information which made him look down with pity on the one, and regard the other with a becoming degree of deteſtation.

We do not think it neceſſary to follow the young gentleman through all the towns and villages in which, for the four enſuing years, he was ſucceſſively quartered.

At the end of that period, being then on garriſon duty in the weſt of England, he happened to accompany a brother officer to his father's ſeat, where he received a preſſing invitation to ſpend a few weeks of the ſummer.

Among other viſitors at S—hall, was the ſiſter of the lady of the houſe, and with her a niece, the heireſs of her fortune, and the intended bride of Captain S—, who, on the very firſt interview,

interview, appeared charmed with the dazzling prize his parents had ſo kindly provided for him.

The young lady was indeed, what ſhe was univerſally eſteemed, a complete *beauty;* her features formed a model of the moſt perfect ſymmetry, which ſeemed never to have been diſcompoſed by any impulſive emotions of joy or grief, pain or pleaſure. She even appeared (for we will not take upon us to pronounce that it was really ſo) to be totally unconſcious of her own ſuperior charms, and was quite free from that affectation and conceit, which is the portion of ſo many beauties.

That ſuch a charming creature ſhould attract the notice of the gentlemen, will not appear at all ſurpriſing; but that ſhe ſhould eſcape the envy of the ladies may, perhaps, be deemed ſomewhat more extraordinary. Yet ſo it was. She was univerſally cried up by them as a *ſweet girl*—the *ſweeteſt* girl in the world! and as to beauty, ſhe was declared to be *quite a picture.*

Captain S— ſoon found the latter part of the encomium to be more literally true than he could have wiſhed.

The young lady received him without ſcruple as the huſband choſen for her by her aunt; but how far her own heart acquieſced in her guardian's choice, it was utterly impoſſible for him to conjecture. She was at all times equally ſweet, and equally ſilent. She received every mark of his attention with the moſt enchanting ſmile; but ſmiled juſt as enchantingly when he forebore to take any notice of her. Fatigued with her inſipidity, he was not ill pleaſed at the opportunity of emancipating himſelf from an attendance which he found inſupportably irkſome, and willingly agreed to make one of a grouſe-ſhooting party

party, who were to be abſent for two or three weeks. Delmond, who was prevented by a ſprained ancle from accompanying his friend, at his deſire remained to take care of the ladies in his abſence.

Whether the young lady was piqued at the neglect her lover manifeſted in thus leaving her, or whether the ſuperior perſonal attractions of his friend had really made an impreſſion on her heart, we cannot abſolutely determine. She, indeed, found means to convince Delmond of the latter part of the poſition; but as a cold and ſullen pride is generally found to be the ſole animating principle in the race of inſenſibles, we are rather inclined to believe the former. However it was, her preference for Delmond, whether real or feigned, made ſuch an impreſſion on his heart, that he eaſily perſuaded himſelf his *honour* was concerned in protecting ſo much worth and beauty from the cruelty of a forced marriage. The fair nymph ſweetly accepted his proffered ſervices, and the very night before the expected return of her lover, ſet out under the conduct of her new champion on an hymeneal excurſion to Gretna-Green.

Though the heart of Capt. S. received no very deep wound from the loſs of his miſtreſs, the imperious voice of honour demanded that it ſhould be revenged. The honour of Delmond was no leſs forward to give ſatisfaction to his friend for the ſuppoſed injury; three days after his return to head-quarters, they met by appointment, and after mutual ſalutations, and declarations of perfect good-will, took aim at each other's heart, and fired their piſtols. The firſt ſhot miſſed, but the ſecond was more ſucceſsful; it took effect on each; and each, after receiving his adverſary's

ball, declared that he was *satisfied*. The ſeconds interpoſed, and pronounced that nothing could be more *gentleman*-like than their whole behaviour.

Neither of the wounds proved mortal, though both were painful in the extreme, and very tedious in their cure. The long confinement was attended with very unpleaſant conſequences to Delmond, whoſe finances were ſo much exhauſted by his Gretna-Green expedition, that he was under the neceſſity of borrowing a conſiderable ſum of money from a brother officer. The friends of his bride remained inexorable; nor would her aunt ever be prevailed on to ſee her, or to grant the leaſt pecuniary aſſiſtance.

The regiment was now ordered to Gibraltar; and during the ten years that it remained there, Mr. Delmond on the ſcanty income of a lieutenant contrived, by the exertion of a rigid economy, to ſupport his wife and family. His fortune remained ſtationary, but his family received the yearly addition of a fine thriving child. Happily, the poor things, by dint of bad management, bad nurſing, improper food, the meaſles, and the ſmall pox, were one by one ſent to heaven, ſo that Mr. Delmond and his wife returned to England without encumbrance.

Here they had not long remained, when Mr. Delmond had the offer of a company in a corps then about to embark for the coaſt of Africa. The climate was unhealthy, the ſeaſon was unpropitious; but as he had no friend that could command a vote at a borough election, it was the only offer of promotion he was ever likely to experience; it could not, therefore, be rejected.

The knowing reader, when he calls to mind the beauty of Mrs. Delmond, will think, from many

many reſpectable examples, that a ſubaltern poſſeſſed of ſo handſome a wife need not to have been at a loſs for the road to preferment. It would ſeem, however, that ſuch a path never preſented itſelf to the mind of Delmond; whoſe ſole care was to place his wife in ſuch a ſituation during his abſence, as might be at once ſafe, private, and reſpectable. His ſolicitude upon this head was ſoon terminated by the friendſhip of a very worthy man, who had formerly been quarter-maſter in the regiment, and had, at the time it was ordered for Gibraltar, retired to the cultivation of the farm which his father-in-law had formerly occupied,

The wife of this reſpectable farmer, who in ſoundneſs of judgment and goodneſs of heart greatly reſembled her huſband, joyfully received Mrs. Delmond into her houſe, and took unwearied pains to render her ſituation there agreeable. How far her endeavours to pleaſe were ſucceſsful, ſhe never had from Mrs. Delmond the ſatisfaction to learn. That ſweet woman went to the place appointed by her huſband without gain-ſaying, but without one word expreſſive of approbation or content.

When the hour of his departure arrived, ſhe behaved with a philoſophy that would have done honour to any ſage of the ſtoic ſchool; and as ſoon as he rode from the door, quietly betook herſelf to the embroidery of a work-bag. Mrs, Hurford, who knew from experience what it was to endure the ſharp pang of ſeparation, thought it prudent to ſuffer the firſt unconquerable emotion to get vent in ſolitude. A conſiderable time elapſed before ſhe could bring herſelf to intrude upon the ſorrows of her gueſt. At length, her heart overflowing with compaſſionate tenderneſs,

ſhe ventured into her apartment. Mrs. Delmond looked up from her work, and ſeeing the tears ready to ſtart from the eyes of her hoſteſs, enquired if any thing was the matter?

"Nothing, madam," replied Mrs. Hurford, ſtruck with ſuch an uncommon inſtance of fortitude, "I only came to ſee whether it would be agreeable to you to walk in the garden, but I perceive you are engaged."

'Yes,' replied Mrs. Delmond, 'you know how I have been hindered all the morning, and I was ſet upon having this tulip done to-night; does it not look very natural?'

Mrs. Hurford ſaid ſhe was no judge of ſuch work, and left the room, with feelings of compaſſion not altogether ſo tender as thoſe which had filled her breaſt on entering it.

Under this peaceful roof the fair eyes of Julia firſt opened on the world; and to the judicious management of its miſtreſs was ſhe indebted for the health and happineſs of her infancy. The good couple under whoſe auſpices ſhe was reared, experienced for her all the tenderneſs of the fondeſt parents. As they were confeſſedly ſtrangers to all ſyſtems of education, the learned reader will undoubtedly ſuppoſe that the child muſt infallibly be loſt; but though they knew nothing of any ſyſtem, they had a ſufficiency of that, which, ſeldom as it enters into the compoſition of any of them, can amply ſupply the place of all—ſound common-ſenſe. This principle ſupplied the uſe of volumes: it faſhioned the clothes, regulated the diet, and even dictated the amuſements of the little Julia, the ſportiveneſs of infancy was unchecked by the harſh reſtraints which render a town-nurſery a houſe of bondage. The love of novelty, that ſource of happineſs and inſtruction

to

to the infant breaſt, was here gratified, not by the deſtruction of coſtly toys, but by the ſublime and ever-changing ſcenes of nature. Inſtead of tedious and unimpreſſive leſſons upon the beauty of truth and virtue, while, as it often happens, every action of the ſpeaker is a libel on the ſpeech, ſhe ſaw truth and virtue exemplified in the actions of thoſe around her. She was never cheated into obedience, nor had ſhe the ſeeds of deceit and cunning ſown in her mind by promiſes or threatenings never meant to be performed.

The natural indolence of Mrs. Delmond led her very readily to reſign the trouble attending the management of her little charge; ſhe was nevertheleſs mortified at finding herſelf the only object of the child's indifference. Mrs. Hurford, perceiving her reſentment, wiſely obviated its conſequences, by contriving to make her the medium through which every gift was to be diſpenſed, and every little treat beſtowed; thus was all jealouſy on the part of the mother effectually prevented, and the little heart of the daughter inſpired with a proper degree of gratitude and affection

The intereſt which Mrs. Hurford took in the happineſs of her little favourite, inſpired her with an idea, which, as it turned out, was eſſentially conducive to her future fortune. She no ſooner mentioned the ſcheme to her huſband, which was indeed the moment it was thought on, than it had his warm approbation. Without hinting at the object they had in view, they aſked Mrs. Delmond's conſent to carry the little Julia with them on a viſit to a relation, who reſided at a certain village at the diſtance of twenty miles; the name of the place they did not mention to Mrs. Delmond; it was the reſidence of

her aunt; and to this lady it was the deſign of Mrs. Hurford to introduce her lovely charge.

The deſign ſucceeded to her wiſh. The old lady, who lived on terms of great intimacy with Mrs. Hurford's friend, was attracted by the beauty, and charmed with the ſprightlineſs and good-temper of her little viſitor. The name of Julia, which belonged to herſelf, ſtill more endeared her. She queſtioned her concerning her age.

"She was as old as the little Brindle, and pa Hurford ſays, that Brindle will be ſix years old next graſs."

'Had ſhe any other papa beſides pa Hurford?'

"O yes! but poor papa was far, far away!"

'And mamma?'

"Own mamma lived with t'other mamma, at Ruſh-mead."

'And what was mamma's name?'

"Own mamma was mamma Delmond."

The old lady was equally ſhocked and affected by this diſcovery. The vow ſhe had made never to ſee her niece, was not to be broken: but it extended not to her offspring; and from this time to the day of her deceaſe, ſhe at her own deſire received an annual viſit from her grand-niece.

Julia had nearly reached her tenth year, before ſhe had the happineſs of beholding her father; he then returned. But how returned? No longer that blooming and handſome figure, whoſe manly beauty attracted univerſal admiration. Bent down by diſeaſe, pale, infirm, and emaciated; the vigour of health, the life of life was gone. The only ſurviving victim of the ungenial climate, where,

"Mid

" 'Mid each dank ſtream the reeking marſh exhales,
" Contagious vapours and volcanic g.les,"

His gallant companions were doomed to meet the poiſoned ſhafts of death. He, it is true, returned to his country—but returned to linger out a life of pain, and to experience the protracted ſufferings of premature old age.

The reader, we hope, is well convinced, that under a wiſe and uncorrupt government the advantages to be thus purchaſed at the expence of ſo many uſeful and valuable lives, muſt be far from problematical or uncertain. If the ſaid reader enjoys, or is likely to enjoy, a ſnug ſinecure from the government of a fortreſs in theſe regions of peſtilence, or has a proſpect of pocketing any of the various emoluments ariſing from contracting for the ſame, we need ſay nothing to convince him of its utility, and ſhall therefore proceed in our narrative.

With an agitation of joy, almoſt too powerful for his enfeebled frame to ſupport, Capt. Delmond embraced his wife and daughter. With the latter he was truly charmed; ſhe was more than his moſt ſanguine hopes had painted, or his fond heart had dared to wiſh. To her he reſolved to dedicate the remainder of his life, and to ſpare no pains on her inſtruction and improvement.

In the once beautiful face of Mrs. Delmond time had produced an alteration no leſs conſpicuous than that which climate and diſeaſe had wrought upon the perſon of her huſband. To beauties of Mrs. Delmond's deſcription Time is, indeed, a moſt formidable foe. Where no ſpark of animation ſupplies the place of youth's bewitching, but alas! tranſient glow; where, when

the roſes die and the lilies fade, no trait of *mind*, no vivid expreſſion of ſenſibility ſhoots along the deſolated waſte, every wrinkle is triumphant, and the conqueſt over beauty is complete. The alteration thus effected in the countenance of Mrs. Delmond, though apparent to the eye, reached not the heart of her faithful huſband. His attachment to her was not, it is true, either ſentimental or ſublime; it was, nevertheleſs, cordial and ſincere. As an helpleſs object depending on his protection, he had been accuſtomed to cheriſh her. As *his own*, he had conſidered her with that regard which ſelf-love attaches to property; and even the very ſufferings ſhe had occaſioned to him, were, perhaps, an additional motive of his affection. Habit made him experience uneaſineſs from the want of her preſence, (*ſociety* we can ſcarcely term it) and that delight with which the human mind returns to thoſe deep-worn channels, where it has long been accuſtomed to flow, made him experience in this re-union emotions of the moſt lively joy.

As for Mrs. Delmond, the meeting and the parting kiſs were given by her with the ſame frigid compoſure. Without any alteration in the tone of her voice, or in one muſcle of her countenance, ſhe ſaid 'ſhe was *glad* to ſee him.' And as we never heard of her being addicted to falſehood, we are bound to believe her.

Capt. Delmond having, through the intereſt of General Villers, obtained leave to retire upon half-pay, took a ſmall houſe in a village near that gentleman's ſeat, and with the prudence of which he was always maſter, regulated his economy in exact conformity to his circumſtances.

The mind of Julia, which had been ſuffered to expand in the freedom of the country, was now eager

eager for inſtruction. It was perhaps no leſs adapted to receive it, than if it had gone through the regular courſe of emulation, jealouſy, envy, and hatred, which ſo regularly ſucceed each other in the breaſt of a boarding-ſchool miſs. She received the leſſons of her father with delight, and ſoon became miſtreſs of all he thought neceſſary for her to learn. Her temper, which had never been ſpoiled by the alternate application of indiſcreet indulgence and unneceſſary ſeverity, was open, ardent, and affectionate. To every ſpecies of cunning and deceit ſhe was quite a ſtranger. The happineſs which glowed in her own boſom, ſhe wiſhed to communicate to every thing around her.

The cheering influence of her light and buoyant ſpirits penetrated the breaſt of her father. It ſoothed his pains, re-animated his ſpirits, and gave a charm to his otherwiſe miſerable exiſtence. He regarded his Julia as a being of a ſuperior order. Her capacity he thought almoſt ſupernatural. The inferiority of the female underſtanding he had hitherto conſidered incontrovertible, and had treated every attempt at the cultivation of the mental powers of that ſex with the moſt ſovereign contempt. But his Julia was an exception to the general rule: an underſtanding ſo capacious as hers ought to have every advantage. He, therefore, encouraged her inſatiable appetite for knowledge with a free command of all the books which either the private collections of his friends or the circulating library could furniſh. He laid no reſtraint upon her choice, for from the pains he took to form her taſte, and from the opinion he entertained of the amazing maturity of her judgment, he was convinced ſhe

would of her own accord chooſe only what was proper.

Had a due allowance for the power of imagination in young minds entered into Capt. Delmond's calculation, he would perhaps have been leſs ſanguine. In fact, though Julia read with pleaſure books of philoſophy, hiſtory, and travels to her father, ſhe found a pleaſure ſtill more poignant in devouring the pages of a novel or romance in her own apartment. Her feelings were alive to all the joys and all the ſorrows of the heroes and heroines, whoſe adventures ſhe had the delight of peruſing. The agitation they excited was ſo animated, ſo intoxicating, that ſhe felt a void in her breaſt when not under the influence of ſtrong emotions. In vain did her reaſon revolt at the abſurdities which abounded in theſe motley tales; in the kindling paſſions of her youthful boſom they found a never-failing incentive to their peruſal.

Imagination, wild and ungoverned imagination reigned paramount in her breaſt. The inveſtigation of truth had no longer any charm. Sentiment uſurped the place of judgment, and the mind, inſtead of deducing inferences from facts, was now ſolely occupied in the invention of extravagant and chimerical ſituations. In theſe, to do her juſtice, the moſt noble and heroic virtues were uniformly diſplayed. Of the immenſe fortunes of which ſhe was the ideal miſtreſs, ſhe reſerved to herſelf but a very ſlender ſhare. All the poor of the country were in one moment enriched by her bounty, all were made happy by her power. Tender and faithful lovers were releaſed from unheard of miſeries, and put in poſſeſſion of the moſt exquiſite felicity. Her father, quite cured of his gout, was the lord of an immenſe

menſe domain, whoſe various beauties fancy painted in more lively colours than the pencil of Raphael was ever dipt in. In ſhort, Julia was an adept in the art of caſtle-building.

With the education of her daughter Mrs. Delmond never preſumed to interfere. She had before her father's return, indeed, taken the trouble to teach her her ſampler, and had beſides endeavoured to initiate her into the myſteries of croſs-ſtitch, chain-ſtitch, and gobble-ſtitch, the laſt of which only ſeemed to ſuit the genius of the little romp, who did not much reliſh the confinement neceſſary for theſe employments. As to mental improvement Mrs. Delmond wiſely judged it to be altogether out of her ſphere: nor was it with any view to produce ſuch an effect, that ſhe taught her to get by heart the ſame portion of the church catechiſm, and the ſame number of pſalms from Sternhold and Hopkins, as ſhe herſelf had learned; all of which ſhe took care that Julia ſhould regularly repeat every Sunday evening at the ſame hour and in the ſame manner which ſhe herſelf had done when at the ſame age. To poor Julia the ſabbath was indeed a day of bondage and diſmay. Happy was ſhe when it was over, and nothing more was to be got by heart for a week to come.

Indeed all the religious duties of Mrs. Delmond were very properly confined to that day which is appointed by the church for their eſpecial performance; every Sunday ſhe very regularly went to church, as her aunt had done before her. And there ſhe was ſo far from miſſing any part of the ſervice, that ſhe very audibly repeated the whole of it, abſolution and all, after the clergyman, to the great edification of thoſe who had the happineſs of ſitting in the ſame pew,

pew. By this means she obtained the appellation of a mighty devout good-for-of lady from all the neighbours; nor did she at all displease her husband by the practice of this devotion. But though Captain Delmond thought it proper to encourage this weakness in his wife, he wished the mind of his daughter to soar above the vulgar prejudice.

Virtue, he told her, required no incentive to its performance, but its own innate loveliness. The doctrine of rewards and punishments was only adapted to weak and slavish minds. Honour, he said, was the inspiring motive of the great and noble. As to the notion of revelation, it was involved in absurdities which all truly-enlightened men treated with a proper degree of contempt; it was only the tool of knaves and priests, which they made use of to excite the reverence of fools, the more easily to impose upon them.

The beauty and the peace of virtue Julia found enshrined in her own breast; but had that breast ever been taught to glow with devotional sentiment, to expand in grateful adoration of Divine beneficence, and to wrapt itself in the delightful contemplation of a future state of felicity, fairer colours would probably have marked its future destiny!

As the heart of Julia was not altogether insensible to vanity, she was exceedingly pleased to find herself so much wiser than the rest of the world. Thus prepared, it is not surprising that she was charmed with the tenets of the new philosophers, which taught her that denying revelation is but one step towards that state of perfection to which the human mind is so speedily advancing. Her introduction to the philosophers, and all that happened subsequent to that

that event, the reader has already been made acquainted with. It is high time the fair petitioner whom we left at the door of her father's chamber, ſhould now ſpeak for herſelf, which ſhe ſhall have an opportunity of doing in the next chapter.

CHAP. XIII.

" Hence to realms of night, dire demon, hence!
" Thy chain of adamant can bind
" That little world, the human mind,
" And ſink its nobleſt powers to impotence."

ROGERS.

CAPT. Delmond's ſpirits, ſunk by a reſtleſs and painful night, revived at the ſight of his lovely daughter; he kiſſed her with even more than uſual tenderneſs, and anxiouſly enquired concerning the indiſpoſition which had ſo long detained her from him. She ſaid, her head had ached violently, which ſhe attributed to the want of exerciſe, and had no doubt that a little air would entirely remove it.

" And why, my darling, do you confine yourſelf ſo much; I ſhall inſiſt hereafter upon your going out regularly every day. The air of this apartment is injurious to you, and my dear girl muſt not be allowed to ſuffer from her too great kindneſs to her old father."

The open and ſuſceptible heart of Julia, hitherto a ſtranger to every ſpecies of artifice and concealment, felt this tenderneſs as a reproach too

too poignant to be borne. Her eyes filled with tears. She dared not truſt her voice, but with an air of the moſt emphatic gratitude and affection ſhe kiſſed the hand which had fondly taken hold of hers.

At length the importance of the projected enterprize ruſhed upon her recollection; when ſtifling her emotion, and aſſuming an air of cheerfulneſs, ſhe ſaid ſhe had been thinking that a ride into the country would be of ſervice to her. She had long promiſed a viſit to Caſtle-Villers, and with her father's permiſſion thought ſhe might now accompliſh it.

"Certainly, my love, as ſoon as ever you pleaſe: you ſhall yourſelf write a note to Mrs. Villers to inform her of your intention, and ſhe will, I make no doubt, ſend the carriage to fetch you."

'I was thinking,' replied Julia heſitatingly, 'I was thinking whether I could not go without giving her that trouble. You remember Dr. Orwell's gig. I am ſure he would be ſo good as let me have it for a day, and I would not wiſh to ſtay longer.'

"But you cannot go alone in the gig, my dear?"

'O no, I—I would get ſome one to drive me.'

"If Dr. Orwell goes himſelf, and I know he ſometimes viſits there, I ſhall have no objection. He is a very reſpectable man, and I believe the worthieſt man of his profeſſion. He, I make no doubt, will take proper care of you. Go then, my dear, and make the requeſt yourſelf, a walk will do you good; and I ſhall not ſuffer you to read to me this morning, it would not be proper for you after being ſo much indiſpoſed, ſo God bleſs you, my child—good-bye."

Half

Half defeated in her purpoſe, though not quite diſcomfited, Julia left her father's room without having ſuffered the name of Vallaton to paſs her lips. She could not prevail upon herſelf to encounter the prejudices of her father, and this timidity led her to practice a deceit, which, though contrary to her feelings and repugnant to her judgment, ſhe hoped the plea of neceſſity would ſufficiently excuſe.

The admirers of amiable weakneſs, who conſider the virtues of fortitude and courage as inimical to every charm of the female character, reflect not how impoſſible it is for the mind that is deprived of their ſupport, firmly to tread the "onward path" of ſincerity; nor how often the timid and irreſolute will be prompted by their fears "*to take diſſimulation's winding way*" Fortitude and courage are, however, only the companions of undeviating rectitude. They had hitherto been conſtant inhabitants in the gentle breaſt of Julia; whoſe ſoft and winning manners clearly evinced that thoſe virtues, maſculine as they are generally deemed, are far from being incompatible with modeſty and gentleneſs. In once having permitted herſelf to tread the path of error, ſhort as were the ſteps ſhe had as yet taken, ſhe found ſhe had already loſt the firm ſupporters of her mind; and to extricate herſelf ſhe had recourſe to their unworthy ſubſtitutes, art and concealment.

In her father's name ſhe wrote a note to Dr. Orwell to requeſt the gig for the following day; and deſiring the anſwer to be delivered into her own hands, and ſtrictly charging the meſſenger to ſay nothing of where he had been to either of her parents, ſhe took the road to Mr. Glib's

Mr. Val-

Mr. Vallaton, who did not expect to see her till the evening, was charmed at a circumstance, which he did not fail to interpret to his own advantage. And still more was he delighted, when she informed him that she had come on purpose to request a favour of him.

"A favour of me, Julia! impossible. You know not how exquisitely it would delight me to oblige you. I hope it is something that may require the exertion of all my energies, that you may see what power you have over me."

'It is only to drive me a few miles in a gig. I wish to call at Castle-Villars to-morrow; and thought perhaps you would have no objection to accompany me. The General is very hospitable, and will be happy to receive any friend of my father's; for as such I mean to introduce you. You do not know,' continued she with an enchanting smile, 'what good may arise from this introduction.'

Vallaton was profuse in his acknowledgments, which Julia interrupted by saying she had still another request to make, which she hoped he would have as little hesitation in complying with.

"Can my lovely Julia fear that any request of hers should meet with a refusal? Impossible. Let her but name her wish; and were it to pluck her kerchief from the horned moon, it should be done."

'I greatly wish, then,' replied Julia, 'nay I would give the world to see the embroidered covering of the basket which formed your infant cradle. Have you it not with you.'

"No, I believe not; it is not with me at present."

'Nor any of your infant robes.'

"No,

"No, I—I unfortunately left them in the care of a very particular friend in town."

'How unlucky! indeed, indeed you ought never to go any where without them. Are they not the bleſſed inſtruments by which the ſtrange myſtery of your birth will moſt undoubtedly be developed. I muſt chide you for truſting ſo precious a depoſit in any hands but your own. You can, however, write for them, and your friend may ſend them to you by the mail coach.'

Vallaton, who could hardly ſuppreſs a ſmile at the earneſtneſs with which Julia made this unforeſeen requeſt, took from it a hint, which effectually relieved his preſent embarraſſment. He promiſed to write to his friend by that night's poſt; and doubted not, but that in a few days he ſhould receive the credentials of his noble birth in ſafety. It is probable that his mind's eye at that moment caſt a retroſpective glance to the cellar of St. Giles's, where his firſt blanket, whoſe embroidery was certainly of no Tyrian dye, after having done its duty as a mop, and gone through the proceſs of decompoſition on a dung hill, had probably long ſince lent its aid to enrich its native ſoil. How much ſoever Mr. Vallaton's patriotiſm might lead him to glory in the certainty of his firſt rags having been thus uſeful to his country, his modeſty prevented his aſſuming any merit upon this head; and Julia, whoſe memory furniſhed her with a thouſand ſimilar examples, was quite ſatisfied that the little embroidered veſtments, he had ſo particularly deſcribed, would lead to the happy diſcovery her ardent imagination had ſo fully planned.

Mr. Vallaton, willing to change a ſubject which was rather becoming too intereſting, enquired

quired whether the excurſion to Caſtle-Villers was with her father's knowledge.

'O yes,' replied Julia, 'my dear papa is always ſo indulgent that he never objects to any thing that will give me pleaſure, unleſs fears for my ſafety, or doubts concerning propriety, ſhould ſuggeſt the objection.'

"Propriety! in what vocabulary of prejudice did you pick up that offenſive word? What can be improper that does not rebel againſt the great commands of nature? It is theſe wordlings 'gorged with miſanthropy,' who have by this term *propriety* forged the moſt galling fetters for the amiable period of youth. Would that my Julia were ſuperior to the ignoble bondage!"

'Indeed, indeed now, Mr. Vallaton, you do my father wrong. He never wiſhes to ſubject my mind but to the bondage of reaſon. If you knew his affection for me, and how good to me he has always been, you would not wonder that I ſhould love him.'

"And pray tell me from whence does his affection for you proceed? If it appears, that the circumſtance of being his daughter has any influence upon your father's mind, ſuch a weak and fooliſh prejudice is more deſerving of your contempt than veneration."

'Your argument is, indeed, very forcible; I know not how to anſwer it; but ſtill I cannot ſo far conquer that prejudice which I have hitherto conſidered as virtuous, and which makes me feel it improper too ſtrictly to ſcan the imperfections of a parent. If I were dependent on his bounty, I ſhould perhaps be leſs ſcrupulous; but ſince, through my aunt's partial affection, I have come to the command of an independant fortune, I feel as if it were not only ungrateful

grateful but ungenerous to examine the motives of an affection, for which I confeſs (and do not hate me for the confeſſion) it is my moſt anxious wiſh to make a ſuitable return.'

"And pray what has this old gentleman done for you?"

'Done! how can you aſk the queſtion? Did he not, during the period of my infancy, and even before he had ever ſeen me, part with more than half his income for mine and my mother's ſupport? Was it not for our ſakes that he endured the horrors of that deteſted climate; ſacrificed his eaſe, his health, his comfort? And then on his return: what tender affection! what unremitting care! To procure for me the accompliſhments which he himſelf could not teach, and to enable me to make an appearance equal to my companions of larger fortune; how often has he and my mother denied themſelves every little comfort to which they had been habituated? Oh! how happy am I now in having it in my power to reſtore to them theſe innocent enjoyments, to make their old age as eaſy and as comfortable as that period of life will admit! Till your arguments convinced me that there could not poſſibly be a God, I could hardly refrain from the ſuperſtitious perſuaſion, that a ſort of Providence had interpoſed to ſend me this legacy at the very time when, by the loſs of the ſmall penſion which my father, in addition to his half-pay, had hitherto enjoyed, it became almoſt impoſſible to ſupport his family, and keep up the rank in life he had been accuſtomed to maintain. In giving up this fortune to his diſpoſal, I experienced the ſweeteſt pleaſure of my life!'

"And have you actually given it up to his diſpoſal?" cried Vallaton with great earneſtneſs,

and

and in a tone fully expreſſive of the virtuous horror he felt at ſuch a flagitious proof of the deſtructive vice of gratitude.

'No,' rejoined the fair philoſopher, 'my father would not accept the gift. He ſaid he would do no more than act as my ſteward. It was evidently the intention of my aunt, that I ſhould be independent before the period affixed by law, and he would not fruſtrate her intentions. He ſaid, he ſurely had no cauſe to be leſs confident in my prudence than ſhe had! And by ſaying ſo he doubly bound me to give myſelf up to his direction in every article of my conduct.'

"Dear enchanting enthuſiaſt!" cried Vallaton, ſomewhat recovered from his alarm. "The falſe views in which things appear to your underſtanding is truly to be regretted. And ſo you are indebted to this gentleman, becauſe, forſooth, *in the hateful ſpirit of monopoly, he choſe by deſpotic and artificial means to engroſs a pretty woman to himſelf;* and even in abſence unjuſtly to prevent his neighbour from enjoying a good which he could not himſelf continue to poſſeſs; for was not this the true motive of his care of your mother? As for you, whatever he beſtowed previous to his knowledge of your real worth, was a glaring proof of the moſt odious ſelfiſhneſs. Was it not becauſe he believed himſelf your father, that he thus provided for you? In what a contemptible light does philoſophy teach us to view this prejudice? *I ought to prefer no human being to another, becauſe that being is my father, my wife, or my ſon, but becauſe, for reaſons which equally appeal to all underſtandings, that being is entitled to preference. In a ſtate of equality, it will be a queſtion of no importance to know who is the parent of each individual child. It is ariſtocracy, ſelf-love, and family pride, that teach us*

*us to ſet a value upon it at preſent.** And for this offspring of ariſtocratic prejudice, this ſelfiſh affection which your father had for you becauſe you were *his*, and not the offspring of ſome other man, haply more worthy than himſelf, he is entitled to your duty and your gratitude! Miſtaken Julia! I wiſh you would exert the energies of your mind, to conquer prejudices ſo unworthy of your underſtanding."

Poor Julia had not now one word to ſay in her own defence. Abaſhed at the conviction of her filial weakneſs, ſhe caſt her lovely eyes upon the ground. The enlightened philoſopher tenderly ſeized her hand, and changing his voice to the ſoft tone of ſupplication, entreated ſhe would pardon him for his zeal in the cauſe of truth. He wiſhed to remove every obſtacle to *perfectibility* in one ſo near perfection: ſhe had but to conquer a few of thoſe remaining prejudices to reach the goal. "By this fair hand I ſwear," ſaid he, preſſing it to his lips, "that all I ſay proceeds from the ſtrength and diſintereſtedneſs of my affection." The entrance of the Goddeſs of Reaſon, Mr. Myope, and Mr. Glib, prevented her reply. She ſoon took her leave, and her heart palpitating with various contending emotions, returned to her father's houſe.

* See Pol. Juſt. vol. ii.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

" Mortals, in vain ye hope to find,
" If guilt, if fraud have ſtain'd your mind,
" Or ſaint to hear, or angel to defend."
So Truth proclaims. I hear the ſacred ſound
Burſt from the centre of her burning throne,
Where aye ſhe ſits, with ſtar-wreath'd luſtre crown'd;
A bright ſun claſps her adamantine zone.
So Truth proclaims, her awful voice I hear,
With many a ſolemn pauſe it ſlowly meets my ear.

IN the perſonification of the virtues, Sincerity ought certainly to be delineated as the moſt vindictive of the whole groupe. Inflexible in her decrees, and jealous of her authority, ſhe hedges round her white domain with ſo many thorns, that it is impoſſible to depart from it for a ſingle moment with impunity. In endeavouring to effect his eſcape, the poor fugitive gets ſo entangled, that ſhould he even ſucceed in avoiding the diſgrace of detection, he cannot avoid the ſtings of ſhame and diſhonour, which, if he have any feeling, will pierce him to the quick.

Alarmed leſt the anſwer of Dr. Orwell ſhould by miſtake have been delivered to her father, Julia's firſt care was to ſeek the meſſenger it was ſent by. He was not yet returned. Indeed the boy thought he could never have a better opportunity of taking his own time. The injunctions laid upon him by his young miſtreſs to conceal his errand from her father, made him quickly ſenſible that ſhe was in his power. Why ſhould he not indulge himſelf in a game at marbles? If he ſtaid ever ſo long ſhe durſt not inform on him

him for her own ſake. And if Miſs told a lie, by ſaying ſhe ſent him any where elſe, why ſhould he not tell her another? Could he pretend to be better than Miſs.

Vexed at his delay, and trembling leſt it ſhould occaſion a diſcovery, Julia began to feel the thorns which ſtrewed the path on which ſhe had ſo lately entered. The boy at length arrived, and brought with him a polite anſwer from Dr. Orwell, who willingly granted her requeſt. She haſtily put the note in her pocket, and then went to the parlour, where ſhe found Mrs. Gubbles, ſenior, ſitting with her father and mother.

"Well, my love," ſaid Capt. Delmond, "what ſays Dr. Orwell to your requeſt? Did you find all the family at home?"

'Dr. Orwell is kind enough to let me have the gig whenever I pleaſe, and deſires his compliments to you and my mamma.'

'And pray,' ſaid Mrs. Delmond, 'did you ſee Mrs. Goodwin? I wonder ſhe did not give you the receipt for the elder wine which I ſent to beg of her this morning. She told Nanny ſhe would write it out for me before dinner. Did not ſhe mention it to you?'

'No,' replied Julia, 'I—I did not ſee Mrs. Goodwin.'

"Aye, but I warrant," cried Mrs. Gubbles with an arch ſmile, "I warrant Miſs ſaw ſomebody better worth looking at. There was young Mr. Sydney juſt come home from the colleges; I ſaw him with his father a going to the parſonage juſt before Miſs went out; one would be aſtoniſhed to ſee what a great, tall, proper man he is grown. Good lack! it was but yeſterday, as I think, ſince he was quite a little baby; and now

now to be ſure he is one of the moſt handſomeſt and moſt genteeleſt young men I ever ſeed in my life. Don't you think ſo, Miſs?"

'I don't know, I did not ſee him.'

"Not ſee him! well that is the moſt extraordinary thing as ever I knew. He could not poſſibly come back without my ſeeing him. You know I am quite in the way, and notices every body as goes by: not a foot on the ſtreet, I warrant you, but I knows of. There is that heatheniſh ſet as come to Mr. Glib's, who are all (heaven preſerve us!) ſaid to be no better than ſo many atheiſts; I ſee'd them go by this morning; there they are, all living at rack and manger. A good hot ſupper laſt night, and a fine dinner to-day. I wonder what will come on it at laſt? A pretty thing, truly, for folks in their way to entertain at ſuch a rate! If it was only their own neighbours and town-folks, it would be a different thing; but to be throwing away their ſubſtance upon authors and ſuch ſcum, it is a ſhame to hear of it!"

'I ſhould ſuppoſe, ma'am,' ſaid Julia with ſome warmth, 'that Mr. Glib knows his own affairs beſt: I believe the party you allude to are very reſpectable people, and do Mr. Glib great honour by their viſit.'

"It may be ſo, Miſs. They may be very reſpectable people, to be ſure, for aught I know; though I don't think it's the moſt reſpectableſt thing in the world, for people to be ſneaking about the ſtreets all night, that have no honeſt calling to take them out of their warm beds."

'Do the people at Mr. Glib's keep ſuch late hours?' enquired Capt. Delmond.

"I don't know for all of 'em," replied the loquacious Mrs. Gubbles, "but betwixt four and five

five this morning, as my husband was a going to Mrs. Dunstan's, (who, as I was telling you as Miss there came in, has got a fine thumping boy) he passed that there tall one just at your garden-gate, I don't know his name, but there he was a perambulating through the street, and I leave you to judge, whether at that late hour it was likely he had been building churches?"

In the loud laugh to which Mrs. Gubbles was excited by her own *wit*, Julia felt no inclination to join. The consequences of Vallaton's having been seen in his retreat from the arbour, filled her with terror and dismay. To conceal the inquietude of her mind, she made a pretence for quitting the room, and did not return till the visitor was gone and dinner put upon the table.

In places far removed from the great and crouded theatre of the metropolis, the scenes of life (if we may be permitted to carry on the hacknied allusion) come so near the eye, that every little wheel and pulley becomes visible to the audience. The actors are there indeed so few, and so seldom do any incidents occur in the rural drama of sufficient importance to excite a general interest, that if the good people in a country town were not to find a substitute for more important articles of intelligence in the minutiæ of family transactions, they must either be condemned to silence, or laid under the dreadful necessity of cultivating internal resources. No such miserable alternative awaits the happier inhabitants of the metropolis. There day unto day furnishes an everlasting fund for talk, and the insatiable thirst for news is gratified by such a succession of great events, that though petty scandal may serve as a relish, it is by no means an absolute necessary of life. In the country, where the ap-

petite for news is not a whit leſs voracious, it is obliged to put up with a more limited bill of fare: the minuteſt action of every neighbour is there, indeed, very liberally ſerved up, while conjectures on its cauſe and its conſequences ſerve as ſauce to the entertainment.

The valetudinary ſtate of Captain Delmond's health, which deprived him of thoſe reſources for killing time to which he had formerly been accuſtomed, made him glad to fill the vacuum by any piece of intelligence that offered: even a viſit from Mrs. Gubbles was on this account acceptable, as no one poſſeſſed more information concerning the ſtate of affairs in the village and its neighbourhood than that good lady. Wherever ſhe went, ſhe generally left heads of diſcourſe to occupy the remainder of the day; ſo it appeared likely to be at preſent. The birth of Maſter Dunſtan, the fortune he was likely to inherit, the age of his mother, and the queſtion of who was moſt likely to be aſked to ſtand god-father upon the important occaſion, having been all ſucceſſively diſcuſſed; the return of Henry Sydney came next under conſideration.

Had Julia heard nothing of him at the parſonage?

It was very extraordinary. Who did ſhe ſee there? Julia, at a loſs for a reply, heſitated, and then ſaid ſhe had only ſeen Dr. Orwell.

"Were you in the ſaloon?"

'No.'

"Oh! then the matter is plain enough; the ladies wiſhed to have the gentlemen all to themſelves, and ſo the Doctor did not invite you to go in? Ay, ay, let the parſon alone. He did not chooſe to trouble his daughters with a female viſitor

viſitor, when he knew they were more agreeably engaged."

'Indeed, ſir, Dr. Orwell was to-day as he always is, very kind and polite. I am ſure he and his daughters are equally above every little jealouſy.'

"Well, well, it may be ſo; but who are thoſe people at Glib's? You ſpoke to Mrs. Gubbles as if you had known ſomething of them."

'I believe it is Mr. Myope, the great author, and his lady; I have met them at Mrs. Botherim's: they are very genteel, well-informed people.'

"And the tall young man who was ſeen lurking about the ſtreets at that unſeaſonable hour; what is he?"

'I don't know indeed,' replied Julia, looking at the ſame time out of the window, 'I can't tell who Mrs. Gubbles meant.'

"Some idle fellows of an author too, I ſuppoſe," rejoined her father; "one who I dare ſay would be very properly employed in carrying a muſket. Really, my dear, I am ſomewhat afraid that Mrs. Botherim is not quite difficult enough in regard to the choice of her gueſts. Authors and theſe ſort of people may be very good in their way, but they are by no means proper acquaintances for my Julia."

"But, my dear ſir, ought we not to pay ſome reſpect to talents and genius, even though deſtitute of fortune?"

"Fortune!—I deſpiſe fortune as much as any man; but will talents and genius make a gentleman? And are not all the authors who have talents or genius known to be democrats in their hearts. Talk not to me of ſuch people, my dear,

they ought to be the dread and deteſtation of every loyal ſubject"

This was a theme on which Julia was ever fearful of entering. She knew her father's prejudices to be unconquerable. It was this circumſtance which had hitherto prevented her from bringing him acquainted with Vallaton, whoſe patriotiſm ſo pure, ſo diſintereſted, ſo enlightened, muſt be ſhocked at ſentiments ſo oppoſite to his own! Even ſhould his reſpect for her impoſe upon him a ſilence repugnant to his generous principles of hazarding all for truth, he could not fail to be wounded at the expreſſions which, if the ſubject of politicks was ſtarted, would infallibly drop from her father's tongue. She had, therefore, moſt carefully concealed her knowledge of him from Capt. Delmond, who ſhe well knew would on his part be equally ſhocked at the enlightened ſyſtem of her new preceptor.

This concealment ſhe at firſt imagined would have been a very eaſy matter; but ſhe ſoon experiencied the torment which, in a generous mind, attends the leaſt attempt at diſingenuity. The entrance of Henry Sydney and his ſiſter relieved her preſent embarraſſment. The latter came to requeſt the favour of Miſs Delmond's company to a rural feaſt in the hay-field, to which the Captain, who conſidered the ſymptoms of indiſpoſition he had lately remarked in his daughter to originate in too much confinement, readily acquieſced; and Julia, who now for the firſt time of her life was happy in any excuſe that could relieve her from the burden of her father's preſence, haſtily prepared herſelf to attend her amiable friend.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

" Where the ſenſe of the ſpeech is but ill underſtood,
" We are bound to ſuppoſe it uncommonly good."
SIMKIN'S LETTERS.

IT is now time to return to Miſs Botherim, whom we left very properly rebuking her mother for the fault committed by her domeſtick. In reply to a very long and very learned exhortation, which had, however, nearly exhauſted the good lady's patience, " I tell you, Biddy," ſaid Mrs. Botherim, " that though coming into the parlour and ſpeaking of your wig before the gentlemen was not his buſineſs, to be ſure, yet he is a very good boy for all that. He takes ſuch care of the cow, and is ſo kind to all the dumb creatures, that he muſt be good."

' Good !' repeated Bridgetina with great indignation, ' It appears, madam, that you know very little of the nature of goodneſs. What is goodneſs but virtue ? *Conſidered as a perſonal quality, it conſiſts in the diſpoſition of the mind, and may be defined a deſire to promote the benefit of intelligent beings in general, the quantity of virtue being as the quantity of deſire. Now deſire is another name for preference, or a perception of the excellence, real or ſuppoſed, of any object ; and what perception of excellence can a being ſo unenlightened poſſibly poſſeſs ?*'

" You know very well daughter," rejoined Mrs. Botherim, " that I cannot anſwer you in all them there argumentations ; but I can tell you that it will be long enough before we get a better boy

than Bill, and that there is not a cow upon the common half ſo well fed as ours."

'It is a ſtrange thing, mother,' rejoined Bridgetina, 'that you never will learn to generalize your ideas. The boy may take very good care of your cow, and by leading her to the beſt paſture, promote both her benefit and yours; *but if he derives this benefit, not from a clear and diſtinct perception of what it is in which it conſiſts, but from the unexamined leſſons of education, from the phyſical effect of ſympathy, or from any ſpecies of zeal unallied to and incommenſurate with knowledge, can this deſire be admitted for virtuous?* If your prejudices were not invulnerable you would not heſitate to acknowledge that it ought not; and if his actions cannot be admitted for virtuous, how can he be called good?'

To this Mrs. Botherim was incapable of making any reply. A ſilence of ſome minutes enſued, which the mother at length broke; "I was thinking," ſaid ſhe, "my dear, whether we might not drink tea with Miſs Sydney this evening; now that her brother is come home, the compliment will be expected; and you know next week is the week of our great waſh, when I never goes from home, and to-morrow I muſt look over your things to prepare for it; ſo as it will be a long time before I have an other day, I think we had as well go this."

The propoſal was too agreeable to Miſs Botherim to be rejected. A meſſenger was diſpatched to notify their intention; and while Mrs. Botherim betook herſelf to the taſk of combing out the unfortunate treſſes, whoſe luckleſs fate hath already excited the reader's commiſeration, Bridgetina retired to her library to ſtudy for the diſcourſe of the evening.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

" Thoſe gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom;
" Thoſe calm ſires that aſk'd but little room;
" Thoſe healthful ſports that graced the peaceful ſcene,
" Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green,"
GOLDSMITH.

OUR heroine beſtowed ſo much time on the tedious labours of the toilet, that the little party at Mr. Sydney's had enjoyed nearly an hour of each other's ſociety before ſhe and her mother appeared. They found the houſe deſerted of its inhabitants, but were conducted by a little girl through the garden into a meadow which beautifully ſloped towards the river. On the lower part a groupe of hay-makers were at work; Mr. Sydney, and his friend the rector, were cheerfully converſing with the ruſtic band, and encouraging the innocent merriment which lightened all their toil. At the upper part of the field was Mrs. Martha Goodwin and her nieces, together with Julia, Maria Sydney, and her brother, all at work; ſome ſettling the camp ſtools which they had carried in their own hands, ſome depoſiting their ſhare of the tea equipage upon the table which Henry had juſt fixed beneath the ſhade of a ſpreading elm, and in a ſpot from which the moſt delightful proſpect of the country opened to the view. All was hilarity and eaſe, cheerfulneſs and good-humour.

Ceremony, that tireſome and ineffective ſubſtitute for true politeneſs, found no admittance here. Neceſſary as her preſence is deemed, and neceſſary

as it in reality may be, to preſerve the decorum of a city rout, it could be diſpenſed with by the preſent party without any apprehenſion of inconvenience. Where confidence of mutual goodwill and congenial harmony of ſentiment influence every breaſt, and the poliſh of the manners proceeds from the poliſh of the mind, the forms of ceremony are as uſeleſs as impertinent.

If the art of making every one around feel eaſy and comfortable be accounted a mark of true politeneſs, Miſs Sydney muſt be confeſſed to do the honours of her table as an adept. She had ſeen little of what is called the world, but the few acquaintances with whom ſhe was accuſtomed to aſſociate, were all well-bred and ſenſible.

Ever attentive to the wants, and obſervant to the manners of others, ſhe would have conducted herſelf with propriety in any ſcene or upon any occaſion that could poſſibly have occurred. Her good breeding was indeed of that ſterling ſort that might paſs current in any country of the civilized world; and muſt be confeſſed in this reſpect to poſſeſs ſome advantage over that of the frivolous votaries of faſhion, whoſe knowledge of the artificial forms of ceremony, like the paper money of a country bank, has only a circumſcribed and local value.

The natural vivacity of Maria's temper had been long ſuppreſſed by an unremitting and painful attendance on the death-bed of her mother. Time had worn off the ſharp edge of ſorrow, but had not quite reſtored her uſual cheerfulneſs, when the return of her darling brother gave new animation to her ſpirits, and once more turned her heart to joy.

She had the pleaſure of ſeeing her happineſs diffuſive. Every eye ſeemed to ſparkle with a delight

light reſponſive to that which glowed in her own breaſt. Even Julia, whoſe once gay and lively ſpirits had of late been chilled and frozen in the cold region of metaphyſics, ſeemed reanimated by the participation of pleaſures congenial to youth and nature. She entered into the amuſements of her friends, joined in the light-hearted laugh, retorted the inoffenſive raillery, and was one of the moſt buſy in preparing for the rural feaſt. She and Harriet Orwell had juſt finiſhed decorating a baſket of ſtrawberries with a wreath of flowers which Henry had gathered, and were with light and graceful ſteps bearing it betwixt them to the table, while Henry, keeping his ſeat upon the graſs, was with eyes of rapture following every motion of the lovely pair, when the ſmall ſhrill voice of Miſs Botherim accoſted his ears, and drew his attention from theſe engaging objects.

'So Doctor,' cried ſhe, 'I perceive that you have retired to taſte the pleaſures of abſtract ſpeculation. How I admire a taſte ſo ſimilar to my own! Divine congeniality of ſentiment! it is thou alone can'ſt give a taſte of true felicity to enlightened minds!'

Henry, whoſe contemplations of whatever nature they were, ſeemed little diſpoſed to reliſh this interruption, made no other reply than the common form of ſalutation; but ſuddenly riſing and placing himſelf by the ſide of Mrs. Botherim, he begged to attend the ladies to his ſiſter.

Bridgetina, who humanely reſolved to treat her choſen lover with all imaginable tenderneſs, immediately went round to his ſide, and inſtantly began her well-conned converſation.

'I have juſt been renovating my energies,' ſaid ſhe, 'by the impreſſive eloquence of Rouſſeau. I need not aſk whether the ſublime vir-

tues of his Eloiſa do not enrapture your ſoul? Was any character ever drawn ſo natural, ſo ſublime, ſo truly virtuous?'

"I am ſorry that I cannot perfectly agree with you," replied Henry; "but here are the ladies, they had almoſt deſpaired of ſeeing you."

Maria then came forward, and politely led her gueſts to the ſeats ſhe had prepared for them; while Henry ſlipt round to the oppoſite ſide of the table, and took poſſeſſion of a little turfy knoll, which ſeparated the ſeats of Harriet and Julia.

Though the converſation that commenced between theſe young people was, if we may judge from the ſmile of ſatisfaction that played upon their countenances, ſufficiently entertaining to themſelves, it might probably be with juſtice conſidered beneath the dignity of hiſtory. Happily for the edification of the learned reader, it received an interruption from Bridgetina, who, as ſhe never truſted to the ſpontaneous effuſion of the moment, might always be ſaid to ſpeak for the preſs.

The buſtle of the tea-table, and the playful contention which attended the diſtribution of fruit, cakes, &c. for ſome time ſtopt the torrent of her eloquence; but it was only ſtopt to pour forth at the firſt opportunity with redoubled force.

'Dr. Henry Sydney,' cried ſhe, in a voice ſufficiently audible, 'I muſt call upon you for an explanation of the words you uttered before tea, which ſeemed to my apprehenſion to caſt a doubt upon the ſublime virtue of Eloiſa. If it be to that part of her conduct which ſeems to have been dictated by her prejudices as a religioniſt that you object, I have nothing to plead in her defence.

defence. But as to her affair with St. Preux, it was surely the most sublime instance of abstract virtue! A virtue superior to the fantastic prejudices of a distempered civilization; and which, in the wild career of energetic feeling, nobly pursued the sentiments of nature. Is it possible that you can perceive no charms in such a conduct?'

"Situated as St Preux," replied Henry, (while an ingenuous modesty heightened the colour of his expressive countenance) "I will not pretend to answer for myself. No such situation, however, can possibly occur; for never will there be an Eloisa such as Rousseau's vivid imagination has described. The different parts of her character are indeed incompatible with each other."

'In what respect?' asked Bridgetina.

"In minds of a certain cast," returned Henry, "the licentious passions may revel in the heart, while the imagination is forming the most sublime conceptions of exalted virtue. But the virtues of Heloise are not the transient effusions of this species of enthusiasm, they are represented as the steady and dignified offspring of reason. With such principles a part of her conduct is utterly inconsistent, and therefore, in my opinion, unnatural and absurd."

'Indeed, Doctor,' replied Bridgetina, 'I should not have expected to have found you infected by the prejudices which are engendered by the unnecessary institutions of a depraved society. But when sublimer notions of things have been sufficiently generated by philosophy, depend upon it the example of Eloisa will prove a model to her sex.'

"The example of Eloisa!" repeated old Mr. Sydney; "was she not a wanton baggage, who was got with child by her tutor? I remember

reading

reading an extract from the book in an old review; and I must say the world was very little obliged to Mr. Rousseau for publishing such a story. He might intend it, and if he was a good man he doubtless did intend it, as a warning to young woman to beware of falling into the snares of men; but, alas! I am afraid it has done little good."

'I never read the book in question,' said Dr. Orwell, 'but of Rousseau's system of female education, I think the circumstance you allude to might very naturally be the result. A creature instructed in no duty but the art of pleasing, and taught that the sole end of her creation was to attract the attention of the men, could not be expected to tread very firmly in the paths of virtue.'

"I wonder," said Mrs. Martha Goodwin, "What Rousseau would have done with all the ordinary girls, for it is plain his system is adapted only for *beauties*; and should any of these poor beauties fail in getting husbands, God help them, poor things! they would make very miserable old maids."

'Beauty, madam,' cried Bridgetina, 'is a consideration beneath the notice of a philosopher, as the want of it is no moral obstacle to love: will not the mind that is sufficiently enlightened always behold the preferableness of certain objects?' continued she, drawing up her long craggy neck so as to put the shrivelled parchment-like skin which covered it upon the full stretch. 'In a reasonable state of society women will not restrain their powers, they will then display their energies; and the vigour of their minds exerted in the winning eloquence of courtship, will not be exerted in vain. There will then be no old maids,

or

or none but fools will be ſo. As to Rouſſeau, it is plain that he was a ſtranger to the rights of women.'

"The inconſiſtency and folly of his ſyſtem," ſaid Henry, "was, perhaps, never better expoſed than in the very ingenious publication which takes the Rights of Women for its title. Pity that the very ſenſible authoreſs has ſometimes permitted her zeal to hurry her into expreſſions which have raiſed a prejudice againſt the whole. To ſuperficial readers it appears to be her intention to unſex women entirely. But—"

'And why ſhould there be any diſtinction of ſex?' cried Bridgetina, interrupting him; 'Are not moral cauſes ſuperior to phyſical? And are not women formed with powers and energies capable of perfectibility? Ah! miſerable and deplorable ſtate of things in which theſe powers are debaſed by the meanneſs of houſhold cares? Ah! wretched woman, reſtrained by the cruel fetters of decorum! Vile and ignoble bondage! the offſpring of an unjuſt and odious tyranny, a tyranny whoſe remorſeleſs cruelty aſſigns to woman the care of her family! But the time ſhall come when the mind of woman will be too enlightened to ſubmit to the ſlaviſh taſk!'

"Indeed, Miſs Botherim," ſaid Harriet, "I do not think that there is any thing either ſlaviſh or diſagreeable in the taſk: nor do I think a woman's energies, as you call them, can poſſibly be better employed. Surely the performance of the duties that are annexed to our ſituation, can never be deemed mean or ignoble? For my ſhare, ſo far from feeling any derogation of dignity in domeſtic employment; I always feel exalted from the conſciouſneſs of being uſeful."

'I hope

'I hope you will never ceaſe to do ſo, my dear,' ſaid her father, 'and you will enſure to yourſelf a never-failing ſource of happineſs and contentment. It appears to me that each ſex, in every ſituation in life, has its peculiar duties aſſigned to it by that good Providence which governs all things, and which ſeems to delight in order. For the preſervation of this order, the inferior creation are endowed with an inſtinct which impels them to the peculiar mode of life beſt ſuited to their ſpecies. To man a higher beheſt is granted; to him reaſon is given as the ſovereign director of his conduct. Alas! that pride and paſſion ſhould ſo often render the precious gift of no avail! It is theſe which, under various diſguiſes, have generally influenced all the ſyſtem-makers who have taken upon them to preſcribe the duties of the ſex. Theſe have, according to their ſeveral prejudices, laid down the law which was to govern the whole. The beſt of theſe have only given rules of conduct where they ought to have infuſed principles of action: the few who have not treated women as mere machines, incapable of reaſon, have made it their buſineſs to pervert that reaſon by turning it into a principle of revolt againſt the order of Providence, exciting to a ſpirit of murmuring and diſcontent, as diſtant from true wiſdom as it is inimical to real happineſs. One philoſopher, and one only, has appeared, who, ſuperior to all prejudices, invariably treated the female ſex as beings who were to be taught the performance of duty, not by arbitrary regulations confined to particular parts of conduct, but by the knowledge of principles which enlighten the underſtanding and improve the heart."

'And pray what was the name of this philoſopher,

oſopher, ſir?' ſaid Bridgetina, 'I wonder whether he is an acquaintance of Mr. Myope's, I never heard him ſpeak of him.'

"Very probably not," rejoined Dr. Orwell; "his name was JESUS CHRIST. He was the firſt philoſopher who placed the female character in a reſpectable point of view. Women, we learn from the goſpels, frequently compoſed a great part of his audience: but to them no particular precepts were addreſſed, no ſexual virtues recommended. He knew that by whomſoever his doctrines were ſincerely received, the duties annexed to their ſituation would be fully and conſcientiouſly fulfilled. His morality was addreſſed to the judgment without diſtinction of ſex. His laws went not to fix the boundaries of prerogative, and to preſcribe the minutiæ of behaviour, but to fix purity and humility in the heart. And believe me, my children, the heart that is thus prepared, will not be apt to murmur at its lot in life. It will be ready to perceive, that true dignity conſiſts not in the nature of the duty that is required of us, but in its juſt performance. The ſingle woman whoſe mind is embued with theſe virtues, while ſhe employs her leiſure in cultivating her own underſtanding, and inſtructing that of others, in ſeeking for objects on which to exert her charity and benevolence, and in offices of kindneſs and good-will to her fellow-creatures, will never conſider her ſituation as abject or forlorn. Nor will ſhe who is the mother of a family, conſider its humbleſt duties as mean, or void of dignity and importance. The light of the mind is neceſſary for the performance of every duty; and great is the miſtake of thoſe who think ignorance the guard of innocence and virtue."

'What you have ſaid, my good friend,' ſaid old

old Mr. Sydney, 'well explains the cauſe, why minds deſtitute of the ſolid principles of religion no ſooner get a ſmattering of knowledge than they renounce the reſpectable duties of their ſex; flying from the poſt aſſigned them by nature and Providence, they vainly attempt to ſeize the command of that which it is impoſſible they can ever reach. It is, indeed, as you juſtly obſerve, in the leſſons of our great Maſter alone that a preſervative is to be found againſt this folly. They offer a ſovereign antidote againſt the ſwellings of pride and the effuſions of vanity; they effectually prepare the mind, not merely for moving in one particular ſphere, but for acting with ſenſe and propriety in every ſituation. Whether married or unmarried, the woman who is thus inſtructed, will ſuſtain her part with dignity; and the man who is influenced by the ſame principles, will behave to her with the reſpect that is due to a joint heir of immortality.'

"Yes," rejoined Dr. Orwell, "if the ſublime truths of the goſpel had their proper influence upon our ſex, women would have little reaſon to complain. It is impoſſible that a real Chriſtian ſhould ever be a tyrant. To gratify the paſſion for dominion, or to exerciſe the pride of power, can never be an object with him who has imbibed the ſpirit which pervades the philoſophy of JESUS. He can never form the wiſh of degrading the partner of his boſom to the condition of a ſlave."

'Alas!' ſaid Mrs. Martha, 'I am afraid, brother, that ſuch ſort of Chriſtians are very rare. When I have heard you, and our good friend Mr. Sydney here, expatiating upon the exerciſe of Chriſtian virtues, I have often thought it a great pity that the heads of our church had not,

inſtead

inſtead of preſcribing confeſſions of faith with regard to abſtruſe and ſpeculative points of doctrine, confined themſelves to thoſe which are chiefly inſiſted upon in the diſcourſes of our Saviour. The creed univerſally enjoined ſhould then have begun with "I believe it is my duty to love my neighbour as myſelf, and to do to others as I would have others to do to me on the like occaſion;" and ſo gone through the virtues of humility, meekneſs, and charity; brotherly love, forgiveneſs of injuries, &c. &c. which articles might have been ſigned by the moſt tender conſcience, and might probably have been repeated with as much advantage to the ſoul as the moſt incomprehenſible myſtery.'

"It is a very ingenious thought, Madam," ſaid Mr. Sydney, "and would have done more towards coaleſcing the different ſects into which the Chriſtian world is ſo unhappily divided, than any mode that has yet been adopted. I fear, however, that the meaſure would meet with ſome oppoſition from the zealots of every party. The confeſſion of charity and brotherly love would be juſtly deemed an innovation big with alarm, and quite inimical to the ſpirit of party zeal. But come, Maria, here we are talking away about loving our neighbours as ourſelves, and never thinking of our thirſty friends in the hayfield. Go, my dear, and order them ſome refreſhment; let them have the beſt cheeſe of the dairy, and the beſt ale that our cellar affords, and ſee that it be given them by yourſelf. Never depute another to do an office of kindneſs which you may yourſelf perform. Be aſſured that the manner of doing it is more than half its value."

With cheerful alacrity Maria roſe to obey her father's commands: Harriet inſiſted on accompanying

nying her; Julia would not be left behind; and Henry probably thought his preſence would be neceſſary to aſſiſt his ſiſter, for he too choſe to be of the party. Bridgetina ſeeing the motion of Henry would have likewiſe followed, but before ſhe would contrive to ſidle down from her ſeat, which was rather the higheſt, the active groupe were more than half-way to the houſe. Mr. Sydney, apprehenſive from her moving that ſhe was tired of her ſeat, propoſed their taking a walk down the field, which was aſſented to the more readily by Bridgetina as ſhe there hoped for an opportunity of introducing ſome philoſophical obſervations with which ſhe had indeed come ready prepared, but which the untoward turn the diſcourſe had taken, had prevented her from introducing.

The approach of Mr. Sydney and his party was obſerved with pleaſure by the hay-makers, who knew that he was no hard taſk maſter, that where reproof was neceſſary he reproved with gentleneſs, but that he never withheld from the deſerving the juſt tribute of applauſe. In truth, their labour being divided among many more hands than was neceſſary was by no means hard; many found employment here who would have been rejected by more ſcientific farmers.

"E'en ſtooping age is here; and infant hands
"Trail the long rake, or with the fragrant load
"O'ercharg'd amid the kind oppreſſion roll."

The glee of the ruſtics was ſoon ſtill further animated, on beholding Maria and her friends advancing in gay proceſſion with a profuſe ſupply of refreſhments. Maria carried the goblet which, like another Hebe, ſhe preſented to all around, and which was plentifully repleniſhed from the pitcher

pitcher borne by Henry. Harriet and Julia took upon themſelves the diſtribution of the bread and cheeſe, giving, at the deſire of Mr. Sydney, a double portion to ſuch as had left any part of their family at home. Every face wore the appearance of cheerfulneſs and contentment.

'Miſerable wretches!' exclaimed Bridgetina; 'how doth the injuſtice under which you groan, generate the ſpirit of virtuous indignation in the breaſts of the enlightened.'

"What d'ye ſay, Miſs?" ſaid an old man who imagined her eyes were directed toward him, though in reality ſhe was ſtedfaſtly looking in Henry's face. "What d'ye ſay, Miſs," repeated he, "about any one's being miſerable?"

'I ſay,' returned Bridgetina, 'that you ought to be truly wretched?'

"And why ſo, Miſs? what has I done to deſerve to be wretched? I works as hardly, and I gets as good wages, as any man in the pariſh; my wife has good health, and we never loſt a child. What ſhould make me wretched?"

'Miſerable depravity!' cried Bridgetina, 'how abject that mind which can boaſt of its degradation! Rejoice in receiving wages! No wonder that gratitude, that baſe and immortal principle, ſhould be harboured in ſuch a breaſt!'

"Why, Miſs," returned the man, conſiderably irritated by her harangue, "I would have you to know as how that I don't underſtand being made game of; and if you mean for to ſay that I have no gratitude, I defy your malice. I am as grateful for a good turn as any man living. I would go ten miles at midnight upon my bare feet to ſerve young Mr. Sydney there, who ſaved my poor Tommy's life in the ſmall pox: poor fellow, he's remembers it ſtill—don't ye Tommy? Aye that

that a does; and if thou ever forgets it thou art no true ſon of thy faither's."

Here Mrs. Martha interpoſed, and by a few kind words allayed the reſentment which the declamation of Bridgetina had enkindled. She then invited our heroine to walk with her, and as ſoon as they were out of the hearing of the labourers, aſked her what was her motive for thinking that poor man ſo miſerable.

"And are not all miſerable?" ſaid Bridgetina. 'Are not all who live in this deplorable ſtate of diſtempered civilization miſerable, and wretched, and unhappy?"

"Indeed, my dear Miſs Botherim," rejoined Mrs. Martha, "I have the comfort of aſſuring you that you are very much miſtaken. In the dwellings of the poor I am no ſtranger. As fortune has not put it in my power to do much towards removing their wants, I conſider myſelf doubly bound to do all I can towards relieving their afflictions. For this purpoſe I make it my buſineſs to enquire into them; and in the courſe of theſe enquiries I have found frequent cauſe to admire the order of providence, in diſtributing the portion of happineſs with a much more equal hand than on a ſlight view we could poſſibly imagine. I queſtion, whether any lord in the land enjoys half the ſhare of content and ſatisfaction that falls to the lot of that induſtrious labourer to whom you ſpoke. You ſhall, if you pleaſe, accompany me ſome evening to his cottage, which is one of the neateſt and pleaſanteſt little habitations you ever viſited in your life. You may there, towards ſun-ſet, ſee the poor man ſitting in his nicely-dreſſed little garden, and perhaps ſinging ſome old ballad for the amuſement of his chil-

dren,

dren, while their mother is preparing their ſupper."

'Preparing their ſupper!' repeated Bridgetina. 'In that one expreſſion you have given an ample deſcription of the miſery of their ſtate. Preparing ſupper! Yes, ye wretched mortals, *the whole of the powers you poſſeſs is engaged in purſuit of miſerable expedients to protract your exiſtence. Ye poor, predeſtined victims of ignorance and prejudice! Ye go forward with your heads bowed down to the earth in a mournful ſtate of inanity and torpor. Yet like the victims of Circe, you have the underſtanding left to give you ever and anon a glimpſe of what ye might have been.** Wherever theſe poor wretches caſt their eyes, they behold nought but cruel aggravations of their affliction.

'Suppoſe them at their homely meal, and that the ſumptuous carriage of the peer, whoſe ſtately manſion riſes on yonder hill, ſhould paſs their cottage. When they behold my lord and lady lolling in the gilded coach which is conveying them home to the luxuriant repaſt prepared by twenty cooks, what effect will the grating ſight produce in their tortured boſoms? Will not a ſenſe of the inequality of their conditions wring their wretched hearts? With what horror and diſguſt will they then view the ſmoking diſh of beans and bacon? Will not their mouths refuſe to ſwallow the loathed food, which the thoughts of the tarts and cheeſe-cakes that cover the great man's table has converted into bitterneſs? Will they not leave the untaſted meal, and retiring to their bed of chaff, or at beſt of hen's-feathers, ſpend the gloomy night in drawing melancholy compariſons betwixt the happy ſtate of the peer and their own miſerable condition?'

"And

* Godwin's Enquirer.

"And do you really believe all this, my dear?" ſaid Mrs. Martha, laughing. "How in the name of wonder did ſuch ſtrange notions come into your head? Be aſſured," continued ſhe, "that theſe poor people ſee the equipage of my lord and lady with the ſame indifference that they behold the flight of a bird; and would as ſoon think of grieving at the want of wings as at the want of a carriage. Were you to follow that lord and lady to their banquet, you would ſoon be ſenſible that it was at their luxuriant feaſt, and not at the cottager's ſupper the ſpirit of repining and diſcontent was to be found. At night, when toſſing on their ſeparate beds of down, they might very probably be heard to envy the ſound ſleep of the peaſant; while the contented cottager in the arms of his faithful wife, and ſurrounded by his little babes, enjoyed the ſweets of ſound and uninterrupted repoſe."

'And ſo,' ſaid Bridgetina, 'your religion, I ſuppoſe, teaches you to be callous to the miſeries of the poor?'

'God forbid?" returned Mrs. Martha, "but my underſtanding teaches me to diſcriminate betwixt the natural evils that are incident to poverty, and the fantaſtic and imaginary ones which have no exiſtence but in the dreams of viſionaries. It is one of the bleſſings belonging to a life of labour, to be exempted from the diſquietude of fancied ills. You miſtake me, however, if you think I am inſenſible to the abundance of real ones that falls, alas! too frequently to their lot. But in viſiting their afflictions, in adviſing and conſoling them in their diſtreſſes, I conceive that I conduce more effectually to the alleviations of their misfortunes, than if I were to indulge myſelf in the moſt gloomy reveries, or by exaggerated

ed deſcriptions of their calamities excite in the wretched objects of my compaſſion the ſpirit of diſcontent Let us not forget, my dear Miſs Botherim, that the eſſence of charity is very apt to evaporate in the bitterneſs of declamation. The reſult of our active benevolence is, on the contrary, attended with the happieſt effects, not only to the objects of our bounty but to ourſelves:—it returns to our own breaſts, extinguiſhes the ſparks of diſcontent, quenches the flame of pride, and keeps alive that ſpirit of kindneſs and good-will, which is the very bond of peace and ſource of ſocial happineſs."

'You are right, my ſiſter,' ſaid Dr. Orwell, who had heard the latter part of the converſation; 'even the benevolence of a Howard might have degenerated into miſanthropy, if it had only been employed in abſtract ſpeculation upon human miſery. Far be it from me, however, to ſpeak of the ſufferings of the poor with levity or indifference. I too well know the daily increaſing miſery of their ſituation, and too ſincerely deprecate the cauſes which have produced it. Theſe we may, without difficulty, trace to the accelerated progreſs of luxury and its concomitant vices. But can the feeble voice of declamation ſtem the mighty torrent? As well might it arreſt the career of the winds, or ſtop the fury of the raging elements. He alone who governs the elemental ſtrife, and from "ſeeming evil ſtill educes good," can, by ſome great national calamity, chaſtiſe the haughty pride of luxury, and open the eyes of the ignorant and miſguided croud, who eſtimate national proſperity by the ſuperfluous riches heaped upon *thouſands* at the expence of the accumulated wretchedneſs of *millions* of their fellow-creatures. All we have to do as individuals,

is to exert our utmoſt efforts to ameliorate the condition of all within our reach.'

"What you obſerved, ſir," ſaid Henry, addreſſing himſelf to Dr. Orwell, "concerning the exact proportion betwixt the increaſe of luxury and of poverty, I had frequent occaſion of remarking in my late tour through Scotland."

'And may we not be favoured with an account of this tour?' ſaid Harriet. 'Let us ſeat ourſelves down upon this bank, where we ſhall have a charming view of the ſetting ſun, and while we feaſt our eyes upon its beauties, you ſhall entertain us with an account of Scotland.'

The motion was inſtantly agreed to; but Henry, far from availing himſelf of the advantages which the ſpot afforded for beholding the moſt ſplendid ſpectacle with which nature has vouchſafed to favour the inhabitants of this terreſtrial ſphere, turned his back upon the kindling glories of the ſky, and contented himſelf with a full view of Harriet's lovely face. Having placed himſelf to his liking, he began as may be read in the following chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

" ——————————Nor ye who live
" In luxury and eaſe, in pomp and pride,
" Think theſe loſt themes unworthy of your ear:
" Such themes as theſe the *rural* Maro ſung
" To wide imperial Rome, in the full height
" Of elegance and taſte, by *Greece* refined."

THOMSON.

" IF you conſider the journal of my tour worthy your peruſal," ſaid Henry, " it is very much at your ſervice; you will there find the deſcription of a variety of objects which have eſcaped the notice of travel-writers, who have ſeldom gone out of the beaten path. I, on the contrary, was ſeldom to be found in one.

" As I traverſed the country on foot, I had a more ample opportunity for obſerving its romantic ſcenery. How many ſublime proſpects did I enjoy from hills that had never echoed the rattling of a carriage? How often did I find the moſt extraordinary inſtances of picturesque beauty in ſteep and woody glens, which would have been equally dangerous to the horſe and his rider? Sometimes I botanized along the margin of a pellucid ſtream; ſometimes I purſued my mineralogical reſearches, and gratified myſelf with ſpecimens from the grand Muſeum of Nature; but it was the manners, the character of the inhabitants that chiefly attracted my attention.

" I made no uſe of the many introductions I received from my friends in Edinburgh to the country gentlemen near whoſe ſeats I was to paſs,

I truſted to the hoſpitality of their tenants, and I was not diſappointed."

'Well,' cried Mrs. Botherim, 'I vow I am quite aſtoniſhed how you could think of truſting yourſelf among them there Scotch ſavages, I would not have wondered if they had murdered you. Why I heard my late dear Mr. Botherim declare, that them Scotch preſbyterians were the moſt horrideſt, wickedeſt people in the world. And then the wretches are ſo very poor! not one of them with rags to cover their nakedneſs; faugh! I wonder how you could enter into their ſtinking houſes?'

"Believe me, Madam, that in the courſe of one morning, in viſiting the out-patients of the London Diſpenſary, I have met with more numerous and ſtriking inſtances of the extremes of poverty and wretchedneſs, than were to be ſeen from the Banks of the Tweed to Johnny Groat's houſe."

'That is juſt what I ſhould have expected,' ſaid Dr. Orwell, "as every enjoyment of luxury is purchaſed by the extraordinary labour of the poor, the effects muſt be chiefly ſeen in the ſpot where ſhe has fixed her empire. There too the poor man comes within the vortex of her vices. He learns to ſcorn frugality, and the hard earnings of his extraordinary labour is diſſipated in intemperance. But I interrupt you, ſir; pray proceed."

"Every ſtep I travelled, whether in England or in Scotland," reſumed Henry, "tended to elucidate your aſſertion. As I receded from the capital, I found ſimplicity gradually ſupplying the place of low and loathſome vice, till a decent cleanlineſs in poverty took place of ſqualid wretchedneſs. The reverſe of this gave me notice of my

my approach to ſome great manufacturing town. There the manners again became corrupted, and brutal ignorance and impudent depravity again became the inmates of the poor man's hovel.

"Soon as I was ſurrounded by a ragged and clamorous gang of young beggars, I looked out for the ſtupendous cotton-mill, or other great work where the parents of the little wretches were earning, it may be, three times the wages of the laborious cottager, whoſe honeſt pride would rather that himſelf ſhould ſuffer ſtarvation, than that his children ſhould ſubmit to the mean trade of beggary. But ſentiment is loſt in the ſociety of the vicious, and of every ſpecies of vice untutored minds quickly catch the contagion.

"Untutored, very untutored, indeed! did I every where find the minds of our Engliſh peaſantry.

"In ſituations remote from the influence of luxury, I found the poor cleanly and induſtrious; but ſtill I found them involved in almoſt brutal ignorance.

"How ſuperior in this reſpect did I find the peaſantry of Scotland! Their reading (for there all can read) was, it is true, often confined to the Bible; but it would ſeem, that the knowledge of the Bible alone can have a wonderful effect in enlightening the underſtanding and invigorating the intellect. The explanation given them by their teachers of the obſcure and difficult paſſages that occur to them in their peruſal of the ſacred volume, ſets their faculties to work. The inveſtigation rouſes thoſe powers of the mind, which, when ſuffered to lie dormant, degenerate into impenetrable ſtupidity. In this point of view, every dogma they are taught to diſcuſs, whether, when in itſelf abſtractedly conſidered,

it be true or falſe, is to them of real and important uſe.

« When on coming out of one of their country churches, I have obſerved a group of grey-headed ruſtics in ſuch earneſt converſation as excited my curioſity to know the ſubject of their diſcourſe, I have conſtantly found it to be engaged on ſome of the doctrinal topics that had been diſcuſſed in the preceding ſermon. But would the intellect thus ſet at work, expand itſelf into no other channels? Would the perceptions thus quickened be entirely confined to ſubjects of ſpeculation?

« It is not improbable that zeal for the favourite dogmas they have embraced, may ſometimes lead them too far; and that it would be ſtill better for the people, if, inſtead of being taught a profound veneration for ſpeculative opinions, they were more fully inſtructed in the unchangeable principles of morality; but, alas! where is not the gratification of the teacher's pride more attended to than the real advantage of the pupil?

« Whoſe child are you, my pretty maid? ſaid I one day to a little girl, who was ſitting on a tomb-ſtone in the church-yard betwixt the hours of divine ſervice."

'I am the child of God, ſir;' returned ſhe, with great ſimplicity.

« And how did you become the child of God;" enquired I.

'I became the child of God by adoption and regeneration,' rejoined ſhe with great ſolemnity, croſſing her little hands upon her breaſt, and dropping me one of her beſt curtſeys.

« But have you no other father beſides God?" ſaid I.

'O yes; I am Jamie Thomſon's *bairn*.'

« I now

"I now discovered my error, and while I smiled at the simplicity of the child, could not help wondering at the folly of her instructors; who, by a vain attempt to inculcate doctrines so far beyond her capacity, had taught her to repeat words to which it was impossible she should affix a single idea."

'That there is some foundation for your remark,' said Mr. Sydney, 'I will readily allow, but that the fear of exceeding the capacity of children in their religious instructions has produced consequences of a still more fatal tendency, I am well convinced. And though I am far from being an advocate for enthusiasm, yet I think it must be confessed, that the general sobriety of manners and orderly conduct of the lower classes in North-Britain is a strong testimony in favour of their instructors; but, indeed, where have not Christian principles been found efficacious under whatever form administered?"

"Did the care of their teachers extend no farther than to their instruction in orthodoxy," replied Henry, "I am afraid they would have less cause to boast of its efficacy upon the moral character of their disciples; but to the honour of these good men be it spoken, they are, as far as I could judge, no less assiduous in watching over the morals of their flocks, than in inculcating a regard to the peculiar tenets of their faith. Dr. Orwell will, I am sure, pardon me for observing, that in this respect the lower orders in Scotland enjoy many peculiar advantages.

"There the clergyman resides in the bosom of his flock. He is intimately acquainted with the situation and character of every individual that composes it. He visits, he instructs, he advises, and comforts them. Every breach of morals

comes under his inſpection, and is puniſhed by his cenſure. The individual that is gone aſtray is exhorted, reaſoned with, and more than probably reclaimed. The ſtipend of the clergyman being there fixed and permanent, no ſquabbles concerning tithes ſow the ſeeds of diſcord, or render him odious to his pariſhioners. His ſituation is ſufficiently elevated to command reſpect, without exalting him too much above the level of his congregation. He is not, like too many of our poor curates, ſeen pining in degrading indigence; nor like our proud and full-fed dignatories, is he rolling in that affluence which elevates him above the performance of his duty. Perhaps no ſituation is more favourable to virtue; and perhaps in no ſituation is more real virtue to be found. In the courſe of all my tour, and on the moſt minute and particular enquiry, I did not meet with one clergyman whoſe character was ſullied with the imputation of any vice."

'Unhappy men!' cried Bridgetina, '*obliged by their profeſſion to the conſtant appearance of ſanctity! how miſerable muſt be their courſe of ſelf-denial! how formal and uncouth their manners! What a conſtrained and artificial ſeeming muſt this attention to a pious exterior neceſſarily give to their carriage!*'*

"Indeed, Madam," ſaid Henry, "you are very much miſtaken. I never ſaw more unaffected cheerfulneſs, more natural gaiety and innocent mirth, than at the meetings of the divines of a certain diſtrict called a preſbytery. They favoured me with an invitation to dinner, and I never ſpent a day more pleaſantly."

'Pray, ſir,' cried Mrs. Botherim, 'may I aſk what was the bill of fare? It muſt doubtleſs have been

* See Enquirer.

been very good to give you so much satisfaction; one would think, to hear you speak, it had been quite a turtle feast. Well, I vow and declare, I had never no ideer that them there Scotch people knew so well how to live.'

"I am extremely sorry, madam, that my memory serves me so very ill with regard to such matters, that I am quite unable to give you the particulars. All I know is, that the salmon of the river, which washes the walls of the town in which this presbytery was held, is excellent; and that the mutton which comes from the neighbouring hills, is the best I ever ate in my life. But the enjoyment of this feast was not confined to the good things set upon the table. It was the harmony of sentiment, the good-humour and intelligence which prevailed throughout the company, that gave the peculiar zest to the entertainment."

'I am particularly sorry to be obliged to contradict you, sir,' said Bridgetina, with great solemnity; 'but truth obliges me to declare, that the thing is utterly impossible. How can a priest, (I beg pardon of Dr. Orwell and Mr. Sydney, but no respect for persons ought to stop the promulgation of truth)—How then, I say, can a priest in any part of the world, or under any form of what is called religion, be a man of liberal mind or amiable manners? *Do we not know, that all his schemes and prospects depend upon the perennial stationariness of his understanding; and that the circumstances of every day tend to confirm him in a dogmatical, imperious, illiberal, and intolerant character? Is not the most reputable clergyman timid in enquiry, prejudiced in opinion, cold, formal, the slave of what other men may think of him, rude,*

*dictatorial, impatient of contradiction, harsh in his censures, and illiberal in his judgments?'**

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Martha, was ever judgment so illiberal? Was ever censure so harsh as that you have at this moment pronounced? Is this the boasted liberality of your philosophy? Where is the priest, however narrow his heart, however strong his prejudices, that could, in such an arrogant and dogmatical manner, pass sentence on a whole body of men without exception or reservation?"

'Wherever he be,' said Dr. Orwell mildly, 'if, indeed, the man who has imbibed so little of the spirit of his Master is to be found within the pale of any church, he is the object of pity and contempt. The language of invective and abuse is best answered by silence. Let us not, therefore, interrupt Dr. Sydney any further. It grows late, and I wished to be informed concerning the mode of maintaining the poor in a country where there are neither work-houses nor poor's rates.'

"In the country parishes," resumed Henry, "the few paupers that are to be found, are supported from the collections made at the church-door every Sunday, aided, where necessary, by the voluntary contributions of the inhabitants. The sum you may imagine is not very large, but there no part of it is swallowed up by parish-feasts, no part embezzled by avaricious and hard-hearted overseers, but all carefully and conscientiously distributed according to the necessities of every individual—distributed by the hands of those to whom these necessities are perfectly well known; who do not think that when they have contributed their quota of the general collection, they have done

* See Enquirer, by Godwin.

done their duty to their poor brethren, but who very judiciouſly conſider a portion of their time, as well as of their money, to be the right and property of the indigent.

"In my perambulatory excurſions through the country, I often viſited the labourer's cottage. The furniture was in general much more plentiful, and of a better quality, than is to be found among the ſame claſs of inhabitants in this opulent country; but there, in proportion to the price of proviſions, the labourer is better paid. He is conſidered as a more reſpectable member of the community. His family I commonly found tolerably well provided with, what are there deemed, the neceſſaries of life. The nerves of the women are not there, as with us, unſtrung by the deſtructive and debilitating habit of tea-drinking. A hearty breakfaſt of wholeſome oatmeal pudding and good milk enables the wife to perform her ſhare of the domeſtic duties. To provide the family in food is the exclusive care of the huſband: to furniſh them with clothes, is the buſineſs of the wife; and ſo well does ſhe perform her part, that the general decency of their apparel is very ſtriking to a ſtranger. Shoes and ſtockings, indeed, do not come within their liſt of neceſſaries for children; and this circumſtance has generally conveyed to our countrymen the idea of complete wretchedneſs. An ancient Roman, however, would have found nothing ſhocking in the cuſtom.

"It was once my fate to be overtaken in a thunder-ſtorm, when I was happy in finding a timely ſhelter from the tempeſt, in ſuch a cottage as I have been deſcribing. I was received very hoſpitably by the good woman of the houſe, and invited to a ſeat in her kitchen, which I found

extremely well occupied. In one corner ſat two taylors croſs-legged upon their board, ſtitching away at a great rate, while too fine little boys ſeemed intent upon watching the progreſs of their work. Two girls, of about twelve and fourteen years of age, were induſtriouſly employed at their ſpinning-wheels, which, ſoon as they found they had attracted my notice, they turned with redoubled ſpeed.

"A man with an expreſſive and pallid countenance, and whom I obſerved to be ſomewhat lame, ſat at the ſmall and only window with a book in his hand, which at my entrance he was reading aloud. I entreated him to reſume it, which after ſome entreaty and much formal preparation he proceeded to do, and though it muſt be confeſſed he held forth with rather "more of emphaſis than good diſcretion," gave much pleaſure to his attentive audience, by reading a long chapter of the Pilgrim's Progreſs. While he was thus employed, the good woman of the houſe was buſied in preparing oat cakes, which ſhe baked on an iron plate called a griddle; and which, as I found to my coſt, required no ſmall ſhare of dexterity in the management. Aſhamed of being idle where all were employed, I begged permiſſion to aſſiſt her in what I thought a very ſimple operation, and taking up the wooden trowel with which ſhe turned the cakes, I fell to work; but, luckleſs me! at the very firſt attempt I broke the cake, dropt the trowel in the fire, and burned my fingers!"

'How charmed I am,' exclaimed Harriet Orwell, "to find that the beautiful deſcription given by Burns in his "Cotter's Saturday Night," was not the mere child of fancy, but an original picture taken from truth and nature.'

"It

"It is, indeed," replied Henry, "so true a picture, and so justly drawn, that it has been repeatedly called to my remembrance by similar scenes."

'Pray who was the reader in your cottage?' said Julia. 'From his pallid but expressive countenance, I should suppose him to be the lover of one of the peasant's daughters.'

"I believe the poor man made no such pretensions," rejoined Henry; "he was the schoolmaster, who, according to the simple manners of the people, resides alternately with the peasants whose children he instructs. In the time of harvest, which is the universal vacation, he changes his ferule for a sickle, and reaps more pecuniary advantage from the one employment in the course of a few weeks, than he derives from the other during the remainder of the year. It was now his month of residence with these good people; which as night advanced without any abatement of the storm, was mentioned by both the husband and wife with great regret, as it prevented the possibility of my accommodation.

"This obstacle was at length removed by the schoolmaster himself, who observed, 'that peradventure the stranger's journeying in a mirksome night, where the path was dubious, and moreover encompassed with many floods, might be perilous; he therefore begged humbly to propose to relinquish (that is, give up) his bed to him, while he himself should go to sleep in the barn with the taylors!' The proposal was agreed to, and at that moment the little boys announced the finishing of their new coats, which they instantly got on, and strutted about with as much self-importance and complacency, as ever was experienced by a courtly beau when he first viewed himself

ſelf in full dreſs for a birth-day drawing-room. Nor did the looks of the mother diſplay a leſs degree of ſatisfaction. She took care to inform me that all the cloth was of her own ſpinning and dyeing; and that ſhe had got it made up in haſte that the children might make a decent appearance at the *examin*, which was to take place next day at the Elder's houſe. We then ſat down to ſupper, which long faſting and exceſſive fatigue made appear to me the moſt luxurious I ever taſted.

"Soon as our repaſt was over, the bibles were handed round. The ſchoolmaſter again held forth, and to ſhew his dexterity, choſe to read the account that is given of numbering the tribes of Iſrael by Nehemiah. He ran no riſk of conjuring up the dead by the pronunciation of their names; for I dare ſwear not an Iſraelite among them would have known his own. But he went on, to the great admiration of his audience, without ſtop, pauſe, or ſpelling, to the end of the chapter. Burns has given an exact deſcription of the ceremony that followed:

" Then kneeling down to heav'n's eternal King,
" The ſaint, the father, and the huſband prays.
" Hope ſprings exulting on triumphant wing,
" That thus they all may meet in future days;
" There ever baſk in uncreated rays,
" No more to ſigh, or ſhed the bitter tear;
" Together hymning their Creator's praiſe,
" In ſuch ſociety, yet ſtill more dear;
" While circling time moves round in an eternal ſphere.

" Compar'd with this, how poor religion's pride!
" In all the pomp of method and of art;
" When men diſplay to congregations wide
" Devotion's every grace—except the heart.
" The pow'r incens'd the pageant will deſert,
" The pompous ſtrain, the ſacerdotal ſtole;
" But haply in ſome cottage far apart,
" May hear well pleas'd the language of the ſoul,
" And in his book of life the inmates poor inroll."

" Curioſity

"Curiosity led me next day to the examination. I accompanied my host and his family to the Elder's barn, which was already occupied by a very numerous assemblage of country people of each sex and all ages, decently dressed, and devoutly attentive.

"Every one rose at the entrance of the minister, who after going the round, like the king at a levee, and like him finding something kind and agreeable to say to every individual, began the business of the day by a short prayer. All the children were then called up by name, and questions put to each, suited to their respective ages and capacities. Where any instance of ignorance or neglect appeared, not only the children, but the parents were rebuked and admonished. The seniors next formed a circle round their pastor, and underwent a very long and strict examination concerning their knowledge in the articles of faith and principles of conduct. Another short but well-adapted prayer concluded the ceremony.

'Well,' cried Mrs. Botherim, 'I declare I never heard the like of all this; why it is no better than downright methodism! My dear late Mr. Botherim would ha' given no encouragement to such practices, I assure ye. He would no more have prayed in the middle of the day in that there manner than he would have ate a pig without pruen sauce, and every one knows how nice he was in that particular.'

"With what emotions the Rev. Mr. Botherim might have viewed the scene I have been describing," said Henry, "I know not, but I confess it afforded me much pleasure. Happy people! said I, as I pursued my walk, ye are only ignorant of your own happiness from having never seen its contrast

contraſt in the miſeries of the vicious. Farewell! ye reſpectable, though lowly children of virtue! Never may the fiends of avarice and luxury find their way to your humble dwelling! Never may the voice of philoſophy ſhake your confidence in Heaven, or annihilate in your hearts the cheering hope of immortal felicity."

'And are all the people in Scotland ſo good and ſo happy?' cried the youngeſt daughter of Dr. Orwell. 'Oh! how I ſhould like to go there!'

"My dear child," replied her father, "you muſt recollect that a good deſcription is like a fine painting, where whatever would diſguſt the eye is thrown into ſhade. To be able to admire a virtuous ſimplicity of manners through all the diſadvantages of a coarſe and homely dreſs, and to diſcriminate betwixt that ſimplicity and vulgar brutal ignorance, requires a judgment ripened by experience, and a mind enlarged by contemplating the effect of circumſtances in the formation of human character. Let us know from Dr. Sydney, whether the virtuous ſimplicity ſo juſtly the object of your admiration was univerſal, or confined to rural life."

'Alas!' replied Henry, 'It muſt indeed be confeſſed, that wherever commerce and manufactures have ſpread their golden wings, innocence and ſimplicity of manners have fled before them. In their neighbourhood, according to Miſs Martha's favourite poet,

"The town has ting'd the country, and the ſtain
"Appears a ſpot upon a veſtal's robe.'

COWPER.

When after the contemplation of ſuch ſcenes as I have been deſcribing, I have in the cloſe of evening

ing come to a manufacturing town, and obſerved the crouds of pallid wretches who iſſued from the huge piles of buildings that were its pride and boaſt—the men, riotous, profane, and brutal; the women, bold, ſqualid, and ſhameleſs—all flying with eagerneſs to recruit their worn-out ſpirits by drafts of liquid fire; how often have I been tempted to deplore the introduction of theſe boaſted bleſſings, which, while they beſtowed wealth on a few fortunate individuals, were to thouſands the deſtruction of health and innocence. How much better, have I ſaid to myſelf, how much more uſefully would theſe poor wretches have been employed, had the men been engaged to cultivate ſome of the many thouſand acres of waſte land which preſents its deſart hue on every ſide! And the women—how had they been preſerved from vice and miſery in the boſom of domeſtic induſtry!"

'I am afraid,' ſaid Dr. Orwell, 'that few converts will be made to your opinion. There is ſomething ſo faſcinating in the idea of wealth, that it can never be deemed too dear a purchaſe. The oſtentatious diſplay of the riches acquired in any branch of commerce or manufacture preſſes on the ſenſes, and inflames the imagination, while the miſery it has been the means of introducing into the families of the poor, in the loſs of health, of vigour, and of virtue, is ſcreened from obſervation; or if obſerved, is thought unworthy of being taken into the account.'

"And yet," rejoined Henry, "this ſudden influx of wealth into a poor country, may be aptly compared to the torrent which aſtoniſhes by its magnificence, and gives an appearance of grandeur to the very ſcene it deſolates; while the improvements

provements of agriculture, like the perennial ſtream which holds on its ſilent courſe, is the unobſerved diſpenſer of fertility and verdure.

CHAP. XVIII.

" ——— ——— Well-dreſs'd, well-bred,
" Well-equipag'd, is ticket good enough
" To paſs us readily through ev'ry door.
" ——— ——— She that aſks
" Her dear five hundred friends, contemns them all,
" And hates their coming. They (what can they leſs)
" Make juſt repriſals; and with cringe, and ſhrug,
" And bow obſequious, hide their hate of her."

COWPER.

BRIDGETINA was by no means ſatisfied with the ſmall degree of attention that was paid her by Henry. Of Harriet Orwell, however, ſhe was by no means jealous. In ſuch contempt did ſhe hold her prejudices, and ſo meanly did ſhe think of her underſtanding, that to conſider her as a rival ſhe would have deemed injuſtice to her own ſuperior powers. Beſides, on entering the field, did ſhe not find Henry retired from the reſt of the company, evidently to indulge his meditations on ſome abſent object? Who ſo likely to be that object as herſelf? 'Does he then love me?' cried ſhe, ſoliloquiſing in the manner of all heroines. 'Have my mental attractions power to charm his ſoul? Oh! the ſoft, the tender, the extatic thought! But why did he not ſigh? Why did he not preſs my hand? Perhaps I was too diſtant. Perhaps I awed the youth to ſilence. Perhaps—"

"I wiſh

"I wiſh to goodneſs, Biddy," ſaid Mrs. Bothcrim, "that you would talk in a way that a body could underſtand. When you get into one of them there tanterums, there is no getting any good of you. I had as lieve be in a room all by myſelf. Come now, let us have a bit of ſocial chat: you knows I never bids you do any thing for me the whole day long, nor any thing for yourſelf neither. I loves to ſee you take ſo to your book, as to be ſure it makes you wiſer than any body; but I do think you might chat a little with your poor mother now and then; yes, that I do think."

'How can you break the chain of my reflections in this manner?' replied Bridgetina. 'Betwixt you and I it is impoſſible there ſhould be any converſation that deſerves the name. No; I pant for the ſociety of the enlightened, and your taſte, you know, is very diſſimilar. So ſince you have thought fit to diſturb the courſe of my mental reverie, I muſt have recourſe to my book till bed-time, and I beg that I may not be again interrupted.'

Leaving Bridgetina to her ſtudies, let us return to her ſiſter pupil in philoſophy—the fair, the lovely Julia; whoſe ſpirits had, during the latter part of the evening, loſt that tranſient glow of ſprightlineſs, which had for a ſhort time ſhed its enlivening influence over her breaſt.

As ſhe drew towards home, the uneaſineſs and agitation of her mind increaſed. She dreaded leſt Dr. Orwell ſhould propoſe ſtepping in with her to enquire for her father; and anxiouſly obviated the propoſal, by declaring him too much indiſpoſed to receive any viſit.

She did not forget to thank the Doctor for his promiſe of the carriage, in which ſhe ſaid a friend

of

of her father's was to drive her, who would, if the Doctor pleaſed, call for it at one o'clock. Dr. Orwell ſaid it ſhould be ready, and he and his daughter, after having conducted her to her father's door, wiſhed her good-night.

The knock which announced the return of Julia, was muſic to her father's ears. So much did he doat on this darling daughter, ſo neceſſary was her preſence to his happineſs, that the effort he made in parting with her, if but for a few hours, was extremely painful. His ſpirits, which always ſunk at her departure, ſeemed to receive new animation on her approach. But no longer did ſhe fly to his apartment on the ſwift wings of undivided affection. With painful anxiety he watched her ſlow and languid ſteps. With regret he perceived the diſtraction of her thoughts, the frequent fits of abſence which ſupplied the place of that lively prattle with which ſhe had been wont to amuſe him after every little abſence. Fears for her health took poſſeſſion of his mind; but unwilling that ſhe would perceive his apprehenſions, under pretence of wiſhing to retire to reſt at an early hour, he diſmiſſed her. As he wiſhed her good-night, tears of paternal tenderneſs mixed with his parting embrace, and with more than uſual emphaſis he pronounced his heart-wiſhed bleſſing.

Julia went to bed, but the undiſturbed and peaceful ſlumbers that had heretofore been the companions of her pillow, were not to be found. In vain ſhe ſought for the ſoothing balm of ſleep. Sleep, which kindly comes to the relief of ſorrow, ſternly refuſes its wiſhed-for aid to the agitations of anxiety.

Imagination was now at liberty to run its wild career. In vivid colours it painted the extacy of

Vallaton

Vallaton in diſcovering his parents, the raptures of the parents in beholding their accompliſhed ſon. Now ſhe beheld the General preſent him to her father, and ſaw the gleam of Joy which beamed in her father's face, while he united her hand with the ſon of his moſt honoured friend. As Fancy painted the happineſs of her lover, the warmth of his gratitude, the exceſs of his tenderneſs, her breath became quick, and burning bluſhes flaſhed her modeſt cheek. But if the reverſe of all this ſhould happen, ſaid Judgment; if your father ſhould diſcover that you have been carrying on a clandeſtine correſpondence with a man he conſiders as your inferior? Imagination took the alarm, and inſtantly delineated the conſequences of her father's diſpleaſure in ſuch dreadful lines, as to make her ſhudder with horror. Her blood then ran cold, and terror and diſmay drew the deep ſigh from her agitated boſom.

In this manner did Julia paſs the night. Her firſt care, when ſhe aroſe, was to ſtep down to Mr. Glib's with the neceſſary inſtructions for Mr. Vallaton. The ſhop was ſtill ſhut, though every other in the town had long been opened. After knocking a conſiderable time, Mr. Glib himſelf came to the door. "Ah! glad to ſee you, citizen Miſs," cried he; "find me too much of a philoſopher to be tied to hours. Nothing ſo bad for energies as order: eat when I pleaſe, ſleep when I have a mind. That's it! my dear, that's the way to have energies."*

'It's not the way to have cuſtomers, though, let me tell you, maſter,' ſaid a gentleman's ſervant, who juſt then came into the ſhop. 'Here have I been waiting this hour paſt,' continued the man,

* See Pol. Juſ. vol. ii.

man, 'for a parcel of ſtationary for my maſter, and a change of novels for the yourg ladies. If I were them, I know I ſhould rather ſend to the next town than trouble you again.'

While the man was ſpeaking, Julia ſlipped a note for Vallaton into Mr. Glib's hand, and haſtily returned home, where ſhe arrived before any one had taken notice of her abſence.

Anxiouſly did ſhe await for the appointed hour. The hour at length arrived; and from the window of her father's apartment ſhe ſaw her Vallaton nimbly driving the parſon's gig up towards the door. She inſtantly announced its arrival; and ſaying ſhe would not let the Doctor wait for her, took a haſty leave of her father, (her mother ſhe then knew to be employed in a room above) and without calling on any ſervant to attend, ſhe herſelf opened the ſtreet-door, lightly ſprang into the carriage, which inſtantly drove off, and was out of ſight in a moment.

Fondly did her heart now exult in the auſpicious commencement of her important enterprize; and hardly could ſhe refrain from giving her happy lover a hint of the hopes which fluttered in her boſom; but the idea of making the diſcovery more intereſting, from its being totally unexpected, ſealed her lips, and charmed her into ſilence.

The morning was very fine, and the country through which they paſſed was beautiful; but neither to the fineneſs of the morning, nor to the beauty of the country, was Julia or her lover at all indebted for any part of the pleaſure they experienced in the courſe of their delightful ride.

On arriving at Caſtle-Villers, Julia heard with pleaſure that both the General and his lady were at home, though her pleaſure received ſome abatement on being told that they had company with them.

them. She however ſent up her name, and was inſtantly admitted.

On entering the drawing-room, ſhe found Mrs. Villers ſurrounded by a party of ladies, ſome of whom ſhe recollected to have ſeen on a former viſit at the caſtle, the others were ſtrangers to her. They were all talking at once, and all directing their diſcourſe to one little effeminate looking gentleman; nor did the entrance of Julia give even a momentary interruption to their converſation.

Mrs. Villers herſelf appeared ſo much engaged, as not to have heard the ſervant who announced Miſs Delmond's name, as he threw open the folding-doors of the drawing-room, though he uttered it in a voice ſo loud, as not a little diſcompoſed the bluſhing Julia. She advanced with timid ſteps and ſhrinking diffidence to the upper end of the room, where Mrs. Villers at length noticed her approach, and received her with a very gracious curtſey.

Julia, ſomewhat reaſſured by this reception, with faultering voice begged leave to introduce the gentleman who accompanied her, who was, ſhe ſaid, a particular friend of her father's. Mrs. Villers caſt a look on Vallaton, made him a ſlight curtſey, and then, with a ſtately and cold formality, deſired him to be ſeated.

'You have been a great ſtranger, Miſs Delmond,' ſaid ſhe; 'I ſhould indeed have ſent the carriage for you, or taken you up myſelf ſome morning, but that I have been ſo much engaged with company of late, that I have not had one moment to ſpare. I hope Capt. Delmond has got the better of that lameneſs—a broken leg I think it was.'

"It

"It is the gout, Madam, to which my father has been many years a martyr."

'Aye, so it is the gout, now I remember; and your mother, I hope she is very well. Does she go to any watering-place this summer?' Then, without waiting for the answer which Julia was preparing to give, she turned to the lady who sat by her on the sopha, and observed, 'that Sir Jeremy and the General had taken a very long ride.'

"And why were not you of the riding party, Colonel?" lisped a young lady, whom Julia recognized as the the daughter of a Mr. Mushroom, an army agent, and sole heiress to the immense wealth which in the several occupations of clerk, deputy commissary, member of parliament, and contractor, her father had contrived to amass. The gentleman to whom Miss Mushroom addressed herself, regarding her with an air of great astonishment, replied in a tone so full of affectation, as to excite an involuntary smile in the countenance of Julia. 'Me ride Ma'am? How could you petrify me by the mention of any thing so horrid? Getting on horseback is the greatest bore in nature. I wish the savages who first invented it had been all put to the guillotine.'

"I wonder, Colonel," replied Miss Mushroom, 'as you dislike riding so much, that you do not exchange into a regiment of foot."

Before the Colonel could reply, he was called upon by two voices from the other side of the room.

"I know it was a blue domino," said one.

'Colonel Goldfinch will tell you it was a Turkish habit,' said the other; 'was it not, Colonel, a Turkish habit which Lady Lovelise wore when

she

ſhe eloped from the maſquerade with Major Swindle.'

"It petrifies me to contradict Miſs Page," ſaid the Colonel with great gravity, "but I am obliged to ſay ſhe is for once miſtaken."

'There now,' cried the other young lady, 'I told you that I had a full account of the whole from the very beſt authority. Lady Lovelife ſlipt on the blue domino, as I was ſaying, over her muſlin pilgrim. And'—

"Pardon me, Madam," ſaid the Colonel, "I ſee you have been egregiouſly miſinformed. I myſelf ſaw Major Swindle conduct her to the carriage in a Spaniſh dreſs."

'You ſaw them!' ſaid both ladies at once. 'O then we ſhall now have the *certain* account of the whole affair.'

"And a very ſhameful affair it was," ſaid Mrs. Villers. "It is aſtoniſhing how a woman of Lady Lovelife's family and connexions, could demean herſelf by an intrigue with ſo *low* a fellow. He was once a drummer in General Villers' own regiment."

'A drummer was he, ſaid Lady Page, who was ſet by Mrs. Villers on the ſopha, 'I always underſtood he had been a *hair-dreſſer*.'

As her ladyſhip concluded this ſentence, ſhe caſt a look (whether by accident or deſign cannot now be aſcertained) full in the face of Mr. Vallaton. Something very like a bluſh diffuſed itſelf over the countenance of that gentleman, as his eyes met hers; but calling his energies into action, he drew out his pocket-handkerchief, and applying it to his noſe, made the room reſound with the noiſe occaſioned by the application, which was ſomewhat longer and louder than perfect politeneſs could well warrant in ſuch company.

Mrs.

Mrs. Villers appeared diſconcerted, but turning to Lady Page ſhe haſtily renewed the converſation, which the vociferous action of Vallaton had of neceſſity ſuſpended.

"Did your Ladyſhip ever ſee Lady Lovelife?"

'I never did,' returned her ladyſhip, 'but I am told ſhe is amazingly handſome.'

"She handſome!" ſaid Miſs Muſhroom; "well, I wonder how any one can think ſo, ſhe is the very picture of Miſs Mordaunt; but ſhe too may be thought handſome by ſome people, for ought I know."

'The man who thinks her handſome,' ſaid Col. Goldfinch, 'muſt have a ſtrange predilection for thread-papers. She has no more ſhape than a walking ſtick.'

"And no more eaſe than the poker," ſaid Miſs Page.

'And then that eternal riding-habit,' ſaid the Colonel. 'It quite petrifies me to ſee her in that dreſs. It is as tireſome as Lady Wellwyn's yellow turban, which ſickened half the town laſt winter.'

"Or as Miſs Wingrove's ſalmon-coloured ſlippers," ſaid Miſs Page.

'If Miſs Mordaunt's waiſt had what Miſs Wingrove's ankle could ſpare,' ſaid the Colonel, 'what an advantage would it be to both!'

"I hope ſhe at leaſt is ſufficiently *en bon point* to pleaſe you, Colonel," ſaid Miſs Muſhroom.

'Miſs Wingrove!' exclaimed the Colonel. 'It is enough to ſuffocate any Chriſtian to look at her. I don't know any thing ſo petrifying as to ſee her go down a country-dance, ſhaking all the way like a bundle of dirty linen.'

"Or like Lady Mary Metcalf's plume of white feathers," ſaid Miſs Page.

'Her ladyſhip's plumage, I think, has been pretty

pretty well plucked by the hand of Pharo laſt winter,' ſaid Lady Page; an obſervation which changed the giggle that had before prevailed into a general laugh, in which all but Julia joined with great appearance of ſatisfaction; her ignorance of high life rendered her ladyſhip's alluſion altogether unintelligible: nor was this the only diſadvantage under which ſhe laboured. Having never been initiated into the amuſements of the beau monde, ſhe had no reliſh for that elegant and exalted ſpecies of wit, which conſiſts in throwing into a ridiculous point of view ſome little peculiarity in the dreſs, the perſon, or the manners of abſent friends. In one word, ſhe had no idea of polite converſation.

The vivid imagination of Julia painted the figures that had been deſcribed as more diverting caricatures than her confined acquaintance with the world had ever preſented to her obſervation. When, therefore, the footman announced the name of Miſs Mordaunt, ſhe prepared herſelf for beholding an object that would powerfully excite her riſibility.

"A thread-paper in a riding-habit," ſaid the Colonel, imitating the voice of the ſervant.

'A may-pole, with a long ſtory of its mamma's cough,' ſaid Miſs Page; 'but I vow I ſhan't ſtay to hear it. I ſhall make my eſcape, that's certain.' Then running up to Miſs Mordaunt, who that moment entered, 'My dear Miſs Mordaunt,' cried ſhe, 'how rejoiced I am to ſee you! What an age it is ſince I had the pleaſure of meeting you! I proteſt I was ſpeaking of you this very moment to Mrs. Villers.'

"So we were, indeed, my dear," ſaid Mrs. Villers; "I rejoice in your good fortune in finding me ſurrounded by ſo many of your friends."

'And I have brought two gentlemen to add to the number,' ſaid Miſs Mordaunt, 'Sir Charles Wingrove and Major Minden,' preſenting them to Mrs. Villers.

"Miſs Mordaunt makes her viſit doubly acceptable by coming ſo accompanied," ſaid Mrs. Villers. "We ſhould have been quite a female party this morning, if Col. Goldfinch had not taken compaſſion on us."

'My very beſt of good ſtars has predominated this morning,' ſaid the Colonel, bowing firſt to Mrs. Villers and then to Miſs Mordaunt; 'but my dear Miſs Mordaunt, you poſitively muſt have ſome compaſſion upon our ſex, and not go on improving in beauty at this rate. You were killing enough in all conſcience before theſe morning rides had given ſuch an additional luſtre to your complexion.'

Surely, thought Julia, this cannot be the Miſs Mordaunt of whom the Colonel ſo lately ſpoke ſo ſlightingly! This is no thread-paper, no poker, no walking-ſtick; but a very pretty ſweet-looking girl, with more gracefulneſs in her manner, and more affability and good humour in her look, than is viſible in any of the company. The Colonel too ſeems quite of my opinion. No, no, it muſt certainly be ſome other lady of the ſame name of whom they ſpoke.

Alas! poor Julia, how deplorably ignorant was ſhe of the nature of thoſe exaggerated deſcriptions, which conſtitute the Attic wit of modern converſation!

The arrival of Miſs Mordaunt relieved the mind of Julia from ſome uneaſy doubts which ſhe had harboured concerning the propriety of introducing Vallaton. That young lady had brought with her two gentlemen, of whom one at leaſt

was

was evidently a ſtranger to Mrs. Villers, who nevertheleſs ſeemed to receive their viſit as a favour. Capt. Delmond had, ſhe believed, a greater claim upon the friendſhip of the General, than the father of Miſs Mordaunt; and his friend muſt of courſe be at leaſt equally acceptable. The difference, then, which ſhe remarked in the reception given by Mrs. Villers to the friends of Miſs Mordaunt, could only be the effect of accident. It could be nothing elſe; for ſurely the appearance of Vallaton was infinitely more prepoſſeſſing than that of either of the other gentlemen.

In this manner did Julia make up her mind upon the ſubject; nor did it once occur to her, that the very thing which may be eſteemed a favour from a perſon of a certain rank, is deemed a very unwarrantable and improper liberty from one who has not the happineſs of being numbered in that privileged order.

Miſs Mordaunt, who was niece and grand-child to an earl, and who had always moved in the firſt circles of faſhion, could have no attendants in her train, who were not of that deſcription of the human ſpecies, to which only, in the opinion of Mrs. Villers, the urbanity of people of faſhion ought to extend.

Miſs Delmond, on the contrary, though ſprung from a good family, (a point on which Mrs. Villers was remarkably tenacious) and conſequently one whom it was no diſgrace to be civil to *in the country*, was of an order of beings, who, though they are frequently admitted upon ſufferance to the tables of perſons of rank, are there conſidered rather as appendages to the company than as any part of the company itſelf. To expreſs ourſelves at once to the comprehenſion of our genteel readers, ſhe was *one whom nobody knew*. For

Miſs Delmond, therefore, to preſume to bring another perſon of the ſame deſcription to the houſe of the Hon. Mrs. Villers—a perſon perhaps of mean birth and low extraction, of no ſtile, no faſhion—was a breach of all decorum, and deſerved to be puniſhed accordingly.

With regard to all points of etiquette, Mrs. Villers was indeed a woman of the niceſt ſenſibility. The ſmalleſt breach of the rules by authority of faſhion eſtabliſhed, was in her opinion an offence far more heinous than the breach of every commandment in the decalogue. Indeed a ſtrict attention to the prohibitions of the latter was by no means a neceſſary recommendation to her eſteem. For inſtance: though Colonel Goldfinch had, juſt before his arrival at the caſtle, been caſt in damages for *crim. con.* with the wife of his benefactor and friend; though Sir Charles Wingrove had killed a man in a duel; and though Mr. Muſhroom had been threatened with a black charge of peculation, which was well known to have been only averted by a timely application of its fruits; yet theſe were all received by Mrs. Villers with the moſt diſtinguiſhed complacency. The two firſt had the paſſport of birth as well as fortune to recommend them to her favour; and the latter had, by his long eſtabliſhed reception into the moſt faſhionable circles, obtained a ſort of preſcriptive right to the ſame diſtinction. His deficiency of birth was moreover on the eve of being expiated by a peerage. The title of Right Honourable being in the eſteem of Mrs Villers an infallible panacea, which, like the advertized drugs of the empirics, clears the blood from all impurities. But though a title could operate thus powerfully, it was quite otherwiſe with the qualities of great virtue, extraordinary talents, or

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any ſpecies of excellence: for theſe, when of plebeian birth, ſhe felt ſo little reſpect, that it never once entered her imagination to calculate their value.

To account for the uncommon faſtidiouſneſs of Mrs. Villers with regard to birth and rank, it is perhaps only neceſſary to obſerve, that ſhe was herſelf of very mean extraction; pride, like a good general, never neglecting to put a double guard upon the weakeſt part. The ſame happy inſtinct to which is to be aſcribed the outrageous *virtue* of prudes, the inſulting *courage* of coxcombs, and the tenacious *honour* of certain fine gentlemen, excited in the breaſt of the General's lady an inſuperable averſion to people of ignoble birth.

Mrs. Villers was the illegitimate offspring of a ſubaltern, by the maid-ſervant of the inn at which he was quartered. At nine years of age ſhe was apprenticed by the charity-ſchool to a reſpectable milliner, to whoſe inſtructions ſhe was indebted for a better education than would otherwiſe have fallen to her lot.

From this good woman ſhe paſſed to the ſervice of the Counteſs of Villers, in which ſituation her beauty attracted the attention of the General, who privately married her, and at the death of his father publicly acknowledged her as his wife.

It was theſe circumſtances, ever preſent to the recollection of Mrs. Villers, which produced that extraordinary degree of pride by which ſhe expected to *command* the world into forgetfulneſs of what ſhe wiſhed to obliterate even from her own remembrance.

To the advantages of illuſtrious birth General Villers was not leſs ſenſible than his lady, though he

he did not find it neceſſary to aſſert its prerogative with the ſame jealous ardour. Having from infancy been taught to value himſelf on his high deſcent, he conſidered it as a thing of courſe; and as the antiquity of a family which could be traced beyond the Conqueſt was not to be diſputed, he deemed family-pride a part of his inheritance.

It is true, that in the long line of anceſtors boaſted by this noble family, no one perſon eminent for talents or for virtue was to be found. Undiſtinguiſhed by any deed of valour, ungraced by any act of virtue, their names alone remained; but theſe, though conſigned to oblivion by the world, which had never been benefited by their exiſtence, were ſufficiently numerous to juſtify the pride of their deſcendants.

The General partook of the mediocrity which characterized his family. He was an eaſy good-natured man, more diſpoſed to kindneſs than to generoſity, and leſs inclined to inveſtigate prejudices than to entertain a bad opinion of all who oppoſed their authority. To the gallantry of Capt. Delmond he was indebted for his life in his firſt campaign; and as Capt. Delmond proved to be a man of family, he did not think it beneath him to acknowledge the obligation. His feelings were, however, too obtuſe to lead him to make any great exertion in favour of his benefactor. A ſmall penſion, indeed, he did procure for him, on his return from the coaſt of Africa; and not long after he had done ſo, actually harboured an idea of conferring on him a ſtill greater benefit, by nominating him to a lucrative ſinecure, which by ſome parliamentary manœuvring had come into the gift of his family. This idea, however, was ſoon relinquiſhed, and the place in queſtion more

properly

properly diſpoſed of to a gentleman of ſome celebrity in the faſhionable world, who had loſt a large fortune at the gaming-table; and not being poſſeſſed, after this loſs, of one quality which could give him a claim to the notice of ſociety, muſt have ſunk into inevitable obſcurity, but for this well-timed appointment.

As this gentleman was one whom *every body knew*, the generoſity of Gen. Villers became the ſubject of converſation in all parties he frequented; and ſo great were the applauſes he received upon the occaſion, that he could not help congratulating himſelf on the preference he had given to one in whom ſo many people of quality were deeply intereſted. Still, however, he preſerved for Capt. Delmond all the appearance of the ſincereſt friendſhip; frequently called at his houſe, and ſince Julia had been put in poſſeſſion of an independent fortune, made a point of honouring her with his particular attention. By no mark of his regard could he ſo warmly have excited the gratitude of Capt. Delmond.

In about half an hour from the arrival of Miſs Mordaunt, General Villers and Sir Jeremy Page returned from their ride, and brought with them the intelligence of an approaching thunder-ſtorm, which ſoon came on with great violence.

The entrance of the General was a great relief to poor Julia, whoſe feelings were too acute to be inſenſible to the mortifying circumſtances of her preſent ſituation.

Mrs. Villers ſpoke but little at any time, and the little ſhe had now to ſay was not directed to Julia. To the reſt of the party ſhe was unknown, and but for a broad ſtare which ſhe now and then received from the gentlemen, and which by no

means tended to alleviate her confuſion, ſhe was totally unnoticed.

There are many who would have ſubmitted to all this, and much more than all this, with pleaſure, for the opportunity it would have afforded them of obtaining a paltry gratification to vanity, by the boaſt of having been in ſuch a party. But the mind of Julia had too much real dignity to be ſolicitous for this ſpecies of importance. She had acquired a turn of thinking, which is extremely hoſtile to the adventitious advantages of rank and fortune. In liſtening to a converſation, ſhe never conſidered the dignity of the perſon who ſpoke, but the truth or falſity, the wiſdom or folly, of the ſentiment that was uttered. By theſe, and theſe alone, ſhe meaſured the quantity of her contempt or admiration.

Now it ſo happened, that ſince her entrance into this brilliant party, not one ſyllable had ſtruck her ears, which in the utmoſt extent of charity, ſhe could poſſibly attribute either to good-ſenſe or good nature. So that while Mrs. Villers and her honourable gueſts conſidered the poor unnoticed Julia as filled with ſilent awe, and envious admiration of their wit and gaiety, ſhe was contemplating with pity the emptineſs of their minds and the perverſion of their underſtandings.

From the entrance of the General, Julia no longer experienced the mortification of neglect. He not only made it a point to treat her with particular attention, but extended his politeneſs to the gentleman who accompanied her. Soon as the rain, which came in torrents, began to deſcend, he begged leave to order up their carriage, which he had ſeen at the door as he came in; and politely obſerved, that Mrs. Villers and he were much obliged to the ſtorm, which procured them the honour

honour of such an addition to their dinner-party. Mrs. Villers could not avoid bowing assent to the General's proposal, which Julia returned in the same manner, and felt internally satisfied at the circumstance, which might eventually furnish her with an opportunity of fulfilling the great object of her visit.

She now began attentively to compare the physiognomy of the General with that of his supposed son. Their eyes then were of the same colour. Their noses too both approached the Roman; though the General's was somewhat more prominent, the similarity was still sufficient for a family likeness. She had before observed a similar degree of resemblance in the mouth of Mrs. Villers; and that making a proper allowance for the alterations produced by time, their foreheads had exactly the same characteristics. These casual resemblances were to her prepossessed imagination, 'confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ.'

To hit upon a proper method of making the discovery, was a point of equal delicacy and importance. After revolving in her mind a variety of plans for this purpose, she was at length obliged to trust to chance for an opportunity of disclosing the important secret. It was, indeed, no time for indulging in reflection. The most abstracted philosopher must now have been roused from his reverie by the pretty squalls of Miss Mushroom, reiterated every time the low murmurs of the distant thunder reached her ears with increasing vociferation. That young lady, perhaps conscious of the inherent insignificance of her character, wisely took the only practicable method of bringing herself into notice, whenever an opportunity presented itself for an ostentatious display of her silly fears. Her plan was ge-

nerally ſucceſsful; and ſo conſcious was ſhe of its ſucceſs, that ſhe with triumph watched the ſlow approach of the ſpider or the earwig, which, when it came within ſcreaming diſtance, was to make her the object of ſoothing attention to a whole company. The noiſe of thunder (for of the danger of the lightning ſhe entertained not the ſlighteſt apprehenſion) was a circumſtance productive of ſtill greater effect. By frequent repetition, ſhe at length actually caught the terrors ſhe at firſt affected; and by indulging theſe terrors, brought her mind into a ſtate little ſhort of frantic delirium, uſually relieved by a regular hyſteric fit. Happily the thunder kept at too great a diſtance for producing any thing ſo intereſting in the preſence of Julia, who had not the leaſt idea that any creature, ranking in the liſt of rationals, could form a wiſh of being diſtinguiſhed for pre-eminence in weakneſs.

By the time dinner was announced, the ſky retained not the appearance of a ſingle cloud which could preſent an apology for further alarm; ſo that poor Miſs Muſhroom was obliged to make the moſt of what was paſſed, and live it over again in deſcription.

By the help of her papa's arm, for ſhe ſtill trembled too much to ſupport herſelf, ſhe contrived to accompany the party to the dining-room, where, as Julia happened to be placed betwixt the terrified fair one and her father, ſhe had the pleaſure of receiving a minute and accurate account of all the ſilly things which the former had either ſaid or done during every thunder-ſtorm within the period of her remembrance.

Julia had never witneſſed an entertainment ſo ſplendid and profuſe as that which now covered the General's table. It conſiſted of every delicacy

of

of the ſeaſon, made inviting to the appetite by all the ſtudied refinements of Epicurean luxury.

Mrs. Villers deſired the ſervants to hand the *brown barley-bread* along with the white, obſerving that ſhe always made a point of uſing a little of it every day at her own table, by way of ſetting a good example. "And yet, would you believe it," addreſſing herſelf to Lady Page, "the poor people are ſo ſaucy as not to like it."

'I am ſure, then, they deſerve to ſtarve,' returned her Ladyſhip, ſending her plate for ſome more jelly-ſauce to the nice ſlice of veniſon; 'I never ate any thing better in my life; but the poor are really now become ſo inſolent they are quite inſufferable.

"Yes, indeed," rejoined Mrs. Villers, while ſhe helped herſelf to another plate of turtle-ſoup, "I think thoſe who murmur at ſuch bread as that, do not deſerve any compaſſion."

'I thought ſo, too,' ſaid Miſs Mordaunt, 'till I heard from Dr. Orwell, who dined the other day at our houſe, that the poor wretches had really nothing but bread to eat. Only think how ſhocking, to have nothing but a dry morſel of bread for one's whole dinner! One can ſcarcely wonder that they ſhould wiſh that to be good.'

"I dare ſay that Dr. Orwell is a democrat," ſaid Mrs. Villers. "It is theſe people who encourage the poor in all their inſolence; to hear them ſpeak, one would think there was nothing but miſery in the world."

'For my ſhare,' ſaid Lady Page, "I believe all the rout that is made about ſcarcity is mere talk, I am ſure I never ſaw leſs appearance of it.'

"I do

"I do not remember a better veniſon ſeaſon in all my life," ſaid Mr. Muſhroom. "Nor do I believe a better haunch ever came to any table. I muſt, however, have a cut at the ſtewed carp, which appears delicious," ſending his plate to Mr. Vallaton, who happened to be placed near this favourite diſh; and who fortunately made ſo judicious a choice of the niceſt part, as impreſſed Mr. Muſhroom with a very favourable opinion of his underſtanding.

Soon as he had finiſhed, he aſked the gentleman's name of Miſs Delmond, and when he had obtained it, "Mr. Vallaton," ſaid he in an audible voice, "I muſt beg the honour of drinking a glaſs of wine with you. Vallaton!" repeated he, as the ſervant was filling the wine, "I certainly have had the pleaſure of meeting with ſome of that family abroad: your family is of French extraction, I preſume, ſir?"

Vallaton bowed aſſent.

"O yes; a great many Vallaton's in France formerly—all emigrated now—every thing turned upſide down in that miſerable country."

As Vallaton put down his glaſs, his eyes again encountered thoſe of Lady Page. The remark which, from the encouraging overtures of Mr. Muſhroom, he was about to make, died upon his lips, and while the ladies remained in the room, he continued to obſerve a ſtrict ſilence.

Miſs Muſhroom, who had now completely faſtened upon Julia as a liſtener, continued her perſecution to the drawing-room, and had got about half through the tedious hiſtory of the horrors ſhe had once experienced from the direful prodigy of a frog hopping along one of the gravel-walks in the garden, when Mrs. Villers, who had been for ſome time in earneſt converſation

tion with Lady Page at a diſtant bow-window, advanced towards Julia, and in a voice almoſt ſuffocated with agitation, begged to ſpeak with her in the adjoining room.

When Julia beheld the fluſhed countenance of Mrs. Villers, when ſhe perceived the emotion that quivered on her lip, the idea of her having made ſome diſcovery concerning Vallaton ruſhed upon her mind. Her heart bounded with expectation, and as ſhe lightly tripped into the withdrawing-room, elate with hope and joy, ſhe knew not that ſhe touched the ground.

Mrs. Villers followed, apparently ſtruggling to ſubdue an extreme degree of agitation. Having carefully ſhut the door of the apartment ſhe turned to Julia: "Miſs Delmond," ſaid ſhe, in a ſolemn but tremulous voice, "I cannot imagine that your father would permit any perſon to accompany you to Caſtle-Villers, with whoſe previous hiſtory he was not thoroughly acquainted. Tell me then," continued ſhe, with increaſed agitation, "tell me what you know of the young man who came with you to-day?"

'Good Heavens!' exclaimed the delighted Julia, 'and is it indeed poſſible that I ſhould have gueſſed the truth? And have you really diſcovered any thing concerning Mr. Vallaton?'

"Diſcovered! Miſs Delmond; yes, I have made a diſcovery, indeed! I wonder you are not aſhamed of yourſelf, for having concealed a circumſtance ſo—ſo—but I will, if poſſible, command myſelf; do not expect, however, that either the General or myſelf can ever poſſibly forgive you."

'Ah! Madam, can you believe, that if I had really been certain of the circumſtance you have ſo unaccountably diſcovered, that I ſhould for a moment

moment have concealed it? Did you but know the intereſt I take, the joy, the ſatisfaction I at this moment feel, you would not thus accuſe me.'

"What do you mean?" ſaid Mrs. Villers, in an angry tone. "Satisfaction, indeed! Is this your gratitude for the notice I have condeſcended to take of you? Is this your return for the friendſhip General Villers has ſhewn to your father, to tell me to my face, that you have a ſatisfaction in a circumſtance which will be conſidered by all my friends as an irremediable diſgrace? I muſt ſay, Miſs Delmond, your behaviour is intolerable."

'Dear Madam!' returned Julia, in the mildeſt accent, 'ſurely no one can attach the idea of diſgrace to you on account of this affair. In *his* birth there is nothing diſhonourable, *he* was not the produce of an illicit amour, but the dear pledge of hallowed love. *His* parents need not bluſh to own him to the world for their child.'

The ſcarlet hue which had hitherto overſpread the countenance of Mrs. Villers, now gave place to the livid paleneſs of rage; while all the circumſtances of her own birth, to which ſhe thought Julia alluded, ruſhed upon her recollection.

"Do you dare to inſult me?" cried ſhe, in a voice almoſt choaked with paſſion. "And do you imagine you ſhall inſult me with impunity? But I will not bear it, no, Miſs, I will not tamely ſubmit to be inſulted by your inſolence. I will—I will—but you are beneath my reſentment. If your father has dared to affront General Villers, he ſhall ſuffer for it as he ought!"

Julia, overwhelmed with aſtoniſhment and horror, ſat trembling and motionleſs; totally unable to account for a cataſtrophe ſo unexpected, her faculties

faculties were for ſome time entirely ſuſpended. At length ſhe was awakened, as if from a confuſed dream, by Mrs. Villers' violently ringing the bell, and ordering Miſs Delmond's carriage to the door. She then made an effort to ſpeak, but her voice refuſed its aſſiſtance. Seeing Mrs. Villers move towards the door, ſhe caught hold of her gown, and throwing herſelf on her knees before her, burſt into a violent flood of tears.

The diſtreſs of Julia, the mildneſs of her looks, and the humility of her ſupplicating poſture, ſomewhat aſſuaged the wrath of the enraged lady, who nevertheleſs continued to maintain the dignity of ſilence.

'However I have unknowingly incurred your diſpleaſure,' ſaid Julia, as ſoon as tears and ſobs would permit her utterance, 'I on my knees aſſure you that my offence extends not to my father. He is an utter ſtranger to Mr. Vallaton. He knows nothing of the myſtery of his birth; he never heard of the embroidered covering of the baſket; and if any circumſtances unfortunately exiſt, which would induce you to wiſh that the affair ſhould be ſtill concealed, you may confide in my ſecrecy and diſcretion. Believe me, I would ſooner ſuffer death than betray you.'

"Heavens!' cried Mrs. Villers, regarding Julia with a mixture of horror and apprehenſion, "the girl has certainly loſt her ſenſes!" Then gently diſengaging her gown from Julia's graſp. "Compoſe yourſelf, Miſs Delmond," ſaid ſhe, in a ſoothing tone, "ſit down upon the ſopha, and compoſe yourſelf."

'I cannot be at eaſe,' ſaid Julia, 'till I know how I have been ſo unfortunate as to offend you. Alas! in the diſtant contemplation of this event, I have fondly flattered myſelf, that ſhould my conjectures

conjectures prove true, ſhould he indeed prove to be what you have now diſcovered him, you would have conſidered the diſcovery as the happieſt moment of your exiſtence. I thought I ſhould have ſeen him claſped to your breaſt in the fond agony of maternal tenderneſs. Oh! did you but know how worthy he is of your affection! were you but acquainted with the greatneſs of his mind, the ſtrength of his powers, the ſublimity of his virtue! you would bleſs the day that gave him to your arms!'

"Huſh! huſh!" ſaid Mrs. Villers, making her a motion to be ſilent, "you had better ſit quiet, and recover yourſelf." Then ſoftly ſlipping towards the door that opened into the drawing-room, ſhe gently puſhed it ſo far open, as ſhould ſecure her a ſpeedy retreat, in caſe Julia, whom ſhe now ſaw to be quite light-headed, ſhould ſuddenly become outrageous.

Julia on her part conſidered the behaviour of Mrs. Villers as no leſs unnatural and extraordinary. Many and various were the deſcriptions ſhe had read of the behaviour of parents on diſcovering a long-loſt child, but nothing to equal the conduct of Mrs. Villers occurred to her recollection. She could by no means account for it.

'I hope, Madam;' ſaid ſhe, after a ſhort pauſe, 'you will not deem my curioſity impertinent, if I confeſs I am anxious to know by what means this intereſting diſcovery has been effected.'

"By means of Lady Page," replied Mrs. Villers, happy to ſee her beginning to talk rationally; "And I hope, Miſs Delmond, it will ſerve as a warning for you in future, to be extremely careful of making acquaintance with people while ignorant of their family and connections; for I am now well convinced that you would not willingly

lingly have brought this man to Caſtle-Villers, if you had really known him to have been a hair-dreſſer."

'A hair-dreſſer!' repeated Julia, who in her turn began to ſuſpect the brain of Mrs. Villers to be a little affected, 'I know nothing of any hair-dreſſer, I never was in company with a perſon of that deſcription in my life."

"Do you not know, then," returned Mrs. Villers, in aſtoniſhment, "that Mr. Vallaton is a London hair-dreſſer, a common friſeur, a fellow who—good heavens! that ſuch a fellow ſhould ever have the impudence to ſit at my table! He richly deſerves that my ſervants ſhould kick him down ſtairs."

'Mr. Vallaton a hair-dreſſer!' exclaimed Julia, 'it is a groſs deception, a moſt egregious miſtake! His whole life has been devoted to the ſublime purſuits of philoſophy. His writings have enlightened the world; and his virtues are the moſt illuſtrious comment on the glorious doctrine of perfectibility. Is this, then, the diſcovery you have made? And are you yet ignorant of the intereſting myſtery of his birth?'

"Indeed, I neither know, nor deſire to know, any thing of the birth of ſuch a perſon," ſaid Mrs. Villers, drily; "it is enough for me to be convinced that Lady Page cannot poſſibly be miſtaken, as he dreſſed her ladyſhip every day for a whole ſeaſon."

'Her ladyſhip does, however, moſt aſſuredly labour under a very great miſtake,' returned Julia. 'Mr. Vallaton is the adopted ſon of a lady of great rank and fortune, who beſtowed upon him an education ſuited to the ſuppoſed dignity of his birth, which, from the circumſtances of his infant dreſs, the caſket of jewels which was depo-

ſited

ſited in the ſatin-lined baſket in which he was laid; above all, from the elegant covering of pelong, with the letters A. V. richly embroidered in every corner, which ſerved as a canopy to the whole, was evidently of no vulgar origin. There can be no doubt that he is the offſpring of ſome noble but unhappy pair, who may yet live to glory in their accompliſhed ſon.'

Julia, all the time ſhe ſpoke, kept her eyes ſtedfaſtly fixed on the countenance of Mrs. Villers, which, to her great ſurpriſe, betrayed not the leaſt emotion at her lively and animated detail; to which ſhe coolly replied, "All this, Miſs Delmond, might make a very pretty ſtory in a romance, but I believe ſuch things very ſeldom happen in real life; but as you aſſure me Mr. What's-his-name has had the education of a gentleman, I muſt ſuppoſe Lady Page has made ſome miſtake, and ſhall be glad to convince her of it. But pray who introduced this gentleman to your father?"

No queſtion could poſſibly have been more *mal-apropos* to poor Julia. She was totally at a loſs for an anſwer, and looked to the ſervant, who moſt ſeaſonably entered to announce her carriage, as to a deliver from the worſt of puniſhments. She inſtantly aroſe to take leave, and though Mrs. Villers now condeſcendingly entreated her to ſtay to tea; ſhe reſolutely refuſed the invitation, and with a firm but modeſt dignity perſiſted in her immediate departure.

She found Mr. Vallaton, who had been informed by the ſervant of her intention, at the bottom of the ſtairs. He handed her into the carriage, placed himſelf beſide her, and from the rate at which he drove, ſeemed no leſs eager than herſelf to loſe ſight of Caſtle-Villers.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

" Aſſert it for a ſacred truth—
" That ſorrows ſuch purſuits attend,
" Or ſuch purſuits in ſorrows end;
" That all the wild advent'rer gains,
" Are peril's, penitence, and pains."

COTTON.

CAPT. Delmond had been for ſome time watching the progreſs of the declining ſun, whoſe ſetting ray he expected to light home his darling daughter. When the ſplendid orb had completely ſunk beneath the horizon, and the effulgent glories which its laſt beam had kindled in the weſtern clouds, began gradually to loſe their vivid hues, and at length to exchange the living purple and the burniſhed gold for the ſober livery of night, uneaſineſs and anxiety crept upon his mind.

" Is it not ſtrange that Julia does not return?" ſaid he to his wife. " I wonder how Dr. Orwell can be ſo imprudent as to ſtay thus late."

' Yes, it is very late, to be ſure,' returned Mrs Delmond; ' I cannot even ſee to knit my ſtocking."

" I hate theſe open carriages," ſaid the Captain, " and wonder how I conſented to Julia's going in one. I proteſt it is quite dark."

' It is, indeed,' replied Mrs. Delmond; ' but here is Nancy with the candles, I ſhall now ſee to take up my ſtitch."

The apprehenſions of Capt. Delmond were ſuddenly ſuſpended by the entrance of Dr. Orwell.

" Dr.

"Dr. Orwell," said he, "I am truly happy to see you. I was beginning to think that you were staying out rather later than was perfectly advisable in an open carriage. But it is a sign that your time has passed agreeably. How did you find the General and his Lady? I hope they are both well."

'It is a considerable time since I have been at Castle-Villers,' replied Dr. Orwell.

"Oh, I suppose you have drove directly home, then?" said the Captain. "You were quite right; but where is Julia, did she not return with you?"

'I have not yet seen Miss Delmond,' replied the Doctor; 'but I can tell you she is safe."

"Safe!" repeated the Captain, "did she not return with you from Castle-Villers?"

'I did not go to Castle-Villers,' said Dr. Orwell; 'I never thought of it."

"Did not go!" repeated Capt. Delmond, in great surprise. "Who then went with my daughter? Did not you promise to escort her? Dr. Orwell, this is not what I should have expected from you."

'Indeed, my dear sir, you very much surprise me,' returned the Doctor. 'I had yesterday a note from you, requesting the use of my gig, in which, as Miss Delmond informed me in the evening, a friend of yours was to drive her. The gentleman called, as she said he would, about one o'clock, and had it accordingly.'

"Great God!" exclaimed the Captain, "how you astonish me! Julia, my Julia, go off with a gentleman of whom I know nothing! Who is he? How came he acquainted with my daughter?"

'I really know nothing further of the gentleman,

man, than that I believe him to be a visitor of Mr. Glib's,' replied Dr. Orwell, 'and took it for granted that he was your acquaintance. I am sorry, heartily sorry to find it otherwise.'

"Where are they now? Where is my daughter? Why is she not returned? Oh! I read it in your face—I have lost my child, and am for ever miserable!"

Here the poor father sunk back in his chair in speechless agony.

'Dear me!' said Mrs. Delmond, laying down her knitting.

"My dear friend," said Dr. Orwell, taking the father's hand, "things are not so bad as you apprehend. Your daughter is within two miles of us, but must necessarily be detained there for some little time by an unlucky accident, from which she has, however, escaped better than could be expected.

'What is it?' said the captain eagerly. "Tell me all? Let me know the worst? I will bear it like a man, you shall see I will.'

"Then you shall know the very worst," said Dr. Orwell. "In coming down the hill just above the turnpike, which you know to be very steep and stony, the gig was unfortunately overturned. Miss Delmond and the gentleman were both thrown out by the shock, and both considerably hurt; but neither of them, I hope, dangerously. They were carried to the farm-house which is just by the turnpike, and there both Dr. Sydney and Mr. Gubbles are now attending them. Finding I could be of no service to them, I hastened here; as, however unwilling to be the messenger of bad news, I thought it better to obviate the possibility of your receiving it through the medium of sudden and exaggerated report. After going

going home to give ſome neceſſary directions, I ſhall return to the farm, and bring you back a full account how I find matters there."

'God bleſs you!' ſaid Capt. Delmond, burſting into tears. 'Forgive this weakneſs; but, alas! I am now every way a child! I never felt the loſs of my limbs till now. My poor Julia! my ſweet, my darling child, I ſhall, perhaps, never ſee thee more!'

At ſight of her huſband's tears, Mrs. Delmond took out her pocket handkerchief, "If you take on ſo, my dear," ſaid ſhe, "what is to become of me? Julia may not be ſo bad as you think; but I wonder who ſhe has got with her? I never heard of this man, no, not I; and I wonder how ſhe could have a ſweetheart, and I not know."

The idea was torture to the father's heart. Julia! whom he had ever treated as a friend, a companion. Julia! in whoſe ſoul he had ſo carefully implanted ſentiments of the niceſt honour; on whoſe integrity he had ever relied with the moſt implicit confidence; that ſhe ſhould be capable of a train of falſehood and deceit! It was a death-wound to a father's ſoul; and the ſoul of Capt. Delmond fully felt its force.

Dr. Orwell was too much affected by the ſcene, to be able for ſome time to ſpeak; as ſoon as his feelings would permit, he ſaid what he could to ſoothe and comfort the unhappy father, and with a promiſe of returning as ſpeedily as poſſible, he took leave.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

WE cannot but ſuppoſe the lovely Julia to have created ſuch an intereſt in the breaſt of the reader, as muſt excite ſome anxiety for her preſent ſituation, and ſome deſire to be acquainted with the circumſtanees that led to it. Out of pure good-nature we ſhall therefore ſatisfy him in theſe particulars, before we return to Bridgetina, the true and proper heroine of this our hiſtory.

As ſhe departed from Caſtle Villers the breaſt of Julia ſwelled with the emotion of wounded pride, overwhelming ſhame, and cruel diſappointment. Mortified as ſhe was at the total failure of her well-planned project, ſhe was yet ſufficiently ſenſible of the ridicule to which an acknowledgment of her romantic views muſt inevitably expoſe her, to dare to confeſs her mortification. Her confuſion did not eſcape the penetrating eyes of Vallaton. He had been too ſenſible of the ſcrutinizing glances of Lady Page, to be at any loſs to gueſs the cauſe; but trembled for the effect of an explanation, which not all his confidence in the philoſophy of his pupil could aſſure him would be favourable to his wiſhes. After proceeding about half a mile in ſilence, "How rejoiced I am," ſaid Vallaton, "that you contrived to make your eſcape ſo ſoon from theſe ſilly people; I was abſolutely tired to death with their impertinence."

"Did you ever ſee any of the party before?" ſaid Julia.

"Why do you aſk?" returned Vallaton, alarmed at the queſtion, "did any of them talk of knowing

knowing me?"—'Yes, replied Julia, 'that Lady Page, it ſeems, does you the honour of claiming you for an acquaintance.'

"Does ſhe, indeed? I cannot ſay that I have any recollection of her: but in London one ſees ſo many faces, and meets ſo many people of the ſame general deſcription, that it is impoſſible to remember them all."

'But you do not know half the honour Lady Page did you,' ſaid Julia; 'ſhe was ſo kind—but I am abſolutely aſhamed to repeat it.'

"Do not be afraid to tell me any thing ſhe could ſay," returned Vallaton, firmly. "I am neither afraid nor aſhamed to hear it."

'Well, then,' replied Julia, (while her countenance flushed at the recollection of the indignity) 'ſhe told Mrs. Villers, that you were once a hair-dreſſer.'

"Very likely," returned Vallaton, careleſsly; "I may have amuſed myſelf in that way ſometimes."

'You ſurely cannot be ſerious?' ſaid Julia in a faultering accent.

"Yes, indeed, but I am," returned Vallaton. "My dear adopted mother happening to read the Emilias of Rouſſeau, while I was in my fourteenth year, became ſo enamoured of his ſyſtem, that ſhe immediately determined to have me initiated into ſome handicraft employment, that in caſe of any revolution in fortune, I might be enabled to earn my bread. I dare ſay you will laugh at my choice, as ſhe did very heartily, though ſhe was at length kind enough to indulge me in the whim. As I grew up I uſed ſometimes to bribe the perſon who inſtructed me, to permit me to go in his ſtead to ſome ladies of faſhion; and in one of theſe frolics I may have dreſſed the head

head of this Lady Page, for aught I know, though I have no recollection of her face."

'Well,' cried Julia, 'I wonder how your dear adopted mother could permit you to exercise so mean an employment.'

"I cannot say it was altogether with her inclination," replied Vallaton; "the good lady had not strength of mind to rise above the silly prejudices of society."

'Indeed,' replied Julia, 'her prejudices in this instance were very allowable; and I only wonder how she could ever indulge you in a fancy so strange and unaccountable.'

"A mere juvenile extravagance," said Vallaton, carelessly, "not worth a serious thought; though perhaps after all it may be found, that as an occasional relaxation from severe study, it answered the end every bit as well as the work of either a turner or joiner. As to real dignity all manual labour is upon a par."

'Well I protest I cannot think so,' said Julia. 'You may call it prejudice, and perhaps it is so, but there are some employments one cannot help considering as derogatory to the dignity of a gentleman.'

"If you said to the dignity of *man*," returned her companion, "I should willingly agree with you. In a society that has made any advances towards perfectibility, no man will do work for another of any kind, every man will then labour for himself; and when things are come to this desirable state, it will no doubt be disgraceful to employ the energies of one percipient being in adjusting the hair of another; but no more disgraceful than to join together pieces of wood to form his cabinet, or to turn buttons for his coat; all are in the eye of reason equally derogatory

to the real dignity of *man*. As to the dignity of a *gentleman*, I thought my dear Miſs Delmond had been more of a philoſopher than to hint at ſuch an abſurd and unnatural diſtinction."

'You always get ſo much the better of me in argument,' replied Julia, 'that I am forced to yield to your ſuperior judgment. But ſtill in this inſtance—'

"Ah! that my lovely, my ſenſible Julia would exert thoſe ſuperior powers of which ſhe is poſſeſſed, to conquer thoſe hateful prejudices, which may be excuſable in a weak and uninformed mind, but which are diſgraceful to a ſoul like hers. Would you but conſider—" At this moment the horſe, which was going full ſpeed down the hill, ſtumbled over a looſe ſtone; he made an effort to recover himſelf, but in vain; he only fell with greater violence, and in his fall overturned the carriage, from which both Julia and Vallaton were thrown out upon the road. The horſe was the firſt to riſe: the ſhafts of the chaiſe having been broken in the fall, he found means, by a few kicks, to extricate himſelf from the harneſs, and gallopped off ſo quickly as to elude the vigilance of the keeper of the turnpike, who ſaw him out of reach before he got to the gate.

The frightened animal continued his career, till perceived by Dr. Orwell and Henry Sydney, who were returning from a charitable viſit to a poor family in the neighbourhood, where the eldeſt ſon was ill of a fever, for which the good Dr. Orwell had prevailed upon his young friend to preſcribe. Great was the conſternation of the two gentlemen, when they perceived the horſe; whoſe appearance left no room to doubt of the cataſtrophe by which it was occaſioned.

While Dr. Orwell employed himſelf in catching

ing the horſe, leſt his arrival in town ſhould occaſion a premature alarm to the friends of Miſs Delmond, Henry ran ſwiftly forward to give aſſiſtance to the ſufferers; and arrived at the ſcene of their misfortune before Julia could be removed from the ſpot. Vallaton, notwithſtanding his bruiſes, had been raiſed by the aſſiſtance of the people who kept the gate, and was ſtanding lamenting over Julia, whoſe ſituation appeared far more deplorable. From the exceſſive pain of which ſhe complained on every attempt to move, Henry judged the aſſiſtance of a ſurgeon muſt be neceſſary, and inſtantly diſpatched a meſſenger for Mr. Gubbles; while he, having with equal preſence of mind and dexterity, formed a litter of an old door which he forced from its hinges, contrived to have her conveyed as eaſily as poſſible to the farm-houſe, where the people, by his directions, prepared a bed for her reception.

On the arrival of Mr. Gubbles, Henry's apprehenſions were found to be but too well verified. The knee-pan was diſcovered to be broken. The pain of ſetting it was exceſſive, but not ſo dreadful to Julia as the idea, conveyed by the hints and ſhrugs of Mr. Gubbles, that ſhe would probably be lame for life. Henry did all in his power to quiet her apprehenſions, and to re-animate her ſinking ſpirits. He ſupported her by the aſſurance that if ſhe had reſolution patiently to endure the torture of the tight bandage for four-and-twenty hours, ſhe had nothing to fear; and at length, by the confidence he expreſſed, and by the numerous inſtances he adduced of complete recovery from the conſequences of a ſimilar misfortune, he effectually ſucceeded in tranquillizing her dejected mind.

So entirely did the ſituation of Julia engroſs

the attention of the ſpectators, that till ſhe was compoſed to reſt, no one ſo much as thought of Vallaton. He was at length obſerved by the farmer's wife, where he had ſunk down upon a low chair in the kitchen, and was apparently very near fainting. The good-natured woman inſtantly ran into the room where Doctor Sydney and Mr. Gubbles were ſtill with Julia.

"La me!" cried ſhe as ſhe entered, "if here ben't more broken bones yet! I lay my life the gentleman be worſer than Miſs, thof we none of us never thought o'n."

'Good God!' exclaimed Julia, 'Mr. Vallaton is then hurt, though he denied to me that he was. What miſery has my folly occaſioned!' She now burſt into a flood of tears, which in all the pain ſhe had ſuffered, her reſolution had hitherto reſtrained.

While Henry uſed his endeavours to compoſe her, Mr. Gubbles proceeded to examine into the condition of Vallaton. In anſwer to his interrogatories, Vallaton replied, "that he was indeed very much hurt, that the pain of his arm and ſhoulder was intolerable."

'From the manner in which the arm hangs,' replied Mr. Gubbles, 'I ſhould indeed apprehend a complicated fracture; but perhaps it may not be quite ſo bad.'

The ſleeve of the coat being ripped of, the man of ſcience congratulated his patient on his very extraordinary good fortune. 'It is a mere trifle, my dear ſir, nothing but a diſlocation of the humerno, and a ſimple fracture of the lower extremity of the ulna.'

While he dexterouſly replaced the arm in its ſocket, poor Vallaton could not ſuppreſs a groan. 'It is impoſſible I can hurt you,' ſaid the learned operator;

operator; 'nothing was ever done with greater eaſe; and as for this other little buſineſs, it is a mere nothing. I never met with a more elegant fracture in my life—ſure I don't hurt you?'

"Indeed but you do,' cried Vallaton, "you put me to very exquiſite pain."

'It is impoſſible, my dear ſir, quite impoſſible; the ſwelling of the adjacent muſcles may indeed create ſome trifling uneaſineſs; but it is nothing to what I have met with in the courſe of practice.'

"La me!" exclaimed the landlady, who attended to ſupply the neceſſary bandages, "if you Doctors have more heart than a ſtone! I am ſure the poor gentleman had need o' patience to hear you"

The good woman having offered her ſon's bed for the accommodation of Vallaton, he was immediately conveyed to it, and there we ſhall leave him to his meditations, while we return to the afflicted Julia.

Henry Sydney beheld with anxiety the agitated ſtate of his fair patient's mind, and ſenſible how neceſſary repoſe was to her recovery, he prevailed upon her to ſwallow ſome quantity of an opiate which Mr. Gubbles had the precaution to bring.

Julia felt with gratitude the humane attention of her young phyſician, but was ſtill deploring the want of a friend of her own ſex, whoſe preſence would, ſhe thought, afford a ſupport ſtill more grateful, when a ſoft ſtep approached her bed, and the figure of Harriet Orwell glided before her eyes.

"It is impoſſible!" ſaid Julia, in a faint voice. "Is Miſs Orwell indeed ſo good as to come to ſee me here, at this time of night?"

'Huſh! huſh!' ſaid Harriet, putting her finger to her lips, 'we ſhall talk of every thing to-

morrow; I only beg you would give me leave to do things in my own way to-night, without taking any notice of me, except merely to aſk for what you want.'

"But you do not intend to ſtay with me all night?" ſaid Julia; "that would be too much."

'Indeed I ſhall not leave you while you remain in this houſe,' replied Harriet; 'and as to ſitting up all night, it is what I like of all things: but no more ſpeaking; and I ſuppoſe we may now diſmiſs this gentleman here, who will attend my father home.'

Julia could only expreſs her thanks by tears. Nor did Henry behold unmoved this freſh proof of Harriet's goodneſs. While ſhe lightly glided round the bed of her friend, procuring for her a thouſand little comforts which her active mind ſuggeſted, and her gentle hand ſupplied, he thought he beheld a guardian-angel on its work of mercy. When he was about to leave the room, ſhe ſoftly opened the door for his departure: he did not ſpeak, but ſeizing the hand which hung down, he preſſed it to his lips with an emphatic expreſſion of admiration and reſpect.

On walking into the farmer's apartment, Henry there found Dr. Orwell, who was receiving from Mr. Gubbles a ſcientific deſcription of the fractures, of which indeed the good Doctor did not comprehend one ſyllable. The explanation of Henry, however, ſoon made the matter perfectly intelligible, to the no ſmall indignation of Mr. Gubbles; who, from the plain and ſimple language made uſe of by the young phyſician, conceived a ſovereign contempt for his knowledge and capacity.

Henry perſiſted in his reſolution of taking up his abode by the farmer's fire ſide all night, which after

after a little oppoſition was agreed to by Dr. Orwell, who proceeded to acquaint the parents of Julia with the particulars of her misfortune.

CHAP. XXI.

"No argument like matter of fact is.
"And we are beſt of all led to
"Men's principles, by what they do."
BUTLER.

THE day which proved ſo unfortunate to poor Julia, was by Bridgetina conſidered as one of the moſt auſpicious æras that marked the period of her exiſtence. It was indeed a day of much importance; a day which opened upon her mind the grandeſt view, the moſt extatic proſpect, that was ever preſented to an enlightened imagination.

It happened, that among ſeveral ſets of new books which Mr. Glib about this time received from his correſpondent in London, was a copy of the tranſlation of Monſ. Vaillant's Travels into the interior parts of Africa. The firſt volume of this book Mr. Glib ran haſtily over, without experiencing any degree of pleaſure from the peruſal. Neither the ſprightlineſs of the author's manner, his zeal in the purſuit of natural hiſtory, his unbounded philanthropy, nor the novelty of his animated deſcriptions, had the power of captivating the fancy of Mr. Glib; but the ſecond volume made very ample amends for the time thrown away upon the firſt. When he came to the ac-

count of the Gonaquais Hottentots, his delight and admiration increaſed at every line, till at length, no longer able to contain his rapture, he ran haſtily with the book in his hand to the back parlour, where Bridgetina, who had juſt then happened to call, was ſitting with Mr. Myope and the Goddeſs of Reaſon. "See here!" ſaid he, "See here, Citizen Myope, all our wiſhes fulfilled! All our theory realized! Here is a whole nation of philoſophers, all as wiſe as ourſelves! All on the high road to perfectibility! All enjoying the proper dignity of man! Things juſt as they ought! No man working for another! All alike! All equal! No laws! No government! No coercion! Every one exerting his energies as he pleaſes! Take a wife to-day: leave her again to-morrow! It is the very eſſence of virtue, and the quinteſſence of enjoyment!"

'Alas!' replied Mr. Myope, 'I fear this deſirable ſtate of things is reſerved for futurity. Ages muſt elapſe before mankind will be ſufficiently enlightened to be ſenſible of the great advantage of living as you deſcribe.'

"No, no," cried Glib, "ages need not elapſe It is all known to the Hottentots. All practiſed by the Gonaquais horde. Only juſt liſten."

"*In a country where there is no difference in birth or rank, (as is the caſe in Gonoquais) every inhabitant is neceſſarily on an equality.*"

'The very ground-work of perfectibility!' cried Bridgetina, 'that is certain; but go on.'

"*Luxury* and vanity, which in more poliſhed countries conſume the largeſt fortunes, create a thouſand unhappy diſtinctions entirely unknown to theſe ſavages; their deſires are bounded by real wants, nor are*

* See Vaillant's Travels, vol. ii.

are they excluded from the means of gratifying them; and these means may be, and are effectually pursued by all: thus the various combinations of pride for the aggrandizement of families, all the schemes of heaping fortune on fortune in the same coffer, being utterly unknown; no intrigues are created, no oppressions practised, in fine no crimes instigated."

'O learned and amiable Hottentots!' exclaimed Bridgetina, 'by what means—'

"Stay a little, Miss, and only listen to this passage about their marriages," said Glib, resuming his book.

"*The formalities of these marriages consist in the promises made by each party to live together as long as they find it convenient; the engagement made, the young couple from that moment become man and wife.*—"

'O enviable state of society!' exclaimed Bridgetina, 'O—"

"Do not interrupt me, Miss, till I have finished the passage.——*As I have hinted before, they live together as long as harmony subsists between them; for should any difference arise, they make no scruple of separation, but part with as little ceremony as they meet; and each one, free to form other connections, seeks elsewhere a more agreeable partner. These marriages, founded on reciprocal inclinations, have ever a happy issue; and as love is their only cement, they require no other motive for parting than indifference.*

"Mark that, citizens! '*No other motive for parting than indifference.*' Who would not wish to live in that blessed country? But here is a still further proof of their progress in philosophy. *You never meet among the Gonoquais with men who apply themselves to any particular kind of work, in order to satisfy the caprice of others. The woman who desires to lie soft, will fabricate her own mat. She who has a*

wiſh to be clothed, will inſtruct a man to make a habit. The huntſman who would have good weapons, can depend on thoſe of his own making; and the lover is the only architect of the cabin that is to contain his future miſtreſs."*

'Why this is the very ſtate of perfection to which we all aſpire?' cried Mr. Myope, in extacy. 'It is the ſum and ſubſtance of our philoſophy. What illuſtrious proofs of human genius may we expect to find in a ſociety thus wiſely conſtituted, a ſociety in which leiſure is the inheritance of every one of its members?'

"It is evident," cried Bridgetina, "that the author of our illuſtrious ſyſtem is entirely indebted to the Hottentots for his ſublime idea of the Age of Reaſon. Here is the Age of Reaſon exemplified; here is proof ſufficient of the perfectibility of man!"

'Yes,' ſaid Mr. Myope, 'and as we well know mechanical and daily labour to be the deadlieſt foe to all that is great and admirable in the human mind, to what a glorious height of metaphyſical knowledge may we expect a people to ſoar, where all are equally poor and equally idle! What attainments muſt they have doubtleſs made in ſcience? What diſcoveries in philoſophy?'

"As to ſcience," ſaid Glib, "it does not at leaſt appear that they know much of arithmetic, for Mr. Vaillant here tells us, that *they cannot reckon above the number of their fingers. They count the time of the day by the courſe of the ſun, ſaying, it*

* The curious reader may, if he pleaſe, compare the paſſage quoted from Vaillant with the eighth chapter of the eighth book of Political Juſtice, vol. ii. octavo edition; and he will not be ſurpriſed that Citizen Glib ſhould be ſtruck with the coincidence.

it was there when I departed, yonder when I returned."

'Aſtoniſhing proof of the progreſs of mind!' cried Bridgetina.

"Yes," ſaid Glib, "and ſee further: *With calm tranquillity they behold the riſing and the ſetting ſun, unknowing and regardleſs of the pointed hour upon the time-piece.* Do you mark that, citizens? No getting up at ſeven in the morning to open ſhop; no making up accounts; no care about buſineſs. Well, if before another year goes round I do not become a Hottentot, may I never more behold the face of a philoſopher!"

'And if,' ſaid Myope, 'every other particular in the character of this illuſtrious people, be found to correſpond with what we have already learned, every philoſopher muſt, like you, long to be received into the boſom of a ſociety arrived at a ſtate of civilization, which but to imagine has been juſtly conſidered as the moſt glorious effort of the ſublimeſt genius!'

"You do not know the half of their perfections," returned Glib; "but here is the key ſtone of the grand arch of perfectibility: only liſten to this, and confeſs whether you ever heard of ſo wiſe a people. *Modes of divination are the uſual appendages of ſuperſtitious worſhip, but how can this exiſt where they have no religion, no idea of a ſuperior Being? In theſe hordes,* (do you take notice) *in theſe hordes they have neither phyſician, nor prieſt, nor ſuperiority of degree, nor any word in the Hottentot language that ſignifies in any manner theſe diſtinctions.*"

'Admirable!' exclaimed Myope.

"The very perfection of modern philoſophy!" cried Bridgetina.

'Vere do deſe wiſe people live?' enquired the Goddeſs

Goddeſs of Reaſon. 'Have dey no fete, no grand ſpectacle, no ball, no concerta?'

"Yes, yes, they have balls, Madam," returned Glib, "and concerts too. But you are not to imagine, that in the reaſonable ſtate of ſociety to which they are advanced, that any man will condeſcend to perform the compoſitions of another. All compoſe for themſelves; all play their own tune; no two in the ſame key!"

'Vat be dere ball dreſs?' ſaid the Goddeſs. 'De faſhions of ſo enlightened a people be ver elegant, to be ſure. Do dey rouge, like de French lady; or be dey pale-faced, like de lady of England?'

"Their taſte in dreſs is equal to their other refinements," replied Glib. "Every one painted; not a pale face to be ſeen. All covered with greaſe, and ſoot, and ochre, from head to heel; bears' guts for bracelets, and cloaks of aſſes' ſkins. Their heads are ornamented with blown bladders, and a ſheep's bone hangs about their necks inſtead of a locket."

'What ſtrange faſhions dis foreign nation of philoſophers do follow!' ſaid the Goddeſs.

"What elegant ſimplicity of taſte!" cried Myope. "But I muſt beg leave to peruſe the whole of this extraordinary account. It has already generated an idea in my mind, which may be productive of the moſt extraordinary conſequences to the intereſts of ſociety."

Mr. Myope then took the book, and proceeded to read the whole account of the Gonoquais in an audible voice, though not without receiving many interruptions from the exclamations of delight that frequently burſt from his admiring audience. When he had finiſhed, "Here," ſaid he, "here, my friends, is the place—the only place to which,

in

in this diſtempered ſtate of civilization, a philoſopher can reſort with any hopes of comfort. Let us ſeek an aſylum among theſe kindred ſouls. Let us form a horde in the neighbourhood of Haabas, and from the deſerts of Africa ſend forth thoſe rays of philoſophy which ſhall enlighten all the habitable globe."

'Go with all my heart,' cried Glib; 'leave ſhop, and wife, and children, and all. Get a wife among the Gonoquais; meet when we pleaſe, ſeparate when we have a mind. That's it! that's the way to have energies!'

The propoſal of Mr. Myope appeared equally charming to Bridgetina, who had no doubt, that among the numerous philoſophers of England a party would be formed every way agreeable to her wiſhes. Mr. Myope aſſured her, that the idea of emigration had for a conſiderable time prevailed; and that the difficulty of finding a place agreeable to their views preſented the only obſtacle to its execution. That obſtacle was now happily removed; as no one could read the account of the Gonoquais Hottentots, and not be ſenſible that in the boſom of a people who had ſo fully adopted all their plans for the improvement of ſociety; who had no trade, no commerce, no diſtinctions of rank, no laws, no coercion, no government; who had among them no phyſicians, no lawyers, no prieſts, and who, to crown all, *believed in* NO GOD! they muſt find that congeniality of ſentiments and diſpoſitions which they would in vain expect among the corrupt ſocieties of Europe.

The more Mr. Myope conſidered the ſubject, the more was he impreſſed with an idea of its importance. His mind, ever under the influence of ſome one darling idea, which, during the period of its reign, excluded every other thought, was

ſoon

ſoon kindled into enthuſiaſm. It muſt be confeſſed, however, that the enthuſiaſm of Mr. Myope differed very materially from that which diſtinguiſhes certain great minds in the purſuit of ſome favourite object; it was of a nature very diſtinct from that ſublime energy of the ſoul which, on the moſt extenſive and comprehenſive views, concentrates all its powers towards the accompliſhment of ſome grand deſign. Indeed, no two principles of action are more oppoſite to each other in their nature, origin, progreſs, and conſequences, than the two different ſpecies of enthuſiaſm here deſcribed. The firſt, born of reaſon and directed by judgment, is noble, deſcriminating, and effective. The other, the produce of an inflammable imagination, is blinded by the glare of its own bewildering light, expends itſelf upon any object that chance puts in its reach, and is uſually unſteady as it is abortive.

Such was the enthuſiaſm of Mr. Myope.

While he was a religioniſt, it inflamed his zeal for the minutiæ of every dogma of the ſect to which he then happened to belong. As a Quaker, it made him tenacious of the broad-brimmed hat, and all the peculiarities of dreſs and manner which diſtinguiſh that *apparently* plain and ſimple people. He then groaned at the ſight of a coloured ribbon, and was moved by the ſpirit to denounce the moſt dreadful judgments againſt the crying ſin of long trains and hair-powder.

As an Anabaptiſt, in his eagerneſs for dipping all that came in his way, he very narrowly eſcaped being drowned along with a poor woman, of whom he had unfortunately made a convert in the time of a great flood. And when his energies were directed to Calviniſm, the ſtate of the reprobate engroſſed every faculty of his mind, and his whole

whole ſoul was poured out in deſcribing the nature of the dreadful tortures, which aſſuredly awaited all who did not embrace every article of his then faith, all whoſe intellectual optics happened to view things in a different light.

Nor when Mr. Myope changed his opinions, did his mind become more enlarged by the change. He wandered from maze to maze, in the intricate labyrinth of polemical divinity, without having once caught a glance of the ſublime views, the ſimple but elevating principles of that religion, from which each of the different ſectaries he embraced profeſſed to be derived.

As a convert to the new philoſophy, his zeal was no leſs conſpicuous. We have already given ſome ſtriking proofs of its effects; and perhaps may yet have occaſion to relate ſome farther inſtances of it, no leſs memorable and extraordinary.

The account of the Gonoquais Hottentots had now inſpired this philoſopher with a flow of eloquence which produced the greateſt effects upon his audience. Both Bridgetina and Mr. Glib, ſtruck with the force of his irreſiſtible arguments, promiſed to turn their ſerious thoughts to his propoſal. They agreed to renew their conſultations upon the ſubject as frequently as poſſible; but till their plan was more fully digeſted, thought it beſt not to drop a hint of it to the unenlightened; as ſuch perſons, being totally incapable of eſtimating its advantages, might maliciouſly endeavour to obſtruct its ſucceſs.

CHAP. XXII.

" Folks prone to leaſing,
" Say things at firſt, becauſe they're pleaſing;
" Then prove what they have once aſſerted,
" Nor care to have their lye deſerted;
" Till their own dreams at length deceive 'em,
" And oft repeating, they believe 'em."

PRIOR.

THE miſeries of war, of famine, and of peſtilence, had all been experienced by Captain Delmond; but the combined horrors of this triple ſcourge of human kind fell ſhort of what he endured the night of Julia's misfortune. At one time exaſperated into madneſs at the idea of her clandeſtine correſpondence with a perſon whom, as a viſitor of Glib's, he could not imagine to be a gentleman, he breathed forth threatenings and invectives. The artifice ſhe had uſed to deceive him—the ingratitude which gave birth to that artifice—was a thought which rankled in his ſoul, and like the barbed dart peculiar to ſome ſavage tribes, could not even be touched without the extreme of torture. Anon he ſaw his darling child in pain! her life perhaps in danger! In a moment her errors were forgotten, and his whole ſoul melted into an agony of tenderneſs.

The ſharp pangs of bodily pain were ſoon added to the poignancy of mental ſuffering. By the agitation of his mind the gout was thrown into his ſtomach, and he became ſo dangerouſly ill, that about four in the morning Mrs. Delmond was obliged to ſend for Mr. Gubbles, who adminſtered

tered a cordial draught, which tended to quiet the pain; and as day advanced, exhauſted nature ſought relief in ſleep.

He awoke ſomewhat more compoſed, and inſtantly enquired for Julia. No account of her had yet been received. Fretted at his wife's neglect, in not having diſpatched ſome one to know how ſhe had paſſed the night, he deſired that Mrs. Delmond might herſelf inſtantly ſet out to ſee her daughter, and to order her every neceſſary attendance, and every comfort, that it was poſſible to adminiſter in her preſent ſituation.

"I have, perhaps, blamed my poor girl too much," ſaid he. She told me ſhe had ſeen this gentleman at Mrs. Botherim's; it may be only accident that has now thrown him in her way. Do not, therefore, drop a hint of my having ſuſpected her of deceit; it would wound the poor child too ſeverely to think that I could impute to her a deviation from thoſe principles of honour which I have ſo carefully inculcated, and which ſhe has ever ſo invariably maintained. Give her my bleſſing, and tell her that I live but in her happineſs and ſafety."

Mrs. Delmond haſtily prepared to obey her huſband's orders. She indeed felt more anxiety herſelf concerning Julia than ſhe had ever experienced on any former event of her life. Though ſometimes inclined to be a little jealous of the manifeſt partiality of her huſband for his daughter, which extended ſo far, that though ſhe could ſeldom pleaſe him in ſettling the little accommodations with which his valetudinary ſtate required him to be ſurrounded, no ſooner did Julia place the footſtool, or adjuſt the cuſhion, than all was right; and ſuch praiſes beſtowed on the dexterity of the daughter, as glanced a reproach upon the wife.—

Yet

Yet was the jealouſy thus excited diveſted of its ſting by the demeanour of Julia. Such was the ſweetneſs of her temper, ſuch the generous pains ſhe always took to put every thing her mother did in the moſt advantageous point of view, and ſuch her ſolicitude to ſoften the little aſperities that ſometimes fell from her father, that ſhe could not fail to endear herſelf to her mother, ſo as entirely to engroſs her affections.

The affections of Mrs. Delmond were not, it is true, of that ardent nature which is for ever tremblingly alive—ever ready to torment itſelf with the extreme of anxiety and diſquiet. Mrs. Delmond took things more calmly;—ſhe very implicitly relied on the aſſurances of Dr. Orwell, that Julia would completely recover the conſequences of the accident ſhe had ſo unfortunately met with; and but for the illneſs of Captain Delmond, ſhe would have ſlept very ſoundly on the faith of theſe aſſurances. There was, however, one circumſtance on which Doctor Orwell could not give her the ſatisfaction ſhe wiſhed for; her curioſity concerning the gentleman who accompanied her daughter was ſtill unſatisfied. In the hope of obtaining information upon this point, ſhe purſued her walk with unuſual alacrity.

On her arrival at the farm, ſhe was conducted to the apartment where poor Julia was ſuffering an extreme degree of pain, but ſuffering it with heroic fortitude and reſolution. The ſhabbineſs of the apartment was the firſt thing that attracted the attention of Mrs. Delmond. 'Dear me!' ſaid ſhe to Miſs Orwell as ſhe entered, 'what a pitiful place this is! White-waſhed walls! check curtains! to be ſure it is very wretched; but how is Julia?'

"Is

"Is that my mother's voice?" cried Julia, in feveriſh agitation.

'Yes, my love! ſaid Miſs Orwell, 'but you know the doctor ſtrictly prohibits your ſpeaking. Both Doctor Sydney and Mr. Gubbles think Miſs Delmond will do very well, if ſhe keeps herſelf quiet; and I dare ſay you, Madam, will agree with me in enforcing a ſtrict obſervance of their injunctions.'

"Oh, yes;" ſaid Mrs Delmond, "ſhe certainly muſt not ſpeak, if they forbid it; but how long is ſhe to be confined to this place?"

'Let me but ſee my mother,' ſaid Julia, and I will be ſatisfied.'

Mrs. Delmond approached the bed-ſide, and put out her hand, which was eagerly graſped by Julia. 'My mother! you are too kind in coming to ſee me; but oh, my father! is he not enraged at his Julia?

Mrs. Delmond would have replied, but Harriet inſiſted ſo much on the injunctions of the phyſicians, which the apprehenſions of fever rendered it neceſſary punctually to obſerve, that ſhe prevented her from ſpeaking, and in a ſhort time prevailed on her to quit the room.

She was led by Harriet into a ſmall ſtone-floored parlour, which, in lieu of the white ſand with which it had been ſtrewed, was now neatly covered with a carpet. This was the work of Harriet, who had, in her quiet but active manner, already made ſuch improvements in the appearance both of this room and of that which was occupied by Julia, that they now aſſumed a very different aſpect from that which they had worn the preceding evening. Having early in the morning ſent to her aunt for ſuch things as ſhe thought moſt wanted, ſhe received, by the provident attention of that good

lady

lady, an abundant ſupply of every neceſſary, and of every article which ſhe thought could in any wiſe contribute to the eaſe and comfort of the poor ſufferer. Theſe Harriet had ſo judiciouſly arranged, that the apartment of Julia no longer appeared incommodious or uncomfortable; and yet ſo ſoftly had ſhe glided about the performance of her operations, that the noiſe of her footſteps had never reached the ears of her unfortunate friend.

Mrs. Delmond was no ſooner ſeated, than ſhe began to enquire of Miſs Orwell what ſhe knew of the gentleman who had accompanied her daughter to Caſtle-Villers; but to her great mortification found that Harriet could give her little information on the ſubject, except the account of his misfortune.

"I am ſure it has been a ſad buſineſs for me," ſaid Mrs. Delmond; "I was obliged to be up the greateſt part of the night with the Captain, who made himſelf ſo ill, I had to ſend for Mr. Gubbles to give him ſome ſtuff. It was very ill done of Julia, to be ſure, to go with a perſon we none of us knew; I thought it would have killed her father, the very thoughts of it. I dare ſay, now, he will be quite croſs the whole day."

Harriet had, from ſome hints dropped by Julia in the courſe of the night, learned that all was not juſt as it ſhould be. She evidently ſaw, that ſome myſtery hung over the ſubject of the expedition, and that the mind of Julia ſuffered from the ſecret conſciouſneſs of ſome act of indiſcretion. But ſo little had Harriet of the prying ſpirit of curioſity, ſo eaſily could ſhe controul the feelings of her well regulated mind, that ſo far from diving into the ſource of Julia's diſquiet, ſhe had been at much pains to turn her thoughts from the ſubject of uneaſineſs. The ſame ſpirit of animated benevolence

nevolence made her now uſe all her endeavours to perſuade Mrs. Delmond, that Julia would be fully able to vindicate herſelf, and to give ſuch an explanation of the circumſtances that had incurred her father's diſpleaſure, as would prove entirely ſatisfactory.

"Aye, to be ſure," ſaid Mrs. Delmond, "ſhe can eaſily get about him at any time. The very laſt word he ſaid to me was, to be ſure to give her his bleſſing." She then entered on a querulous lamentation concerning the length of time that muſt neceſſarily elapſe before Julia could be brought home; "which," ſhe ſaid, "ſhe was ſure would be a ſad time to her, as the Captain would be ſo croſs all the while, that nobody could pleaſe him."

To this Harriet found it impoſſible to make any reply; a ſilence of ſome minutes enſued, after which Mrs. Delmond, having coldly thanked Miſs Orwell for her kindneſs, took her departure to the great ſatisfaction of Harriet, whoſe warm and generous heart revolted at the cold ſelfiſhneſs which was too viſibly diſplayed in the courſe of the converſation to eſcape her obſervation. When ſhe returned to the poor pain-racked Julia, ſhe ſoftly whiſpered, that ſhe had diſmiſſed her mother, who would, however, come again to ſee her, as ſoon as ſhe was better able to ſupport converſation.

'She is then gone,' ſaid Julia; 'gone, without ſpeaking a word to me concerning my father! Alas! I fear he is too much diſpleaſed with me to bear the mention of my name.'

"On the contrary," ſaid Harriet, "he charged your mother with his deareſt bleſſing for you.—Make yourſelf eaſy then my dear Julia! be aſſured that your father is only anxious concerning your recovery."

'Perhaps,

"Perhaps, then, he does not know who accompanied me?" cried Julia, ſeeming to revive at the thought.

"Perhaps not," ſaid Harriet, "ſo make yourſelf eaſy; and here is ſomething good for you, which it is now time for you to take," pouring out a draft which had been ordered by the Doctor. Julia ſwallowed the medicine, and ſomewhat reanimated by the hopes inſpired by her friend, ſhe continued in ſilent patience to endure the pain which the tight ligature every minute rendered more intolerable.

While the amiable Harriet was perſonally engaged in attending upon her companion, ſhe did not forget the ſtranger who had ſhared in her misfortune. He experienced the benefit of her conſiderate attention in a number of little comforts, of which the ſick nurſe who had come to wait on Julia, but whom Harriet had ſent to Vallaton, would never of herſelf have thought.

He kept his bed the whole day, and had, about five in the afternoon, fallen into a profound ſlumber, from which he was rouſed by the noiſe of many tongues; a noiſe ſufficiently loud not only to diſturb the repoſe of Vallaton, but to awaken the nurſe, who was ſweetly ſnoring in the eaſy chair.

This uprorious din was ſoon explained by the entrance of Mr. Myope and Mr. Glib, accompanied by Bridgetina, and followed by the miſtreſs of the houſe, who expoſtulated with great emphaſis upon the impropriety of ſo many people going altogether into the ſick chamber, when both the old Doctor and the young one had particularly deſired her to ſee that no more than one at a time was permitted to enter it. "But I am ſure, ſir," ſaid ſhe, haſtily drawing the curtains, and elevating her voice to a ſtill higher key, "I am ſure you muſt do me

me the juſtice to free me from any blame, if ſo be, as how, that the noiſe do you any harm. I am ſure I did all I could to hinder it; and ſo I hope you will tell the young Doctor, for to be ſure he is ſo civil, one would not diſoblige un for the world."

While the landlady attacked the ears of Vallaton from one ſide of the bed, Citizen Glib aſſailed him from the other. 'Sad miſhap, Citizen Vall! haſt got a curſed tumble, broke half a dozen bones, eh? Vile things them gigs, but never mind: no gigs among the Hottentots. No break-neck curricles in the Gonoquais horde. Every one truſts to his own legs. That's it! The Hottentots are the only true philoſophers after all.'

"But how did the accident happen?" ſaid Mr. Myope, addreſſing him from the foot of the bed.

'What motive,' ſaid Brigentina, (who had now taken the place of the landlady at the right ſide) 'What motive could induce the horſe to act in ſuch a reprehenſible manner?'

In this tumult of tongues, it was ſometime before Mr. Vallaton, who was ſomewhat weakened by a ſlight degree of fever, could exert his voice ſufficiently to be heard. He at length proceeded to anſwer the interrogatories of his friends, by giving an account of the manner in which the accident happened, laying the blame of the whole cataſtrophe entirely upon the poor horſe.

In this it however appears, that Mr. Vallaton did the noble animal great injuſtice. To clear the character of this deſerving creature, and to wipe away thoſe aſperſions ſo unjuſtly thrown upon his reputation, we ſhall proceed to throw ſuch light upon the ſubject, as may, perhaps, ſerve to ſhew him more deſerving of pity than of cenſure.

Be

Be it then known to the reader, that the groom, who received the General's orders for putting up the carriage, had been brought up in a ſtrict obſervance of the rules of military diſcipline: thoſe rules which, according to the opinion of the great monarch to whom mankind are indebted for the greateſt improvements *en l'art militaire*, may in time, if properly practiſed, bring a great part of the human race into the deſirable ſtate of automatons.

This well-trained groom no ſooner received the orders of his maſter, than he gave a prompt obedience to his commands; but as theſe commands only extended to putting up the chaiſe, and as taking off the harneſs, rubbing down the horſe, and giving him either food or water, made no part of his orders, he very properly ſtopped ſhort at the point of literal obedience, and preſumed not to harbour a ſingle thought of the conſequences.

However agreeable the conduct of the groom might have been to ſome veteran theoriſts, the poor horſe did not much reliſh the effects of this perfection of diſcipline. He felt encumbered with the weight of his harneſs, and was ſoon tired of champing the bit of his bridle, which he would willingly have exchanged for a mouthful of hay, or a few oats. But in vain did he utter his complaints, in vain did he neigh to every paſſing footſtep; he was unheard, or at leaſt unheeded, by any ſervant in the family. The domeſtics of General Villers were indeed all inſpired with ſuch loſty ſentiments, as to conceive no ſmall contempt for ſuch of their maſter's viſitors as came unaccompanied by a train of lacqueys; how then could they be expected to pay any regard to an animal that meanly condeſcended to draw an unattended gig?

Not-

Notwithſtanding the honour of having paſſed the day in a ſtable which coſt ſome thouſand pounds in the erection, the parſon's horſe was extremely happy when he found himſelf on the way to his own comfortable home. He went on with eagerneſs; but alas! his ſtrength did not ſecond his inclination. Though a horſe eccleſiaſtic, he had not been accuſtomed to keep Lent; and faſting agreed ſo ill with his conſtitution, that it occaſioned a weakneſs which made him altogether incapable of recovering the fatal trip which was productive of ſuch deplorable conſequences.

From a deſcription of the accident, Mr. Vallaton was led to mention the pain he had ſuſtained by the broken arm, the diſlocated ſhoulder, and the bruiſes which he felt all over his body.

"I cannot but congratulate you," ſaid Bridgetina, "on the glorious opportunity you now enjoy of proving the omnipotence of mind over matter. What is pain to thoſe who reſolve not to feel it? Phyſical cauſes ſink into nothing, when compared with thoſe that are moral. Happy had it been for the world, if not only your arm, but every bone in your body had been broken, ſo that it had been the means of furniſhing mankind with a proof of the perfectibility of philoſophical energy!"

'Nothing can be more truly philoſophical than the obſervation of Citizeneſs Botherim,' ſaid Mr. Myope; 'and I make no doubt, from the known powers of my friend Vallaton, that if every bone in his body had been broken, he would have effected a reunion of the parts by his own exertion. As for pain, it is a mere vulgar prejudice; a weakneſs which will vaniſh before the light of philoſophy, and in a more advanced ſtate of ſociety, be utterly unknown.'

"It moſt unfortunately happens, though, (replied Vallaton, writhing in great agony, from an attempt to move) it unfortunately happens, that one's energies are apt to deſert one, at the very time they are moſt wanted. I think I have ſeen you make wry faces at the rheumatiſm before now; but no rheumatiſm in the world ever occaſioned half the pain I feel."

'I grant you,' returned Myope, 'that even a philoſopher may ſometimes be taken by ſurpriſe. Beſides, in a corrupt ſtate of ſociety, where many people believe in a GOD, the exiſtence of laws and government generates weakneſs, which no one can entirely eſcape; the energies cannot arrive at that ſtate of perfection to which they will be found to approximate, as ſoon as theſe exiſting cauſes of depravity have been entirely removed.'

"All removed among the Hottentots!" cried Glib. "No obſtacles to perfectibility among the Gonoquais. No prieſts! No phyſicians! All exert their energies—Broken bones healed in a twinkling."

Here Mr. Glib was interrupted by a loud groan from Vallaton, whoſe pillow the energetic citizen had, in the vehemence of his action, drawn from under the lame ſhoulder; which, in ſpite of the mind's omnipotence, reſented the loſs of its ſupporter in a manner that made the tears find their way into the ſufferer's eyes. Mr. Myope no ſooner obſerved the misfortune, than he good-naturedly went round to remedy it, by adjuſting the pillow; in which charitable office he was employed, when Henry Sydney, who was with his ſiſter on the way to Julia's apartment, hearing the groans of Vallaton, haſtily entered the room, to enquire the cauſe. Having received information on that head, he began to make other enquiries, which he concluded by

by aſking the patient whether he had had any ſleep?

To this Vallaton replied, that "he had been prevented by pain from cloſing his eyes all the night and morning; but that he had juſt fallen into a very profound ſlumber a little before the arrival of his friends."

'Charming proof of perfectibility! ſaid Bridgetina. 'I ſincerely congratulate you on being able for ſo long a time to ward off the great foe of human genius, the degrader of the nobleſt faculties of the mind! How fortunate it was that we ſhould arrive in time to ſave you from falling into that torpid and inſenſible ſtate, from which it will be the glory of philoſophy to free the human race!'

"I hope philoſophy will pardon me," ſaid Henry, "if I take the liberty of declaring, that a good ſound ſleep will be very ſerviceable in the preſent inſtance; and that I muſt therefore entreat the gentleman may be left at liberty to enjoy it."

'To one who has not accurately inveſtigated the powers of the mind,' ſaid Mr. Myope, 'ſleep may doubtleſs appear uſeful, nay, in ſome degree neceſſary; but to thoſe who have carried their enquiries further, it is evident that mind, being omnipotent over matter, may exert that omnipotence over every part of the animal œconomy; and that not only ſleep, but death itſelf, may yield to its controul'.

"If the inveſtigators of mind took the trouble to extend their inveſtigations to the nature of organized bodies," replied Henry, "they would probably arrive at very different concluſions."

'What a lamentable thing it is,' ſaid Bridgetina, 'that a mind like Dr. Sydney's ſhould be thus warped by prejudice! Yes, my amiable friend, you are poſſeſſed of powers which might generate

happineſs to the human race; and it can only be attributed to the preſent unjuſt and odious conſtitutions of ſociety, that theſe powers are, by the prevalence of vulgar errors, obſtructed in their progreſs to perfection. Miſerable prejudice! which ſhuts its eyes againſt the truth; which liſtens to arguments that would impreſs conviction upon every impartial hearer, and is aſtoniſhed at their futility! To any unprejudiced underſtanding, would not the circumſtance of Mr. Vallaton's having wanted ſleep for a period of more then forty hours inconteſtibly prove the poſſibility of living without it altogether? Would not any impartial perſon be at once convinced, that if, by the exertions of his mind, he could ward off the ſluggiſh foe to mental energy for ſuch a length of time, he might, by a continuation of the ſame exertion, ward it off for ever? And yet ſuch are the deplorable prejudices of the greater part of mankind, that the very length of time he has been kept awake, would to them appear an argument in favour of the neceſſity of his now indulging in repoſe.'

"The ſtatement of Citizeneſs Botherim is equally judicious and profound," ſaid Mr. Myope. "But though it be impoſſible to ſet any bounds to the operations of mind, it is not in the preſent miſerable ſtate of ſociety, that her operations can be expected to arrive to ſuch perfection. Vulgar prejudices are in their nature ſo obſtinate, that it is poſſible ſome ages may elapſe, before ſleep will be conſidered as altogether unneceſſary. And therefore as every wiſe man ſhould wiſh the progreſs of improvement to be gradual and moderate, it may be more adviſeable not to urge the citizen to a further exertion of his energies, in refraining from ſleep entirely. It is ſufficient that he has already

ready given a proof of what may be done; and I hope that by exerting his powers towards knitting the broken bones, he will ſoon give a ſtill more illuſtrious evidence of the omnipotenee of mind."

'Ay,' ſaid Glib, 'that's it! Energies are the only true doctors. Energies do all. Energies cheat the undertaker, and make a man live for ever. Never mind broken bones. All trifles to philoſophers.'

The philoſophy of Mr. Vallaton was put to a ſevere trial by the length of this converſation, which was at laſt happily concluded at the earneſt requeſt of Henry whoſe prejudices were very ſtrong in favour of the patient's obtaining a little repoſe.

Henry now proceeded to enquire for Julia, and was followed by Bridgetina into the parlour, where Harriet Orwell waited to receive them. She had left Maria with the fair ſufferer, into whoſe room Henry was introduced. He found her ſo low and feveriſh, that he requeſted Miſs Botherim to poſtpone her intended viſit to ſome other opportunity. Bridgetina then enquired, whether he would not walk home with her?

"He was extremely ſorry that it would not be in his power, as he waited for Mr. Gubbles, and ſhould not depart till he ſaw how Miſs Delmond was after the ligature had been relieved."

'Did not Miſs Orwell and Miſs Sydney go home that night?'

"No: Maria intended ſitting up with Miſs Delmond, and Harriet was to ſleep in a ſettee bed, which had been put up for her in the parlour."

Bridgetina, to whom the idea of a moon-light walk with Henry was very charming, expreſſed her deſire to wait for him, in terms that ought to have been ſufficiently flattering; but unfortunately,

Henry either wanted ſenſe to take her hints, or gallantry to avail himſelf of them. He cruelly urged her departure with the philoſophers, on pretence of the appearance of rain; and as Miſs Orwell did not invite her ſtay, ſhe found herſelf obliged to comply with his entreaty, with which, as his regard for her health was the oſtenſible motive, ſhe could not be diſpleaſed.

Myope and Glib had already advanced ſome paces on the road, and Bridgetina was too well pleaſed with the opportunity of enjoying her meditations upon the conduct of Henry, to be very anxious to overtake them.

'Yes,' ſaid ſhe, aloud, 'it is evident he loves. Whence, but from that tranſporting ſource, could the ſollicitude he evinced for my health be poſſibly derived? How anxious did he ſeem for my departure? How did his fine eyes ſparkle with pleaſure, when he ſaw me about to comply with his requeſt? How eager was his ſolicitude? How tender his regard for my ſafety? How did he watch the clouds, as if apprehenſive of their injuring the object of his wiſhes? This tide of tenderneſs enchants my very ſoul! It tingles through my veins, and wraps my ſenſes in delirium! And ſhall I not indulge the ſweet ſentiments of nature that now inſpire my breaſt? Shall a falſe regard for the debaſing and immoral inſtitutions of a corrupt ſociety deter me from making a ſuitable return to his enchanting tenderneſs? No: forbid it philoſophy! forbid it love! From this moment—'

Here the ſoliloquy of Bridgetina was unfortunately interrupted; and never did the ſoliloquy of a love-ſick maiden receive interruption from a more indignified ſource. While pouring out the effuſions of her tender heart in the middle of the highway, ſhe was too much occupied by her *feelings*

lings to obſerve the approach of a drove of pigs, which at length advanced upon her ſo faſt as to prevent the poſſibility of retreat. She was ſurrounded on all ſides in a moment. The obſtreperous and unmanageable animals, not contented with terrifying her by their ſnorting and grunting, (a ſpecies of muſic very little in uniſon with the tender feelings) puſhed her about from ſide to ſide in a moſt ungentle manner. She, however, contrived for ſome time to keep her ground, calling out to the pig-drivers for aſſiſtance. Alas! the pig-drivers were no leſs deaf to her ſupplications than were the pigs they drove. Both ſeemed wickedly to enjoy her diſtreſs; nor was the grunting of the one ſpecies of brutes more unpleaſant to her ears, than the loud laugh which was ſet up by the other. At length a violent puſh from a huge untoward beaſt laid her proſtrate on the ground, and completed the climax of her misfortune.

The pig-drivers now came to her relief, and quickly raiſed her from the ground. She had happily received no bodily injury from her fall, but was not a little mentally hurt by the grin which was viſible in the countenance of her deliverers. 'Are ye not aſhamed,' cried ſhe, with great warmth, 'to rejoice in an accident which has befallen a fellow-mortal by your negligence? Miſerable and unhappy wretches! Ye have indeed the ſhape of men, but ye want all the more noble diſtinguiſhing characteriſtics of the ſpecies. As far as relates to any intellectual improvement, ye might as well have been born in Otaheite.'

The anſwer of the pig drivers would have impelled Bridgetina to an immediate retreat, but that one of the men had ſtill hold of an umbrella which ſhe had dropped in her fall, and with

which he refuſed to part without ſome compenſation.

"Make her gi' ye a buſs for it," ſaid one of the fellows, laughing.

'An't were a pretty laſs,' ſaid the other, 'that a would; but a buſs from ſuch a little, ugly, ricketty witch, a'nt worth taking.'

Not all the philoſophy of Bridgetina could ſupport her any longer. Indignantly turning from the unenlightened ruſtic, ſhe burſt into tears, nor could ſhe repreſs her ſobs on the appearance of Mr. Myope and Mr. Glib, who had returned in ſearch of her, and came up while ſhe was ſtill in conference with the pig-drivers, of whoſe behaviour ſhe immediately began bitterly to complain.

"It was ſurely very rude to drive your pigs upon a lady," ſaid Mr. Myope to the men.

'Did not ſhe ſee un?' returned one of the fellows. 'The pigs were goying peaceably along the way, when ſhe run her noſe into the very midſt o'em. Gin a had been as blind as a buzzard, a might ha' heard un ſqueak.'

Mr. Myope perceiving how little was to be gained by expoſtulation, gave the fellow a ſixpence for the umbrella, and taking Bridgetina under his protection, conducted her in ſafety to her mother's door.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

" With ſenſe refin'd,
" Learning digeſted well, exalted faith,
" Unſtudy'd wit, and humour ever gay."
THOMSON.

IN the courſe of the enſuing fortnight, Bridgetina had the happineſs of enjoying frequent opportunities of meeting with the object of her tender hopes. For theſe opportunities ſhe ſo indefatigably watched, that not one viſit did Henry pay to the invalids at the farm, without his having the pleaſure of being either accompanied, or followed, or met on his return by the love-inſpired maiden; who took ſo little pains to conceal her paſſion, that he muſt have been very ſtupid indeed, if he remained ignorant of her partiality.

For all the multiplied proofs of tenderneſs which he every day received, we are ſorry to confeſs that Henry was exceedingly ungrateful. So little did he know how to eſtimate the value of the metaphyſical harangues with which Bridgetina always came prepared, that though previous to her entrance he had been only chatting on indifferent topics with Harriet Orwell, he ſeemed to regard her appearance as a very undeſirable interruption.

Happy for Bridgetina her perception was not very acute! Having determined in her own mind that Henry ſhould be her lover, ſhe interpreted every part of his conduct in her own favour; and perſiſted in believing, that nothwithſtanding his ſaying ſo little in favour of the new philoſophy, its profound principles had made a ſufficient im-

preſſion upon his mind, which he was only deterred from acknowledging by the circumſtances of his preſent ſituation; could that ſituation be fortunately changed, ſhe had no doubt that he would gladly throw off the yoke of prejudice, and would in the philoſophical galaxy become a ſtar of the firſt magnitude. For this emancipation, the intended expedition to the coaſt of Africa would furniſh him with a moſt favourable opportunity, which he would doubtleſs be happy to embrace. No longer bound in the adamantine chain with which the opinions of ſociety cruelly fetters its unhappy ſlaves, his mind would then expand in all the energy of affection, and give a looſe to the ſoul-touching tenderneſs of love.

She had not as yet thought proper to drop any hint of the propoſed emigration; but by extravagant encomiums on the Hottentots, ſhe ſedulouſly prepared the way; and having prevailed on Henry to peruſe the travels of Vaillant, ſhe conſidered his praiſes of the work as a ſufficient teſtimony of the impreſſion it had made upon his mind.

The great plan, whoſe extenſive conſequences embraced no leſs an object than that of new modelling the human race, was now conſiderably advanced. Vallaton, who, after a few days confinement at the farm, returned to Mr. Glib's, entered into it with warmth. His ſuperior activity entitled him to take the lead, and after a faint refuſal, he was prevailed on to aſſume the conduct of the enterprize; to receive the money that ſhould be raiſed for carrying it into execution, and to manage this common fund for the general benefit.

Mr. Myope, in quality of ſecretary, wrote a circular letter to the enlightened, of which the following is a faithful copy.

"To

" *To Citizen* *of*

" Who is there deſerving of the title of philoſopher, that does not feel the aggravated evils which the preſent odious inſtitutions of ſociety impoſe on its wretched victim? Who is there among the enlightened, *the men without a God*, that does not wiſh to eſcape from this world of miſery, where the prejudices of mankind are ever preparing for him the bitter draught of obloquy and contempt? Are not all our energies waſted in the fruitleſs lamentation of irremediable evils; and our powers blunted, and rendered obtuſe, by the obſtacles which the unjuſt inſtitutions of ſociety throw in the way of perfectibility?

" Who is there among us, whom the unequal diſtribution of property does not fill with *envy, reſentment, and deſpair? Who is there among us, that cannot recollect the time when he ſecretly called in queſtion the arbitrary diviſion of property eſtabliſhed in ſociety, and felt inclined to appropriate to his own uſe many things, the poſſeſſion of which appeared to him deſirable?** And yet for theſe noble and natural ſentiments, (when reduced to action) the unjuſt and arbitrary inſtitutions of ſociety have prepared priſons and fetters! The odious ſyſtem of coercion is exerted to impoſe the moſt injurious reſtraints on theſe ſalutary flights of genius; and property is thus hemmed in on every ſide.

" Nor is the endeavour to get rid of the encumbrances by which we are weighed down, leſs abortive, or attended with conſequences leſs deplorable.

" Has any of us, in the ferment of youthful paſſion, bound himſelf by marriage? In vain does he ſtruggle to throw off the yoke; he is bound by the

* Pol. Juſ. vol. i. 4to. edit. p. 89.

the chains of this abſurd and *immoral inſtitution*, and reſtrained from ſeeking in variety the renovating charm of novelty, that rich magazine from which the materials of knowledge are to be derived.

"Who would not gladly eſcape from this ſcene of miſery? who would not rejoice to anticipate that reaſonable ſtate of ſociety, with all thoſe improvements which true philoſophy will, in the courſe of a few ages, generate throughout the world?

"Is he at a loſs where to fly? Does he fear that the debaſing reſtraint impoſed by religion, and laws, and notions of government, will meet him in every direction, and purſue him to the fartheſt corner of the world? Let him rejoice to learn, that there is yet a refuge for philoſophy; that there is now a region where the whole of our glorious ſyſtem is practiſed in its full extent. In the interior parts of Africa an exalted race of mortals is diſcovered, who ſo far from having their minds cramped in the fetters of ſuperſtition, and their energies reſtrained by the galling yoke of law, do not ſo much as believe in a Supreme Being, and have neither any code of laws, nor any form of government!

"Let us join this pure and enlightened race! Let us haſten to quit the *corrupt wilderneſs of ill-conſtituted ſociety, the rank and rotten ſoil from which every finer ſhrub draws poiſon as it grows.** Let us ſeek in the philoſophical ſociety of the Hottentots that happier field and purer air, where talents and ſentiments may *expand into virtue, and germinate into general uſefulneſs.*

"Does any female citizen groan under the ſlaviſh

* See Caleb Williams.

viſh and unnatural yoke of parental authority, or wiſh to ſhake off the chains of the odious and immoral inſtitution, to which ſo much of the depravity of the world may be traced? Let her embrace the opportunity that is now offered, to obtain the glorious boon of liberty: let her haſten to become a member of that ſociety, where her virtues will be duly honoured, and her energies expand in the wide field of univerſal utility.

"Is any philoſopher thoroughly convinced of the truth of theſe gloomy repreſentations of the preſent virtue-ſmothering ſtate of ſociety, which he has been at ſo much pains to propagate? In the boſom of the Gonoquais horde, let him ſeek an aſylum from the oppreſſive hand of political inſtitution, and from all *obligations to the obſervance of that common honeſty which is a non-conductor to all the ſympathies of the human heart.**

"As in the dark and gloomy wilderneſs which we at preſent ſo unfortunately inhabit, there is no poſſibility of moving without money, a ſum muſt of neceſſity be raiſed to freight a ſhip, and lay in requiſites for the voyage. Contributions for this purpoſe will be received by Citizen Vallaton, who has generouſly undertaken the conduct of the important enterprize. As it is probable that many philoſophers may not be provided with ſpecie, from ſuch as have it not in their power to contribute their quota in caſh, any ſort of goods will be received that can be converted into articles of general utility. As an example worthy of imitation, we here think it neceſſary to inform our fellow-citizens, that Citizen Glib has beſtowed the whole of his circulating library upon the ſociety. The ſuperfluous books, ſuch as hiſtory, travels, natural

* See Godwin's Enquirer.

natural philoſophy, and divinity are to be ſold for the benefit of the fund. The novels and metaphyſical eſſays are reſerved for the inſtruction of the philoſophers.

"By order of the Hottentotian Committee,

BEN. MYOPE, *&c.*"

The recovery of Mr. Vallaton was ſufficiently rapid, but ſtill his mind ſuffered the moſt cruel apprehenſions on account of his lovely miſtreſs.

For the effects of the accident, he had now no reaſon to entertain any anxiety. He had received the pleaſing aſſurance, that her recovery would be ſpeedy and complete. But as it was impoſſible for him to be admitted to an interview, he could not avoid ſome tormenting forebodings of the effect that ſo long a period of ſerious reflection might produce upon her mind. Her being conſtantly ſurrounded by the Orwells, he conſidered as a circumſtance extremely inauſpicious. Though perſonally unacquainted with any of the family, he was no ſtranger to the character of all its members, and greatly dreaded the baneful effects of their prejudices upon the ſuſceptible heart of Julia.

The alarm of Mr. Vallaton was without foundation. Harriet Orwell had too much delicacy and good-ſenſe officiouſly to obtrude her opinions, even upon her moſt intimate friends. She evidently ſaw that Julia had imbibed ſome notions which ſhe conſidered to be erroneous; but ſo high an opinion did ſhe entertain of the ſtrength of her underſtanding, and the goodneſs of her heart, that ſhe had no doubt but that a little obſervation and reflection would render her fully ſenſible of theſe errors, and open her mind to the reception of

of truths ſo conſonant to the virtues of her diſpoſition.

Had Miſs Orwell been ever ſo much inclined to the converſion of Julia, ſhe would not have conſidered the ſeaſon of pain and languor as proper for the attempt. She thought it more conducive to the recovery of her friend to amuſe than to perplex her; and by every engaging art endeavoured to raiſe her ſpirits, and to beguile the weary hours of confinement.

The mind of Julia, naturally grateful, tender, and affectionate, could not be inſenſible to the ſoothing attentions of the animated and ever-cheerful Harriet; but in vain did ſhe endeavour to aſſume the appearance of that cheerfulneſs and ſerenity, which her friend ſo aſſiduouſly laboured to inſpire. That ſhe had deſervedly forfeited the confidence of her father was ever preſent to her recollection, and brought with it a conſciouſneſs of degradation that oppreſſed her ſoul. Much did ſhe long to acquaint Harriet with all that had paſſed, and to aſk her advice concerning her future conduct; but the conſciouſneſs of having deſerved diſapprobation, and the dread of incurring contempt, deterred her from a confeſſion of her errors; while her pride revolted at the idea of acknowledging, that the boaſted principles of honour had not preſerved her from being guilty of the meanneſs of a falſehood.

Few days paſſed without a viſit from the worthy rector, at whoſe appearance the delight that ſparkled in the countenance of Harriet was ſufficiently expreſſive of her filial love, while her whole behaviour indicated confidence, reſpect, and gratitude. She never ſpoke of him without emotion, nor could Julia without emotion liſten to the effuſions of her filial tenderneſs. One day, when

when talking upon this ſubject, Harriet, in the fulneſs of her heart, exclaimed, "Surely no ſenſation is ſo ſweet as that a child enjoys from the fond affection of a worthy parent. How dreadful muſt it be to forfeit it! I do not think that any thing the world could offer, could recompenſe me for ſuffering one hour of my father's ſerious diſpleaſure."

'And did you never incur his diſpleaſure?' ſaid Julia.

"If ever I did, it was but for a moment," ſaid Harriet; "and ſo exactly was his diſpleaſure proportioned to the offence, that it only ſerved to encreaſe my reverence and gratitude."

'I ſhould not have been ſurpriſed at what you ſay,' replied Julia, 'if Doctor Orwell had been a neceſſarian; as no neceſſarian can, upon principle, ever be offended at any thing; but free-willers are generally paſſionate and vindictive.'

"I know nothing about theſe things," ſaid Harriet, "and never heard my father ſay whether he was an advocate for free will or neceſſity; but this I know, that the rule he has laid down to himſelf for the government of his temper is an admirable one, and has effectually ſecured him from being guilty of the injuſtice of wrathful paſſion."

'And pray, my dear,' ſaid Julia, 'what may this rule be?'

"Never to be offended at any thing that is not in itſelf immoral, and conſequently ſubject to the Divine diſpleaſure," rejoined Harriet. "What is no offence in the eye of GOD, is (he ſays) no ſubject for the ſharp rebuke of man."

'I muſt own,' replied Julia, 'the voice of anger could not often be heard in a family, where every offence was meaſured by ſuch a ſcale.'

"No," rejoined Harriet, "and we ſhould indeed

deed be wretches, if we were not truly ſenſible of our happineſs."

'Well, but after all,' ſaid Julia, 'it is ſtill to your own goodneſs that you owe the forbearance of your father. Suppoſing that you were ever to have been guilty of aught that his prejudices taught him to conſider as offenſive in the eyes of this Supreme Being, who is with him the ideal ſtandard of perfection; that you had, for inſtance, (I only ſuppoſe it for the ſake of argument) been guilty of artifice or—or falſehood. Would he not, in ſuch a caſe, have been very inexorable?'

"Inexorable! my dear Julia; no, ſurely! If you conſider the ſpirit of the principle that inſpired him, you will be convinced, that to be inexorable to the penitent was with him impoſſible. Conſidering the crime as an offence not againſt himſelf, but againſt God, could he refuſe to accept of that which would not be rejected by the Moſt High? Could he, who ſerved a Being whoſe firſt attributes are benevolence and mercy, be harſh or unforgiving to a penitent offender?"

'But why, I pray you, is this repentance to be a ſtipulated article in the treaty of forgiveneſs?' rejoined Julia.

"Becauſe," ſaid Harriet, "we are told, that without repentance there is no remiſſion of ſins; and without repentance there can ſurely be no hope of reformation. But here again my father looks to the example of his great maſter; and by the mildneſs of entreaty, not the thunderings of indignation, calls ſinners to repentance."

'Well, you muſt pardon me, but I declare I think there is ſomething very mean in this ſlaviſh reference to the will of an unknown Being, of whoſe very exiſtence we can, after all never be thorough-

thoroughly certain. How much more noble to be guided ſolely by the ſuggeſtions of reaſon and virtue in our own breaſts!'

"Alas! my dear, we need not look into the page of hiſtory, we need not examine into the conduct of the world at large, but juſt only take an impartial view of what paſſes in our own breaſts, to be convinced of the neceſſity of a higher ſtandard of excellence than can be found in human nature.—The contemplation of the immutability of the ALL-PERFECT, has a tendency to *fix* as well as to exalt our notions of virtue; while a conſciouſneſs of the infinite ſpace between us and this Perfection annihilates the ſwellings of pride, and all as the ferment of imagination. Our reaſon, far from ſhining with unvaried luſtre, is perpetually liable to be obſcured by paſſion or prejudice, we cannot, therefore, always truſt to its deciſion; but when we are in the conſtant habit of referring our actions to the judgment of a being whoſe moral attributes are unchangeable, the clouds of paſſion and prejudice are diſpelled, and reaſon again ſhines forth with ſteadineſs and vigour. Oh! that I could explain to you the feelings that ſuch contemplations have excited in my mind! feelings, which, inſtead of depreſſing, tend to expand and tranquillize the ſoul."

Julia ſmiled. "Really, my dear, I did not think you had ſo much enthuſiaſm.'

"Call it not enthuſiaſm, my dear Julia; for beſides theſe feelings which may, perhaps, depend in ſome meaſure upon conſtitutional ſenſibility, a conſtant reference to the Divine will, and an habit of modeling to it our thoughts and actions, cannot fail of having the happieſt influence upon our conduct. Without having this Divine ſtandard to refer to, how often ſhould we be expoſed by our paſſions

to

to the moſt egregious miſtakes! Miſtakes which pride would forbid us to acknowledge, and which, being unchecked by the believed preſence of our future Judge, we might hope by artifice to conceal, or by ingenuity to defend."

Julia ſighed. Her open and poliſhed forehead was ſuddenly contracted, as if by ſome quick ſenſation of violent pain.

"What is the matter, my dear? I fear you have raſhly moved your foot."

'I believe I have,' ſaid Julia, recovering herſelf; 'but the pain is over, and I beg you would proceed. You argue ſo well, that I ſhould like to hear you enter into a debate with ſome of my learned friends: upon the neceſſity of repentance, for inſtance. Ah, Harriet, you have no notion how ſoon that ſweet eloquence of yours would be put to ſilence.'

"Very likely it might," rejoined Harriet. "If indeed I were bold enough to enter into a debate, from the hope that my eloquence could poſſibly convince a perſon ſkilled in argument, I ſhould deſerve the mortification I ſhould probably meet with. But take notice, that my reaſons for declining the colloquial combat ariſe from a knowledge of the weakneſs of my weapons, not from any diſtruſt of the goodneſs of my cauſe."

'Well, but as your weapons are certainly at leaſt equal to mine, ſuppoſe I give you a challenge? Let us take the ground upon the wiſdom and efficacy of repentance. Which, dropping my gauntlet, I here aver to be the moſt miſtaken notion in the world;—a mere prejudice, and a prejudice very inimical to the progreſs of virtue.'

"I accept your challenge, and only wiſh I had one of my fathers wigs to equip me for the ſolemnities

nities of the field: but here I take my ground, and prepare myſelf to receive your attack."

'Allons! then,' ſaid Julia, raiſing herſelf up in her bed, and gracefully flouriſhing her fair hand; then extending it in the attitude of affirmation, ſhe thus proceeded: "If we form a juſt and complete view of all the circumſtances in which a living or intelligent being is placed, we ſhall find that he could not in any moment of his exiſtence, have acted otherwiſe than he has acted. In the life of every human being there is a chain of cauſes generated in that eternity which preceded his birth, and going on in regular ſucceſſion through the whole period of his exiſtence; in conſequence of which—'

"Hold, hold," cried Harriet, "I proclaim a parley, and here enter my proteſt againſt uſing any words but your own. Plagiariſm is an unlawful weapon in debate; and I never ſee it made uſe of, that I do not conſider it as a proof of conſcious weakneſs."

'Well, well, I ſhall, I make no doubt, be able to defend myſelf without its aſſiſtance. But there are ſome ſubjects on which one can ſpeak ſo much better in the words of others than in one's own, that it is difficult to refrain from uſing them.'

"Depend upon it, my dear Julia, that theſe are ſubjects which the mind has never thoroughly maſtered. They will be found to have been driven into that little corner of the brain, which is ſaid to be the ſtore-houſe of memory, by the arch witch, imagination; and driven thither in ſuch confuſion too, in ſuch higledy pigledy order, that they have never paſſed under the cloſe examination of judgment; and pop out they come again, juſt in the ſame manner that they got in. Oh! of all

inſuf-

inſufferables, a pedant with a good memory is the moſt inſufferable !"

'But is not a good memory a great happineſs? Is it not the parent of knowledge, the indiſpenſible companion of ſcience, the friend of wit and genius ?'

"It is all you ſay, my dear, and a thouſand times more than either you or I can ever ſay. The more excellent, the more capacious this grand repoſitory, the more wiſe, the more virtuous, (if filled with motives to virtue) muſt we of courſe be. But if of this noble ſtore-houſe judgment does not keep the key, if ſhe does not arrange, and aſſimilate, and combine the materials that are placed in it, I think it is a great loſs to have it too tenacious."

'A loſs to have too good a memory! what a ſtrange paradox. I wonder what Miſs Botherim would ſay to you ?'

"You may wonder what author ſhe would quote, if you pleaſe; for of herſelf, poor dear, ſhe could not ſay three ſentences upon any given ſubject. Do you not think now, Julia, it would be better for poor dear Miſs Botherim to have a memory rather leſs retentive, than to give you out, as ſhe does, ſpeech after ſpeech from the author ſhe has laſt read, without alteration or amendment, all *neat as imported*, as they ſay upon the ſign-poſts ?"

'Indeed, poor Miſs Botherim's quotations are, I confeſs, ſometimes tireſome enough,' returned Julia; 'and I believe, as you ſay, that the capacity to retain, without the power to digeſt and combine, is of very little real advantage. But I have often obſerved, that Miſs Botherim's power of retention is always confined to one ſide of the ſubject. While ſhe remembers with accuracy all

ſhe

ſhe herſelf has ſaid, ſhe forgets every word advanced by her opponent in the debate.'

"A proof of the truth of my father's obſervation," ſaid Harriet, "that we need only obſerve the ſort of memory a perſon poſſeſſes, to have a certain key to the character."

'How ſo? I do not perfectly comprehend you.'

"I ſhall quickly explain myſelf. Memory, though an original faculty, is capable of improvement. It will be ſtrong in proportion to the ſtrength of the impreſſion made upon it, and the impreſſion moſt frequently recurring will of courſe become the ſtrongeſt. Thus it happens, that trifling people are found only to remember trifles; that the vain and the ſelfiſh can ſo well recollect every minutiæ of every circumſtance in which they were themſelves particularly concerned; and that even among thoſe who pique themſelves on ſuperior taſte, ſo many are found capable of retaining the *exact words* of a well-ſounding author, while to the few is confined the more eſtimable power of impreſſing the *ſenſe* and *ſubſtance* in the mind."

'I believe there is much truth in what you ſay,' rejoined Julia; 'but pray what has all this to ſay to our argument upon the neceſſity of repentance?'

"A great deal," returned Miſs Orwell; "for memory is certainly a very neceſſary agent in preſenting to our view the works that occaſion it: and perhaps, my dear Julia, it is never better employed than in tracing the riſe and progreſs of our errors, in reminding us of how much we have come ſhort of purpoſed excellence, how frequently led by the rapid violence of paſſion into ſelf-deception, and how arrogantly we have decided upon

upon ſubjects that now appear to us in a very different light."

'All this,' replied Julia, 'I allow. But when we conſider that crime is nothing elſe than an error in judgment, a ſort of miſcalculation of conſequences, in ſhort, a mere miſtake, and that (as I ſaid before) every one is under the neceſſity of acting from the motive that is preſented to him; it follows of courſe, that feelings of repentance for actions which it was impoſſible to avoid, are extremely abſurd.'

"According to which doctrine, you would, I am to ſuppoſe, feel as much remorſe at having loſt a game at cheſs, as at having poiſoned your father! And experience the ſame degree of compunction at having made up a cap in a bad taſte, as at having deceived a friend, or betrayed the confidence of a parent. As I am not qualified to argue from books, I am under the neceſſity of appealing to your feelings. Conſult theſe, my dear Julia, and I am ſure they will declare themſelves of a different party from your favourite authors. I am much miſtaken, if they will not inform you that the pain, occaſioned by the conſciouſneſs of any departure from moral rectitude, is a ſenſation of a very different nature from that which is produced by mere error of judgment."

'And pray what would you infer from this?'

"I would infer, that if our feelings, upon any lapſe of moral rectitude, are different from thoſe which we experience on any mere miſtake of judgment in regard to other matters, they admoniſh us to a different ſort of repentance."

'I wiſh you to illuſtrate your meaning by an example, and ſhall put a caſe for your deciſion. Suppoſing that in order to ward ſome dreaded evil, you had been induced to deceive your father

by

by a falſehood, how would you act upon being made ſenſible of your error?'

"Act! ſurely upon ſuch an occaſion I could not heſitate a moment how to act; I ſhould inſtantly acknowledge it, ingenuouſly confeſs to him the whole truth, and think the mortification that muſt inevitably ariſe from this confeſſion, a juſt puniſhment for my offence. How, till I had undeceived him, could I look up to the Searcher of hearts? Every prayer I offered up to my God under ſuch circumſtances, I ſhould conſider as a ſolemn mockery, and unpardonable preſumption."

'I declare,' ſaid Julia, with a ſmile which ſeemed to diſown the heavy ſigh that had juſt burſt from her boſom, 'I declare,' ſaid ſhe, holding out her hand to Harriet, 'you are ſo charming an enthuſiaſt, that you could almoſt make one believe that ſaying one's prayers was no bad preſervative of virtue.'

The entrance of Mrs. Delmond put an end to the converſation; but the impreſſion it made upon the mind of Julia was not to be eaſily effaced. After a few ſtruggles with falſe ſhame and romantic tenderneſs, ſhe adopted the reſolution of throwing herſelf at her father's feet, as ſoon as ſhe ſhould be able to appear before him, and by a free and ingenuous acknowledgment of all that had paſſed between her and Vallaton, make an atonement for her paſt offence, and regain that confidence which ſhe was miſerable in having forfeited.

No ſooner had this reſolution taken poſſeſſion of her mind, than ſhe found herſelf reſtored to tranquillity. Vivacity once more ſparkled in her eyes, and the elaſtic ſpirits of youth recovering their tone, bid defiance to the puny evil of confinement.

In order to relieve the anxiety of her father, ſhe

ſhe had every morning, ſince the fatal accident, been enabled, by an ingenious contrivance of Harriet's, to pencil a little billet to her father, without pain or change of poſture.

So precious was this billet to Captain Delmond, and ſo anxiouſly did he watch for its arrival, that from early dawn his whole mind was occupied by an anticipation of its contents. If the meſſenger happened to be one minute beyond the uſual time, he was filled with alarm; and if any conſiderable time elapſed, his agitation roſe to ſuch a height as to render him incapable of opening it for himſelf. When he ſaw the hand-writing of his darling Julia, when he read the aſſurance of her convaleſcence, his eyes filled with tears of paternal tenderneſs; and an involuntary ejaculation of thankfulneſs to the Being whoſe power had preſerved his darling child, burſt from his lips. So entirely had the remembrance of her offences been obliterated by fears for her ſafety, that a thought of Vallaton ſeldom came acroſs his mind; and indeed ſo aſſiduouſly had he avoided the ungrateful ſubject, that it was almoſt forgotten, when a viſit from Gen. Villers, recalled it to his recollection.

The news of Julia's overturn was not long in finding its way to Caſtle-Villers. By the firſt accounts, both ſhe and her companion were killed upon the ſpot. By the ſecond, and it came from one who had his information from the beſt authority, it was announced to be only the horſe and Mr. Vallaton that had ſuffered immediate death: Julia ſtill ſurvived, though with very little hopes of recovery. The death of Vallaton was particularly regretted by this detailer of grievances, on account of his leaving a diſconſolate widow, and five fatherleſs children, to deplore his untimely fate.

The General was no ſooner aſſured of Julia's being ſtill alive, than he ſent a meſſenger to Captain Delmond's, who brought ſuch an anſwer to his enquiries, as very much relieved his mind, which had been ſeverely ſhocked by the account of her misfortune. He from that time ſeldom omitted a daily enquiry at the farm, either perſonally or by meſſage, for the health of Julia and her fellow ſufferer. Nor was he the only perſon at Caſtle-Villers that appeared to take an intereſt in her recovery.

The reader may recollect a Major Minden, who came with Miſs Mordaunt, and appeared to Julia to be introduced by that young lady as an accidental viſitor. This gentleman was in reality an old acquaintance of the General's, to whom he intended a viſit of ſome weeks; nor was he altogether unknown to the father of Julia. Juſt before Delmond left the regiment, in which he ſerved fourteen years as a lieutenant, Minden entered it a ſchool-boy enſign. After having attained the rank of Major by purchaſe through every ſtep, he took leave of the profeſſion of a ſoldier, and ſet out on a tour through France and Italy; from which he returned, after an abſence of three years, with the double acquirements of a taſte for *vertû*, and an Italian miſtreſs. This woman, of low birth and vulgar education, had engrafted upon a temper naturally proud, arrogant, and imperious, a degree of art and cunning, that ſo managed even the moſt repulſive qualities of her diſpoſition, as to render them conducive to her intereſt. Over the weaker mind of her paramour ſhe ſoon gained a complete aſcendency. He ſubmitted to her caprice without reluctance, and bore all the violence of her temper with the moſt exemplary

emplary patience. Over himſelf, his ſervants, his houſe, and fortune, ſhe reigned with the moſt deſpotic authority; nor did time ſeem to bring any diminution to her power.

But, alas! the vigilance of the moſt arbitrary government cannot always ward off the ſtroke of ruin; nor the completeſt deſpotiſm be proof againſt the mutability of all ſublunary things. The poor Signora,

"Juſt when ſhe thought, good eaſy ſoul, full ſurely,
"Her greatneſs was a ripening,"

received a formal notice of her depoſition, with an order for her immediate departure from Minden-Place to a houſe which was taken for her by the friend to whom the Major had committed the management of this domeſtic revolution, and from whom ſhe was informed a yearly ſtipend would hereafter be received.

After a noble but ineffectual ſtruggle, for maintaining the poſſeſſion of her poſt, ſhe was obliged to retire on capitulation. The throne of the Major's heart having thus become vacant, he had determined to look out for a candidate worthy of filling the important ſituation in the quality of wife. He had not yet had time to make his election, when the ſight of Julia fixed his reſolution, which the reſult of every enquiry concerning her tended to confirm.

The love of Major Minden was not of that boyiſh ſort, which timid delicacy endeavours to conceal; he ſoon informed the General of the honour he intended to do Miſs Delmond, and in order to ſhew a proper reſpect for his future father-in-law, he propoſed a viſit to Capt. Delmond,

to whom it was agreed the General ſhould mention the intended overtures of his friend.

Captain Delmond was rejoicing over a pleaſing billet from Julia, that ſeemed written in unuſual ſpirits, when Gen. Villers and Major Minden arrived at his houſe. He was ſtill in his bed-chamber, which he had often kept for whole days ſince the abſence of his daughter, but gave immediate orders for having his chair wheeled into the adjoining room, into which the gentlemen had been ſhewn.

There was ſomewhat in the air and figure of Capt. Delmond ſo indicative of *the gentleman*, that not all the diſadvantages of ſickneſs and infirmity could obliterate its traces. By the juſt proportions of the time-ruined pillar, an idea may be formed of the grandeur of the ſtructure which it once adorned. Politeneſs and cordiality marked his manner of receiving his gueſts. With heart-felt ſatisfaction did he liſten to their praiſes of his daughter; and while in anſwer to their enquiries he informed them, that in the courſe of ten or twelve days ſhe would, it was expected, be able to come home, his once brilliant eyes ſparkled with delight.

General Villers enquired for the gentleman who had accompanied Miſs Delmond.

The Captain felt a ſudden repulſion of his blood at the unwelcome queſtion, but poſſeſſed ſufficient command over his feelings to anſwer in an eaſy way, that he heard he was nearly well.

"I am heartily glad of it," replied the General, "for the ſake of his poor wife and family, who muſt have ſuffered much anxiety on his account." Never did intelligence reach the ears of Capt. Delmond, that was half ſo welcome as this firſt account of the wife and family of Vallaton. It annihilated

annihilated every ſuſpicion that had preyed upon his heart; and by giving him the delightful aſſurance of Julia's being innocent of all clandeſtine intention, reſtored his confidence in her unſullied integrity and truth.

After a ſhort converſation on indifferent topics, Major Minden, on pretence of calling at the poſt-office, took leave, and left the General to open the preliminaries of the propoſed negociation.

Capt. Delmond received the notification of the honour that was intended his family with politeneſs, not devoid of dignity. "The eſteem of Gen. Villers," he ſaid, "was a ſufficient recommendation to his favour; but however agreeable the connection might be to him, and however advantageous, in reſpect to fortune, it certainly was to his daughter, he muſt refer the Major entirely to her deciſion. It was an affair in which he might adviſe, but never would dictate."

The General coldly applauded the ſentiments of Captain Delmond, but added, 'that he ſuppoſed there was very little reaſon to apprehend that Miſs Delmond could be ſo blind to her own intereſt, as to decline the offer of ſo ſplendid an eſtabliſhment.' After a few eulogiums on his friend, and having obtained permiſſion for his viſits, the General took leave, and left the anxious father not a little agitated by the ſubject of his converſation.

However firmly reſolved that no conſideration of *ſelf* ſhould interpoſe to prevent the eſtabliſhment of his daughter, the idea of loſing her ſociety for ever overwhelmed his ſoul with involuntary ſadneſs, nor was all his fortitude ſufficient to ſupport his ſpirits in contemplation of the event. "But for what do I live?" ſaid he, after ſome mo-

ments of bitterneſs, "for whom do I exiſt, but for this darling child? Is not her happineſs far dearer to me than my own? O, yes! Let my Julia be but happy, and however forlorn I ſhall be, when ſhe is from me, the certainty of her happineſs will ſtill afford a cordial to her father's heart."

CHAP. XXIV.

"Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong."

Pope.

ON the evening of the ſame day in which Capt. Delmond had received General Villers, Henry Sydney paid a viſit to his fair patient at the farm. He had brought in his pocket a new publication, which at the deſire of Julia and her lovely nurſe, he read aloud, giving by his remarks an additional ſpirit to the wit and humour of the author. He had been about half an hour thus employed, when caſting a glance out of the window, he burſt into a fretful exclamation, "Heavens! here is our evil genius coming to torment us in the ſhape of Miſs Botherim. I wiſh to goodneſs that poor woman had any thing to do at home!"

'She is very kind,' ſaid Harriet; 'but I do not know how it is, her viſits are always I think, *mal-apropos*.'

"To be interrupted in the middle of ſuch an intereſting ſtory is very provoking," ſaid Julia; "but we will make her hear it out."

Miſs

Miſs Botherim entered with an air of even more than uſual ſolemnity. 'I am come,' ſaid ſhe, addreſſing herſelf to Harriet, 'to announce the neceſſity of your immediate return to your father's houſe: here is a note which will explain the cauſe.'

Harriet ſnatched the billet, which contained an account of her aunt's having been ſuddenly taken ill, for which reaſon ſhe was deſired to leave every thing to the care of Miſs Botherim, (who had offered to ſupply her place with Julia) and to come directly home. Harriet, whoſe aunt had been to her as a mother, and who loved her with the ſincereſt affection, was equally ſhocked and afflicted by this intelligence; ſhe loſt not a moment in obeying the ſummons, but in the midſt of her grief and agitation, preſerved a ſufficient preſence of mind to give Miſs Botherim every neceſſary inſtruction reſpecting her charge, and then affectionately embracing Julia, ſhe hurried away.

When Bridgetina obſerved Henry preparing to accompany her, 'There is no neceſſity for your going ſo ſoon, Doctor,' ſaid ſhe, making a motion for him to ſit down; 'as you could not be found in time, Dr. Orwell ſent for Mr. Gubbles, ſo that you need not hurry yourſelf; Miſs Orwell, I dare ſay, can walk very well alone.'

Henry coldly declined her invitation, and in ſpite of her remonſtrances he went with Harriet, who, indeed, ſtood very much in need of ſupport and conſolation.

In anſwer to the enquiries of Julia, Bridgetina informed her that ſhe had received the information of Mrs. Martha Goodwin's illneſs, by happening to be with Maria Sydney when her brother was ſent for; that ſhe had inſtantly gone to the parſonage to ſee if they had found him, and had

offered to take the note for Harriet, and inform Capt. and Mrs. Delmond that she would do herself the pleasure of remaining with Julia during the remainder of her confinement.

Julia returned Bridgetina the warmest acknowledgments for her goodness; nor did it once occur to her, that the hope of a more frequent opportunity of enjoying the company of Henry Sydney was the inspiring motive that lurked at the bottom of Bridgetina's heart. Fearful of introducing a subject on which she found it dangerous to dwell, she did not once enquire for Vallaton, though Bridgetina had never yet payed her a visit without being freighted with some tender message from that gentleman; who, not being yet able to write, had no other method of conveying his sentiments, than through the medium of their mutual friend. These melting remembrances of his affection never failed to raise a soft commotion in the breast of Julia, where the idea of the sufferings of her lover occupied every thought, till some kind and tender billet from her father, or some fresh instance of his anxious solicitude concerning her, turned the current of her feelings, and gave her heart to filial duty and affection.

' Bridgetina, perceiving the book which Henry had left upon the table, took it up, and eagerly began to run over the contents; which she continued to do in silence, notwithstanding the entreaties of Julia, which she silenced by declaring, ' that she never read aloud to any one.' After a few yawns, she at length threw down the book, pronouncing it to be a very poor performance.

" You surprise me," said Julia, " by saying so; it appeared to me to contain a great deal of genuine wit and humour."

' I do not care for wit and humour,' returned Bridgetina;

Bridgetina; 'they may ſerve to amuſe the vulgar but you know they are quite exploded by the new philoſophy. The works of imagination which now enlighten the world, are all generated by ſyſtem. The energies of philoſophical authors are all expanded in gloomy maſſes of tenebrific ſhade. The inveſtigators of *mind* never condeſcend to make their readers laugh.'

"I cannot altogether agree with you," replied Julia. "The authors moſt remarkable for wit and humour appear to have had no ſlight knowledge of the human heart. Do you think that Cervantes, or Moliere, or Fielding, were ſtrangers to the ſtudy of the mind; or that they could poſſibly have delineated the minute features of the ſoul in the manner they have done, without an intimate acquaintance with its nature?"

'What is Cervantes, or Moliere, or Fielding,' replied Bridgetina, 'in the eye of a philoſopher? What did they know of infinite cauſation, or of perfectibility; or of effects being equal to their cauſes, and cauſes antecedent to their effects? The wit of ſuch men may amuſe the vulgar, but is deſpiſed by the enlightened.'

"It is a ſubject on which people will pronounce according to their taſtes," ſaid Julia. "My father lays it down as a maxim, that the total incapacity for reliſhing humour is a ſure proof of mental imbecility."

'A ſentiment,' rejoined Bridgetina, 'very ſuitable to the ignorant prejudices of Capt. Delmond, but highly unworthy of a philoſopher. I ſhould not have been ſurpriſed to have heard it repeated by Harriet Orwell; but for you, you who have ſpent whole days, and weeks, and months, in ſtudying the writings of the new philoſophers, ſtill to preſerve a taſte for wit! It is truly aſtoniſh-

ing! I perceive the ſociety of Harriet Orwell has perverted your mind.'

"Indeed," ſaid Julia, "the ſociety of Miſs Orwell has been a very great happineſs to me. She gives me new cauſe to love and to eſteem her every hour. Never can I be forgetful of her goodneſs."

'Goodneſs!' repeated Bridgetina, with a ſneer; 'from whence proceeds this boaſted goodneſs? Does it flow from a conviction of general utility, purſued through the maze of abſtract reaſoning? If it does not, what I pray you is its value?'

"I confeſs," replied Julia, "I never heard Miſs Orwell define the abſtract nature of virtue; ſhe rather appears to practiſe it from the ſpontaneous impulſe of her heart. But though ſhe may not be ſo enlightened by philoſophy as we could wiſh, ſhe is extremely well informed on other ſubjects, and reads a great deal, I aſſure you."

'I ſhould not wiſh to be confined to books of her ſelecting, replied Bridgetina; 'her taſte and mine would not at all ſuit. Give me the wild extatic wanderings of imagination, the ſolemn ſorrows of ſuffocating ſenſibility! Oh how I doat on the gloomy ravings of deſpair, or delicious deſcription of the ſoul-melting ſenſations of fierce and ardent love! But, alas! Julia, you are a ſtranger to the energetic extacies that pervade my ſoul. It is in a mind of great powers that ſtrong paſſions predominate; and only people ſuch as I, can taſte the tender emotions of an importunate ſenſibility. O Heloiſe! divine, incomparable Heloiſe! how, in perufing thy enrapturing page, have all my latent energies been excited? O Henry Sydney, Henry Sydney, the St. Preuſe of my affections, how at the mention of thy name has a tide of ſweet ſenſations guſhed upon my heart!'

"Henry

« Henry Sydney!" repeated Julia, « can you be ſerious? Is it poſſibly that Henry Sydney can really have engaged your affections?"

'Poſſible!' ſaid Bridgetina, 'it is not only poſſible, but literally and demonſtrably true. The hiſtory of my ſenſations are equally intereſting and inſtructive. You will there ſee, how ſenſation generates intereſt, intereſt generates paſſions, paſſions generate powers; and ſenſations, paſſions, powers, all working together, produce aſſociations, and habits, and ideas, and ſenſibilities. O Julia! Julia! what a heart-moving hiſtory is mine.'

It was almoſt impoſſible even for Julia to refrain from laughing at the figure of Bridgetina, as ſhe pronounced theſe words. Every feature ſcrewed into formality, and every diſtorted limb ſprawling in affected agitation, ſhe preſented ſuch an apparent antidote to the tender paſſion, that the mention of love from her lips had in it ſomething irreſiſtibly ridiculous. It was with ſome difficulty that Julia could ſufficiently command her voice to deſire her to proceed; which at length, after ſtretching her craggy neck, wiping the rheum from her eyes, and fixing them on the ſharp point of her turned up noſe, ſhe did as follows:

'The remoter cauſes of thoſe aſſociations which formed the texture of my character, might, I know, very probably be traced to ſome tranſaction in the ſeraglio of the Great Mogul, or to ſome ſpirited and noble enterpriſe of the Cham of Tartary; but as the inveſtigation would be tedious, and, for want of proper data, perhaps impracticable, I ſhall not go beyond my birth, but content myſelf with arranging under ſeven heads (I love to methodiſe) the ſeven generating cauſes of the energies which ſtamp my individuality, obſerving, that it is by a proper attention to theſe

fine

fine and evaneſcent ſtrokes, that the knowledge of *mind* is alone to be attained.'

'The firſt of theſe character-forming eras was the hour of my birth. The midwife who was to attend my mother, happening to be a mile or two out of town, her delay ſuddenly excited an energetic impetuoſity which ſcorned to wait for her arrival, and generated a noble ſpirit of independence, which brought me into the world without aſſiſtance. About two hours after I was born, the germ of other paſſions was produced. The nurſe, who from ſome early aſſociations had acquired a habit of getting drunk, let me fall upon the floor. A torrent of reſentment and indignation guſhed upon my heart, and the bitter tears that followed were a certain indication of the important conſequences which that accident was to have upon my future life.

'The third power-inſpiring era is ſtill more worthy of attention. It was, indeed, the fountain-head of all my feelings, the ſource of thoſe ſenſibilities and propenſities, which have been the ſprings of every action, the cauſe of every movement of my ſoul; it is therefore well worthy the attention of every philoſophic mind, of every lover of minute inveſtigation.

'Not to keep you in ſuſpenſe, (a thing ill-ſuited to the energy of my character) I haſten to inform you, that my mother not being able to ſuckle me herſelf, a young woman was brought into the houſe to be my wet-nurſe, who ſome months before had borne a child to the pariſh-clerk. He kept a little day-ſchool in Muddy-lane; and Jenny, whoſe education had been neglected in her infancy, had reſorted to him to learn to read, and ſoon became ſo enamoured of literature, that from one of thoſe aſſociations ſo natural

tural to the human mind, she conceived a tender passion for her instructor. "Imagination lent its aid, and an importunate sensibility, panting for good unalloyed, completed the seduction."* With her milk I greedily absorbed the delicious poison which circulated through every vein; and love of literature, and *importunate sensibility*, became from thenceforth the predominant features of my character.

'Early did the fruits of the associations thus formed expand to view: by the time I was four years old, I would have listened for hours to the story of little Red Riding-hood; and on a particular investigation of this important era, I have learned from an old domestic, that I could actually, at the age of five years, repeat the whole history of the *Glass Slipper*, without missing a single word!

'Having been a remarkably unhealthy child, I was even at this age so weak and rickety as to be scarcely able to walk; but as *physical causes are as nothing*, I should not have mentioned this circumstance, but from the opportunity it afforded of expanding my powers in conversation. In my little chair I sat, talked, mused, cried, or fretted, according as events excited my sensibility. My father was so delighted with my premature eloquence, that he always kept me up to supper, and rewarded the exertion of my energies by a nice morsel of high-seasoned ragout or savoury pasty. During his life-time, my mother almost lived in the kitchen. But though her powers were expended in the science of cookery, she seldom had the good fortune to please; and the idea of her charac-

* See Emma Courtnay, a philosophical novel; to which Miss Botherim seems indebted for some of her finest thoughts.

character, which from my father's contemptuous expreſſions I obtained, as it became a new ſource of action, may properly be termed a fourth operating principle of my mind.

'My father died when I had attained my ninth year, and my weakly conſtitution deterring my mother from ſending me to ſchool, I learned to read at home; I did not like my needle, and my mother (happily for me!) never controled the energies of my mind, or cramped its powers by a mean attention to domeſtic concerns. Thus at liberty, I quickly learned to reaſon, to analize, to demonſtrate; and loſt no opportunity of improving theſe powers. Did ſhe at at any time deſire me to ring the bell, to ſtir the fire, to fetch her keys from the next room, I had an ever-ready argument to offer againſt a compliance with her requeſt. I examined its propriety, I inveſtigated its origin, I purſued its conſequences; till convinced by the ſubtlety of my reaſoning, or fatigued with following me through a maze of argument, which her inferior capacity did not permit her to purſue, ſhe gave up the point, and quietly rang the bell, ſtirred the fire, or fetched what ſhe wanted for herſelf.

'The paſſion for literature to which I was prediſpoſed by the antecedent propenſities of my nurſe, continued daily to encreaſe. I expanded my imagination by novels, I ſtrengthened my energies by romances, and at length invigorated my powers by metaphyſics.

'The manner in which my latent taſte for the latter was brought into action, as it forms the fifth grand era of my hiſtory, deſerves to be particularly narrated.

'My mother got a packet of brown ſnuff from London by the mail-coach; it was wrapped in

two

two proof ſheets of the quarto edition of the Political Juſtice. I eagerly ſnatched up the paper, and notwithſtanding the frequent fits of ſneezing it occaſioned, from the quantity of ſnuff contained in every fold, I greedily devoured its contents, I read and ſneezed, and ſneezed and read, till the germ of philoſophy began to fructify my ſoul. From that moment, I became a philoſopher, and need not inform you of the important conſequences.

'Still my ardent ſenſibility led me back to novels. As I read each ſweet, delicious tale, I reaſoned, I inveſtigated, I moralized. What! ſaid I to myſelf, ſhall every heroine of all theſe numerous volumes have a lover, and ſhall *I* remain "a comfortleſs, ſolitary, ſhivering wanderer in the dreary wilderneſs of human ſociety? I feel in myſelf the capacity of increaſing the happineſs of an individual;" but where is he? does he live in this town? have I ſeen him? how ſhall I find him? does his breaſt ſympathize with mine? An idea of young Mr. Gabriel Gubbles, the apothecary, came acroſs my mind. Yes, ſaid I, it muſt be he! I heaved a convulſive ſtruggling ſigh. Tears half delicious, half agonizing, guſhed in torrents from my eyes. O Gubbles! Gubbles, cried I, my importunate ſenſibilities, my panting tenderneſs, are all reſerved for thee!

'I haſtily put on my cloak, and ſnatching up the umbrella, I walked forth to relieve the throbbing ſenſations of my too tender ſoul. A heavy cooling ſhower moſt opportunely at that moment fell. To quench the burning fervour I let down the umbrella, and was ſoon wet to the ſkin. I became ſomewhat more tranquil, more compoſed, and proceeded down the ſtreet.

I paſſed the ſhop of Mr. Gubbles; young Gabriel

briel was there; he was looking into the mouth of an old woman, who ſat upon the floor to have a tooth pulled out. The attitude was charming; the ſcene was intereſting; it was impreſſive, tender, melancholy, ſublime. My ſuffocating ſenſibilities returned. I purſued my walk, leaning at times upon the umbrella. Careleſs of the obſervations of the paſſengers, who, ſtrangers to the fine feelings of an exquiſitely-ſuſceptible mind, wondered at my keeping down the umbrella in ſuch a heavy ſhower.

'Wet, dripping, draggled, dirty, I returned to the ſhop of Gubbles. The old woman was gone. Gabriel was pounding ſome drugs in the mortar, which ſent forth a ſmell too powerful for my high-wrought frenzied feelings. I threw myſelf into a chair, and burſt into tears. Gabriel Gubbles was aſtoniſhed. Alarmed, terrified, diſtracted, at ſeeing me ſo ill, he took down bottle after bottle, and held to my noſe; he poured out lavender and hartſhorn, and preſented them to me with a look ſo embarraſſed, ſo full of feeling, that I exerted myſelf out of compaſſion to a ſenſibility which I obſerved to be already too much affected.

'He perceived my wet clothes, and in a voice of uncommon tenderneſs, begged me to have them changed. Unwilling to give him uneaſineſs, I promiſed to do as he requeſted, and retired.

'The tenderneſs of Gubbles inſpired the moſt delightful hope. "The delicious poiſon circulated through every vein." I gave myſelf up to the ardent feelings of a morbid imagination, and thus prepared for myſelf a cruel exceſs of wretchedneſs." O Julia! Julia! how will your tender ſoul ſympathiſe with the ſufferings of mine, when I tell you, that in one week from the intereſting

event

event I have juſt related, I heard of Gabriel Gubbles' marriage!'

Here Bridgetina took out her pocket-handkerchief. Having wiped her eyes, ſhe thus proceeded:

'How ſhall I deſcribe my ſufferings! How ſhall I recount the ſalt, the bitter tears I ſhed! I yearn to be uſeful, (cried I) but the inexpreſſible yearnings of a ſoul which pants for general utility, is, by the *odious inſtitutions of a diſtempered civilization*, rendered abortive. O divine philoſophy! by thy light I am taught to perceive that happineſs is the only true end of exiſtence. To be happy, it is neceſſary for me to love! Univerſal benevolence is an empty ſound. It is individuality that ſanctifies affection. But chained by the cruel fetters which unjuſt and deteſted cuſtom has forged for my miſerable and much-injured ſex, I am not at liberty to go about in ſearch of the individual whoſe mind would ſweetly mingle with mine. Barbarous fetters! cruel chains! odious ſtate of ſociety! Oh, that the age of reaſon were but come, when no ſoft-ſouled maiden ſhall ſigh in vain!

'In this joyleſs, comfortleſs, deſponding ſtate, I for ſome time remained. As I never at any time debaſed myſelf by houſhold cares, never attended to any ſort of work, I always enjoyed the inеſtimable privilege of leiſure. Always idle, always unemployed, the fermentation of my ideas received no interruption. They expanded, generated, increaſed. The ſociety of the philoſophers gave a freſh ſupply to the fuel of my mind. I became languid, reſtleſs, impatient, miſerable. But a mind of *great powers* cannot long remain in a ſtate of inactivity; its ſenſations are ever ready to be called forth. *The romantic, frenzied feelings*

lings of ſenſibility will ſoon generate an opportunity for their own exertion.

'Happening to viſit Maria Sydney after the death of her mother, ſhe ſhewed me a letter ſhe had juſt received from Henry. The ſentiments were ſo tender, ſo delicate, ſo affectionate, I perceived in every word the traces of a mind formed for the pure delightful congeniality of mutual tenderneſs. A thouſand inſtances of his particular attention to me, the laſt time he was at home, ruſhed upon my mind. In going out to walk with his ſiſter through the fields, I remembered having once ſtruck upon the top of a ſtile, which I vainly endeavoured to get over, till Henry ſprung to my aſſiſtance, and with manly energetic fervour tore my petticoat from the ſtump in which it was entangled. Why did I not then perceive the tender emotion of his ſoul! why was I blind to ſuch a proof of ſenſibility and affection! The letter, the important eventful letter, rouſed me from my lethargic ſlumber; every word thrilled through the fibres of my heart. It awaked the ſleeping extacies of my ſoul. I inhaled the balmy ſweetneſs which natural unſophiſticated affection ſheds through the human heart. O Henry! Henry! cried I, I perceive it is with thine my mind was formed to mingle. Thou art, from henceforth, the ſovereign arbiter of my fate!

'The hour, the wiſhed-for extatic hour of his return at length arrived. Excited by his ſenſations, he hurried to our houſe the morning after his arrival; and in his looks, his manner, gave the moſt unequivocal proofs of the tender ſentiments that inſpired his mind. But ſtill a myſterious reſerve ſeals his lips. Why does he not ſpeak? Why does he not avow a paſſion ſo ennobling, ſo worthy, ſo natural, and ah! ſo fully returned!

turned! Female foibles, ſhrinking delicacies, why do you make me heſitate to begin the ſubject? Why ſhould I bluſh to inform him of my affection? O dear, often-kiſſed relique! (pulling up ſomething that was ſuſpended by a ribbon from her boſom) precious depoſit! choſen confidante of my tenderneſs! how often haſt thou been witneſs to the convulſive ſtruggling ſigh! How often has thy bright face been dimmed by the dear, delicious, agonizing tears, which have ſtolen from my eyes!'

"Is it Henry's picture!" ſaid Julia; "how did you come by it? Did he preſent you with it himſelf?'

'Ah, no!' returned Bridgetina, ſighing? 'it is a ſtolen memento; a theft of love. One day, on following his ſiſter into his bed-chamber, while he was out, I caſt my eyes upon his clothes, as they hung upon a horſe; and perceiving a looſe button, which dangled from the coat he had juſt thrown off, I took my ſciſſars, and ſevered the thread by which it hung. I retired without being perceived, and preſſed the button to my throbbing boſom. O button! button! cried I, in the delicious ardour of exquiſite ſenſibility. Once the dear appendage of thy maſter's coat, thou ſhalt from henceforth be the companion of Bridgetina's boſom; the ſolace of her tender ſorrows, the confidante of her afflictions! Yes; without reſerve ſhe ſhall murmur all her miſeries to thee.'

Here Bridgetina ceaſed; and Julia (bewildered, as ſhe often was by the illuſions of her own imagination) was ſtruck with aſtoniſhment at the effects of a ſimilar illuſion on the mind of her friend. With regard to Bridgetina, ſhe very quickly perceived the fatal conſequences of yielding to the ſuggeſtions of a diſtempered fancy. She

ſaw,

ſaw, that under the idea of cultivating *mind*, ſhe had only been encouraging the miſchievous chimeras of a teeming imagination; but never once did it occur to Julia, that ſhe was herſelf the victim of the very ſame ſpecies of folly. So much eaſier is it for the mind's eye to pierce the faults of others, than to caſt a retroſpective glance upon its own.

The good-natured Julia, pitying the deluſion of her companion, earneſtly wiſhed to ſave her from the mortification to which it muſt inevitably expoſe her. "My dear Bridgetina," ſaid ſhe, in a ſoft and gentle accent, "you have very much ſurpriſed me by the hiſtory of your feelings; but I wiſh —I fear—indeed, I cannot help being very much afraid—that with regard to Henry Sydney, you deceive yourſelf. If he loves you, why ſhould he not declare it?"

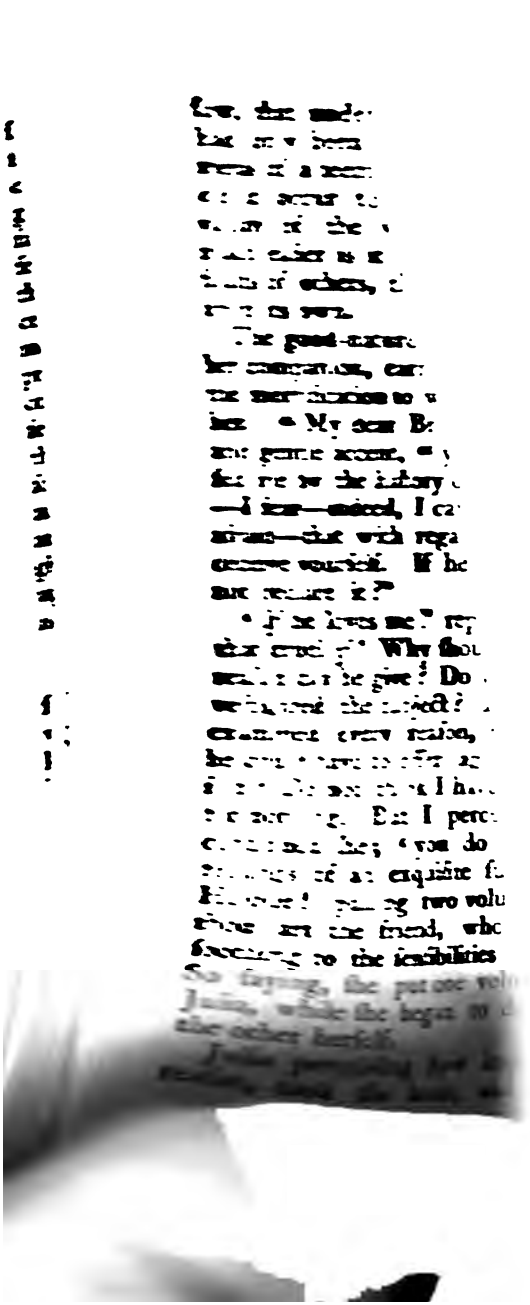
'*If* he loves me!' repeated Bridgetina. 'Why that cruel *if?* Why ſhould he not love me? What reaſon can he give? Do you think I have not inveſtigated the ſubject? Do you think I have not examined every reaſon, moral and phyſical, that he could have to offer againſt returning my paſſion? Do not think I have learned to philoſophiſe for nothing. But I perceive you are prejudiced,' continued ſhe; 'you do not enter into the fine feelings of an exquiſite ſuſceptibility. O divine Heloiſe! (pulling two volumes from her pocket) thou art the friend, whoſe ſentiments are ever ſoothing to the ſenſibilities of a too tender ſoul! So ſaying, ſhe put one volume into the hands of Julia, while ſhe began to devour the contents of the other herſelf.

Julia perceiving how impenetrable ſhe was to reaſon, took the book, and read till bed-time, without

without troubling her with any further remonſtrance.

At the hour of retiring to reſt, Julia firſt felt the misfortune of Harriet's abſence. The ſettee on which ſhe now reclined in the day, was to be wheeled into the bed-chamber, and from thence ſhe was to be lifted into bed; in which ſhe had hitherto been ſo carefully aſſiſted by Harriet, that ſhe had never experienced the ſmalleſt inconvenience from the removal. Poor Bridgetina, unuſed even to aſſiſt herſelf, was too helpleſs to afford aſſiſtance to another; helpleſs and awkward ſhe ſtood by, while the nurſe and Julia's maid, a ſimple country girl in ſo blundering a manner performed their taſk, that Julia was in ſome danger of ſlipping to the ground, and in attempting to aſſiſt herſelf, had the thumb of her right hand ſprained in ſuch a degree, that on the following morning ſhe found herſelf totally incapable of writing the uſual billet to her father. It was not without difficulty that ſhe prevailed on Miſs Botherim to become her amanuenſis. Nor was this the only inſtance in which Julia was made to *feel* the abſence of Miſs Orwell. She now learned by contraſt, how much ſhe had been indebted to the judicious management of that active and ingenious young friend. She now firſt felt the full value of that ſeries of ſmall, quiet attentions, which, from the unoſtentatious manner in which they had been performed, had paſſed almoſt unnoticed; and now firſt began to ſuſpect, that a well-informed mind, exerting its *powers* to promote the happineſs and comfort of thoſe within the reach of its exertions, might be little leſs uſefully employed than in forming ſpeculations upon *general utility*.

CHAP.



to communicate that particularly repeated Julia, again examining the note, 'the result of a conver- General Villers had with my father. do I know what the subject of that was; the intelligence of Lady Page, he mean, degrading employment ved to be the occupation of Mr. doubtless been communicated to and my father now believes me ca- on a clandestine correspondence fer! What will he think of his ill his lofty spirit be wounded at her baseness? Perhaps he at this y name with curses, and execrates of casting a foul blot upon his d honour. Never, never will he lanation. Never, will he be per- s but an idle frolic of Vallaton's e man who could stoop to such the soul of a gentleman. No, excellent, unfortunate Vallaton! thee more. All hopes of recon- thy wishes are at an end. And thy image from my heart? Must the pleasure of listening to thy more be instructed by thy phi- cruel fate! how flat and joy- y hours of existence now drag

loquy of Julia was here inter- of steps in the passage: she d her name pronounced by a The door opened, and Val- ed before her.

motion of pleasure palpitated lia. In Vallaton's countenance

CHAP. XXV.

" Bleſt are thoſe,
" Whoſe blood and judgment are ſo well commingl'd,
" That they are not as pipes for fortune's finger,
" to play what ſtop ſhe pleaſe."

SHAKESPEARE.

IN anſwer to the billet written by Miſs Botherim, Julia received from her mother the following note :—

" My dear Julia,

" We are, you may believe, very much concerned at the unlucky accident which obliged you to make uſe of the pen of Miſs Botherim; but hope, as ſhe ſays it is only a very ſlight ſprain, that it will ſoon be well; and beg that you may, for all our ſakes, be ſure to take proper care of yourſelf. I am ſorry that my cold is ſtill too bad to permit me to ſee you to-day, as I have ſomething to communicate that particularly concerns you. It is the reſult of a converſation which General Villers had yeſterday with your father, but I have not now time to enter into particulars. I have ſent the things you mentioned, and with compliments to Miſs Botherim, remain your very affectionate mother,

" E. DELMOND."

" P. S. Your father has had a very good night, and deſires his bleſſing."

Something

'Something to communicate that particularly concerns me,' repeated Julia, again examining the contents of the note, 'the result of a converſation which General Villers had with my father. Ah! too well do I know what the ſubject of that converſation was; the intelligence of Lady Page, concerning the mean, degrading employment which ſhe believed to be the occupation of Mr. Vallaton, has doubtleſs been communicated to the General; and my father now believes me capable of carrying on a clandeſtine correſpondence with a hair-dreſſer! What will he think of his Julia? How will his lofty ſpirit be wounded at the ſurmiſe of her baſeneſs? Perhaps he at this moment loads my name with curſes, and execrates me as the means of caſting a foul blot upon his hitherto-unſtained honour. Never, never will he liſten to my explanation. Never, will he be perſuaded that it was but an idle frolic of Vallaton's youth, or that the man who could ſtoop to ſuch employment had the ſoul of a gentleman. No, Vallaton! dear, excellent, unfortunate Vallaton! I muſt never ſee thee more. All hopes of reconciling my father to thy wiſhes are at an end. And muſt I indeed tear thy image from my heart? Muſt I never again have the pleaſure of liſtening to thy converſation, never more be inſtructed by thy philoſophy? O cruel, cruel fate! how flat and joyleſs will the heavy hours of exiſtence now drag on. How—'

The mental ſoliloquy of Julia was here interrupted by the noiſe of ſteps in the paſſage: ſhe liſtened: ſhe heard her name pronounced by a well-known voice. The door opened, and Vallaton himſelf appeared before her.

An involuntary emotion of pleaſure palpitated in the heart of Julia. In Vallaton's countenance

ſhe

ſhe beheld the rapturous expreſſion of unbounded joy. He knelt before her couch; he eagerly ſeized her extended hand, and preſſed it to his lips in the ſame manner which Julia had ſo often ſeen deſcribed in her favourite romances.

"What an incident!" cried Bridgetina. "Ah! Julia, Julia! how happy are you in having ſuch a lover! He is indeed a Hero!"

After the firſt extravagant expreſſions of his joy were exhauſted, Vallaton took a chair by Julia, and began to recount, in the moſt tender accents, the hiſtory, of his own ſufferings; the agony of his apprehenſions for the life of his adored Julia; the torture of ſuſpence; the pangs of abſence. But then to have again the extatic felicity of beholding her, of ſeeing her ſo much recovered, of being once more permitted to converſe with her, to enjoy her converſation without fear of interruption! It was an exceſs of happineſs almoſt too exquiſite for the preſent imperfect ſtate of nature to ſupport.

"How divinely he ſpeaks!" cried Bridgetina.

Tears of mingled gratitude and tenderneſs ſuffuſed the eyes of Julia. How could ſhe have the cruelty to injure that happineſs, to deſtroy that ſweet and exquiſite taſte of joy? Impoſſible. 'Ah! no. Let him enjoy the ſweet deluſion of hope for this one ſhort viſit! Let me not ſo ſoon, ſo very ſoon give him back to all the ſhocking agony of deſpair! Who knows how dreadful might be the conſequences?"

Thus reaſoned Julia; and convinced by her own reaſoning, that humanity and juſtice demanded of her this conſideration for the *feelings* of Vallaton, ſhe ſuffered not one word of her father, or the apprehenſion of his diſpleaſure to eſcape her lips. She, however, *firmly* reſolved not to permit

mit another viſit. This ſhe thought a proper ſacrifice to duty; but ſince it was to be the laſt time, why ſhould ſhe not aſk him to ſtay to tea? Vallaton did not require that the invitation ſhould be repeated.

At length, however, the hour of departure arrived.

Vallaton hoped he might be permitted the pleaſure of enquiring after her health to-morrow? The beſeeching look, the humble and ſubmiſſive air with which he ſpoke, penetrated the gentle heart of Julia. It was probable her mother might not come to-morrow, if ſhe did, it would be in the forenoon; why then might ſhe not ſee Vallaton in the evening? She might then have an opportunity of acquainting him with her *determined* reſolution of ſubmitting to the will of her father. It was not only proper, it was abſolutely neceſſary, that ſhe ſhould ſee him for that purpoſe.

During the moment of heſitation, while theſe thoughts rapidly hurried through her mind, a ſoft and involuntary ſigh eſcaped from her boſom: with an expreſſion of tender melancholy ſhe raiſed her fine eyes to Vallaton, and in accents ſweeter than the ſummer's breeze, ſhe deſired he would come to tea to-morrow.

He was no ſooner gone, than Bridgetina launched out into the moſt extravagant encomiums on his perſon and manners, but above all on his *exquiſite ſenſibility*. 'Happy Julia! thou haſt *indeed* a lover! O Henry, Henry! when ſhall I ſee thee breathing the ſame tender accents at my feet? Would thou wert endowed with the ſenſibility of Vallaton!'

When Bridgetina ſpoke of Henry, Julia per-

ceived nothing in her diſcourſe but the ravings of a diſtempered fancy. She pitied the imbecility of her judgment, and deplored the weakneſs of her perception; but when ſhe uttered the praiſes of Vallaton, how ſenſible, how judicious, how juſt were her remarks! She appeared endowed with uncommon penetration, and was the friend whoſe congenial mind was moſt worthy of her confidence. She, ſhe knew, would oppoſe her intention of ſacrificing her inclination to duty, if ſuch a ſacrifice ſhould be required; but by combating her arguments, ſhe might herſelf become more enlightened. She had been told by the philoſophers, that views ought to be for ever changing, and that there was nothing ſo pernicious as *fixed principle*. Perhaps ſhe might have been too haſty in her determination? There could be no harm in canvaſſing it. If right, it would bear the teſt of argument; if wrong, it had better be given up. Julia needed not to have given herſelf the trouble of diſcuſſing the propriety of conſulting Bridgetina on her affairs. Bridgetina was too much occupied by her own *feelings* to give her the hearing. With various conjectures concerning the motives of Henry's unuſual abſence, concerning his future plans and proſpects, and the reaſons which induced his ſilence, while tender paſſion, *it was evident*, preyed upon his heart, the tongue of Bridgetina continued to vibrate, till the hour of reſt procured for Julia a ceſſation from its monotonous and unmuſical ſound.

It was, indeed, the firſt day that Henry had omitted to enquire for Julia ſince her unfortunate confinement. The dangerous illneſs of Mrs. Martha Goodwin might well have accounted for his abſence; but of Mrs. Martha, or of the neceſſity of his attendance upon her, Bridgetina never

never thought. The life of a *prejudiced* old woman was, in her eſtimation, of little value, when compared with the *importunate ſenſations of exquiſite ſenſibility*. Theſe ought to have brought Henry to the farm; nor ſhould the illneſs of any old woman, whoſe life could not promote the grand object of *general utility*, have detained him for a moment.

Henry was of a different opinion. He had from early infancy experienced from this good lady ſo much kind attention, that the ſimple recollection of the notice ſhe took of the *ſchool-boy*, would have been ſufficient to have inſured the gratitude of the *man*; but to this were added a thouſand remembered proofs of the benevolence of her heart, and the excellence of her underſtanding. She was, beſides, the aunt of Harriet; and had to her ſupplied the place of a mother. From all theſe united conſiderations he felt for Mrs. Martha a ſort of filial affection and eſteem; and with filial ſorrow did he now perceive that her diſorder was far beyond the reach of human ſkill.

One evening as ſhe returned from having ſpent the day with Julia and her niece, ſhe caught cold, by being expoſed to a ſudden ſhower; but though ſhe continued indiſpoſed for the whole of the following week, ſhe would not ſuffer Harriet to be made acquainted with her indiſpoſition. Ever accuſtomed to conſider others more than herſelf, the thought of the loſs that Julia would ſuſtain in being deprived of the ſociety of Harriet, had repreſſed the deſire of her heart, which yearned for the company of her favourite niece—a ſolace which a ſtrong preſentiment aſſured her ſhe ſhould not long enjoy.

Even when Harriet was (as we have ſeen) at length ſent for, her good aunt was ſo apprehen-

ſive of her being too much alarmed on her account, that ſhe earneſtly intreated Mari Anne to go to the piano-forte, that the ſound of muſick, reaching Harriet's ear on her firſt entrance into the houſe, might diſpel all gloomy apprehenſions. Her ſtratagem in part ſucceeded, and would have done ſo moſt completely, had not Harriet flown to the muſic-room, where ſhe beheld her ſiſter touching the inſtrument with her fingers, while her eyes ſtreamed with tears, which as ſhe did not ſtop to wipe, fell faſt upon her hands. At ſight of her ſiſter, the young heart of the tender Marianne, unuſed to ſuppreſs its emotions ſwelled almoſt to burſting. She flew into the arms of Harriet, and wept and ſobbed without reſtraint upon her neck.

Dr. Orwell entered unperceived. He gently threw his arms round both his lovely daughters, and fondly preſſed them to his heart. "My dear girls, (ſaid he) I cannot wonder at your affliction, but your aunt ſtill lives; and it is our duty, as I am perſuaded it is your wiſh, to promote the eaſe and happineſs of her remaining term of life, whatever that may be. To do ſo effectually, we muſt ſuppreſs the ſelfiſh indulgence of our own feelings. We muſt dry our tears. We muſt, however painful the taſk, exert our reſolution."

'And is there, then, no hope?' cried Harriet.

"While life remains, there muſt be ſome, my love;" replied her father. "But it would embitter the exiſtence of my ſiſter to ſee you thus. If you would not materially injure her, you muſt conquer theſe ſtrong emotions of ſorrow—you muſt be calm."

'I will,

'I will, I will,' ſaid Harriet; 'lead me to her, and you ſhall ſee how well I will behave.'

When they entered the apartment of Mrs. Martha, Henry was ſitting at a table by the door, writing a preſcription. His countenance betrayed his fears.

'What is my aunt's diſorder?' ſaid Harriet eagerly, in a low voice, keeping in her breath while ſhe liſtened for his anſwer.

"It is an inflammation on her lungs," replied Henry. "She muſt be kept very quiet; ſtrong emotion would be injurious to her. Therefore, dear Harriet, be compoſed."

The feelings of Harriet were naturally acute. Her ſenſations of pain and pleaſure, of grief and joy, were keen and lively; but education and habit had now ſo well taught paſſion to ſubmit to the control of reaſon, that ſhe was ever miſtreſs of herſelf. The alteration which ſhe perceived in the countenance of her beloved friend, gave her the ſevereſt ſhock ſhe had ever yet experienced. She, however, neither ſcreamed, nor fainted, nor fell into hyſterics, but ſat down quietly by her aunt's bed-ſide, and attentively liſtened to every word ſhe uttered, and watched every motion of her eyes, as well as the tears which ſhe could not reſtrain, but which fell in ſilence, would permit. She ſat up with her all night, which her aunt (who was ſenſible ſhe would have ſuffered more by leaving her) did not oppoſe.

At the requeſt of her aunt, Harriet read to her a ſelect portion of the New Teſtament; it was the laſt diſcourſe of our Saviour to his diſciples, as recorded by St. John. When ſhe had finiſhed, "My dear Harriet," ſaid the dying aunt, in a voice which ſeemed inſpired with new energy as ſhe ſpake, "My dear, dear Harriet! if ever, in

the courſe of life, a ſceptical doubt ſhould be ſuggeſted to your mind under the falſe colour of philoſophy, *think of this night.* Recollect the comfort your dying friend received from theſe laſt words of her beloved Maſter. Remember, how in theſe awful moments ſhe was ſupported by the firm hopes of immortality. Oh, my ſweet child! could I but make you ſenſible of the peace, the ineffable peace, that at this moment ſoothes my heart, you would not be ſo ſelfiſh as to weep. I would, indeed, for your ſake, have been contented to have lived a little longer. You are in a ſituation that requires the guiding hand of experience; but I leave you under the protection of an all-powerful GOD, who has given you a father, worthy not only of your filial affection, but of your unbounded confidence and friendſhip. I have, however, in the proſpect of the event that I feel will now ſoon take place, employed the leiſure moments of the laſt three days in arranging upon paper my thoughts upon a ſubject which nearly concerns your peace. Read it with attention. It is the laſt memento of affection. Do not grieve ſo, my ſweeteſt, beſt of girls! do not murmur at a change which is for me full of hope and joy! I would ſay more—but am fatigued, and muſt try to obtain repoſe."

Harriet found it very difficult to ſuppreſs her emotion, but ſhe nevertheleſs ſucceeded, and did not diſturb the ſucceeding ſilence by one articulate ſigh.

In the morning Doctor Sydney found his patient ſo very ill, that he earneſtly recommended ſending to a town, about eight miles diſtant, for further medical advice. His deſire was immediately complied with by Doctor Orwell, and about two o'clock the ſame day the phyſician, who

who was a gentleman of great and deſerved celebrity, arrived. He no ſooner ſaw the patient, than he frankly declared there were no hopes. 'Doctor Sydney had (he ſaid) already ordered every poſſible remedy; and all he could now do, was to recommend a repetition of what had been already done.'

The ſentence was as afflictive to the affectionate friends of the good old lady, as if it had been wholly unexpected. In the deep ſorrow painted upon every countenance, ſhe plainly read the opinion of the phyſician; but it had upon her a very different effect from that which it had produced upon her friends. She became more animated, more cheerful, and collected.

"Who would have thought, (ſaid ſhe, ſmiling) that all this concern ſhould appear about a poor, ſolitary old maid? Alas! how abortive are the deſigns and deſires of mortals! How many may join in the ſong of Mary, and ſay, 'Behold, the hungry are filled with good things, and the rich are ſent empty away!' How many have married from the apprehenſion of a deſolate old age, have had their hopes crowned by a numerous family, and yet have had their eyes cloſed by the unfeeling hand of a mercenary or a ſtranger. Whilſt I—O my gracious GOD! how different haſt thou made my lot!—Yes, my children, I feel all your affection, all your tenderneſs; it is a cordial, a balmy cordial to my heart."

'Oh, my aunt!' cried Harriet, kiſſing her cold hand; 'my more than mother! what do we not owe you!'

Marianne, unable to ſtifle the loud ſobs which roſe from her tender heart, hid her face in the bed clothes, and gave vent to her feelings. It was a firſt-fruit offering to ſorrow, ardent and ſincere. Her aunt perceived, but ſaw it would

be in vain to check, her emotions; and therefore did not ſeem to obſerve them. She aſked for drink, which, when Harriet reached, ſhe found her own hands unable to raiſe to her head. Harriet held the cup to her lips, ſhe drank it off, and then with a pleaſant ſmile, ſaid, "And now, my good friends, tell me how much the better ſhould I at this moment be, if I had been born heireſs to fifty thouſand pounds? Or if double that ſum were now in my poſſeſſion, would my bed be eaſier, or my beverage taſte the ſweeter? I was born to no fortune. I never was miſtreſs of any. Cordial friendſhip has been my rich inheritance, and my patrimony the protecting favour of the Moſt High! Bleſſed be the name of that merciful GOD, who from my earlieſt youth has been my hope, and my ſtay, and who is now about to my portion for ever! Amen, amen!" As ſhe ſaid theſe words, ſhe claſped her hands upon her boſom, and ſhutting her eyes, remained as if in mental prayer.* Henry alone perceived that ſhe was gone for ever.

We ſhall paſs over the ſucceeding ſcene in ſilence. To thoſe whoſe hearts have already been lacerated by the laſt ſigh of a friend, the deſcription would be ſuperfluous. By thoſe who have never witneſſed a ſcene of ſorrow, it would not be underſtood. Suffice it then to ſay, that a more ſincere or tender tribute of grief was never paid to the memory of excellence.

Maria Sydney flew to the conſolation of her friends. She had herſelf lately mourned the loſs of

* Such, my young reader, is the picture of a death-bed; not drawn from imagination, but from *real life*. It is a faithful tranſcript taken from the record of memory. Who can read it, and not exclaim with the ſon of Balak, "let me die the death of the righteous, and let my laſt end be like his!"

of a parent; and what so well qualifies us for the tender offices of sympathy, as the experience of affliction? Her good father was never a stranger in the house of mourning; and as for Henry, his tears mingled with the tears of Harriet, and his whole heart seemed to share in her sorrow. Nor was his sympathy confined to Harriet, neither did she entirely engross his attention: he was to Dr. Orwell, upon this occasion, as a son; and never are the tender offices of friendship so gratefully acknowledged by the heart, as when pride and vanity (those repellers of social affection) are annihilated by the stroke of sorrow. If the heart of the father were penetrated by the tender attentions of Henry, could the heart of the daughter be insensible to their value? Surely not: our readers will not suppose it.

The letter, mentioned by Mrs. Martha, was found in her bureau, addressed to Harriet; but it was not till after the elapse of several days, that she could prevail upon herself to read it. At length, shutting herself up in her own apartment, she took it out, dropped a tear upon the seal, opened it, and read as follows:

"Before my beloved Harriet peruses this paper, the hand that writes it will have been sent to mingle with its parent dust the heart that dictates, will have ceased to beat; but the spirit, which animates and informs it, will still exist; and no idea of any state of existence can I at present form to my mind, in which the interest I take in the happiness of those now so dear to my heart, can be forgotten. If recollection and intelligence remain, that interest can never cease. Perhaps I may still be permitted to watch over my darling child. Perhaps—but in vain do I endeavour to penetrate the veil so wisely drawn; in vain I weary myself with conjectures; a little,

own ſhould have made an impreſſion on your unguarded heart.

"Henry, I confeſs, is worthy of you; I know no man ſo truly worthy of my Harriet (and how in higher terms can I ſpeak his eulogium?) But, alas! my dear, the beautiful union of congenial ſouls is a ſight ſeldom to be beheld on earth!

"Henry is genteelly educated, he is reſpectably connected; but Henry *is poor*—he cannot marry without a fortune; it would in him be folly in the extreme to do ſo, as certain ruin muſt be the inevitable conſequence.

"What then, ſuppoſing it to be mutual, is to become of this romantic paſſion?

"Experience bids me tell you, that if Henry leave W—— without any declaration of his love, he will, like many other men, equally amiable and equally beloved, in the buſtle of the world, loſe by degrees this (at preſent) ſtrong impreſſion, and at length in other connections forget the attachment of his youth.

"If, impelled by paſſion, he ſeeks before his departure to bind you in the ſolemn tie of an engagement, how injurious to the future peace of both may this imprudent engagement prove? That mixture of affection, gratitude, and eſteem, which conſtitutes the greater part of the paſſion in the breaſt of woman, is a ſentiment increaſed by abſence, and foſtered by imagination in the boſom of retirement. But, alas! in the other ſex as the paſſion is generally leſs pure, ſo it is naturally leſs permanent. Whatever engagements Henry forms, I make no doubt a principle of honour will compel him to fulfil. But on ſuch terms could my Harriet be happy? Could ſhe be happy in being united to a man who, perhaps, at the very moment of that union was the prey of regret, or at leaſt who had exchanged the ſenſations

tions of tenderneſs for the chilling cold of indifference? I know ſhe could not.

"I have proceeded upon the ſuppoſition of Henry's attachment being at preſent real and ſincere; but even in this reſpect, my Harriet, we may be miſtaken. Henry may prefer your ſociety to that of any other young woman in the ſmall circle of W——, and yet be far from harbouring any ſentiment warmer than eſteem. Should you be convinced of this, (and you are not ſo much the ſlave of vanity as to repel the conviction) I have little to fear for you. Every ſentiment of delicacy would, in this caſe, aid the dictates of judgment; and paſſion, all powerful as it is by imagination repreſented to be, would quickly be annihilated.

"If love is to be thus eaſily conquered by the ſuggeſtions of pride, why ſhould it reſiſt the remonſtrances of reaſon? Alas! becauſe ſelf-love rejects her ſalutary counſel. Self-love, ever the advocate of the preſent paſſion, repreſents her dominion as eternal, and her overthrow as impoſſible. Liſten not to her deluſive voice, or believe any thing impoſſible to virtue.

"Inſtead of ſupinely deploring the circumſtances which render the encouragement of this paſſion improper, exert your mind to conſider them with attention. Let not imagination alter their form, or under the ſpecious but falſe hope of ſome unforeſeen beheſt of fortune, divert your attention from the contemplation of reality. If power were granted me to make you happy in the way your heart would dictate, how ſhould I rejoice in procuring for you the accompliſhment of your wiſhes! But is, then, your Heavenly Father leſs benevolent and kind? No: his goodneſs is infinite; but his wiſdom is infinite alſo! What to my weak and limited apprehenſion might

appear

appear the means of happineſs, Divine Wiſdom may perceive to be the very reverſe. Before Him lies the whole ſucceſſion of events, which are to fill up your exiſtence. It is in his power to arrange and model them at his pleaſure; and ſo to adapt one thing to another, as to fulfil his promiſe of making all *work together for good to thoſe who love Him.* Were this life intended for our ultimate ſcene of enjoyment, we may from the proviſion we ſee made for the inferior creation, be convinced that our innocent inclinations ſhould not be thwarted in their courſe. But can we who believe it only a probationaty ſtate, in which we are to be fitted and prepared for the enjoyment of a ſuperior one, can we be ſurpriſed, if here we do not meet the fruition of our wiſhes? If reſignation were not a neceſſary trial of our virtue, can we believe that we ſhould be ſo frequently called on to reſign?

"Doth wiſdom, then, exact a gloomy direliction of the pleaſures of life? Becauſe the cup of enjoyment be not always filled exactly as our fooliſh fancies would direct, are we with peeviſhneſs to daſh it from our lips? Ah! no. The heart that is properly impreſſed with a ſenſe of the Divine goodneſs, and firmly perſuaded of the Divine ſuperintendence, will not refuſe to taſte of the bleſſings by which it is ſurrounded, becauſe the fancied good on which imagination doated, has been withheld. It is pride and infidelity that produce the querulous murmurs of diſcontent. By reſigning the events of our life to Him whoſe all-ſeeing eye can alone ſurvey the whole of our exiſtence, we double every enjoyment, we enhance the value of every bleſſing. In teaching our hearts to yield a ready acquieſcence to *his* will, we equally diveſt of its ſting the dart of death,

and

and the ſharper (O how much ſharper!) arrow of diſappointment!

"Think not that this is the language of declamation. No, my Harriet, it is the ſober dictate of experience. Time has not taught me to forget the cruel pang of diſappointed love, but it has taught me to rejoice in the diſappointment that coſt me once ſo dear. Nor is it only in this awful moment, when "ſtanding on eternity's dread brink," the objects of former intereſt neceſſarily leſſening on the view, that this conviction has been impreſſed upon my heart. No; it has for years been the ſubject of my gratitude and thankfulneſs to the Supreme Director of events. I have ſeen, that, in ſpite of myſelf, I could be bleſſed; and have been long taught to acknowledge the poſſibility of being made happy in another way beſides my own; nay, happy in the very loſs of that in which I fooliſhly imagined all happineſs to be compriſed. I do not ſay that this was the work of a moment; but I can ſay with truth, that I attribute much of the tranquillity and real happineſs of my after life to a proper improvement of my diſappointment.

"Sweet are the uſes of adverſity."

"By ſtruggling with paſſion, I invigorated my virtue; by ſubduing it, I exalted the empire of reaſon in my breaſt. I learned to take a different view of life and its purſuits. I no longer cheriſhed the idea, that all happineſs was compriſed in proſperous love; and that the lives of ſuch as were united by the tender bonds of mutual affection, muſt inevitably be crowned with *unclouded felicity*. A courſe of viſits to two or three couples of my acquaintance, who had *married for love*,

love, sufficiently convinced me of the fallacy of this opinion.

"Still the forlorn state of celibacy, the neglect, the ridicule to which it is exposed, threw at times a temporary damp upon my spirits, and might, perhaps, have betrayed me into that discontent, which is, alas! but too often visible in ancient maidens, had not I learned fairly to look my situation in the face, and boldly to examine how far the opinion of the world (that is to say, of the silly, the thoughtless, and the insignificant) ought to affect my happiness.

"I perceived, that the conscious dignity of the being who endeavours to fulfil the duties of humanity, and to make progressive improvement in knowledge and in virtue, ought to be superior to situation; and by degrees lost all anxiety about *appearing happy*, in the consciousness of being really so. In the approbation of my own conscience; in the endearments of friendship; in the gratitude of those I have endeavoured to serve, or to comfort; and in that undisturbed peace which is the exclusive privilege of the unmarried; I have found an ample recompence for the mortification of hearing myself called *Mrs. Martha*.

"Think not, my Harriet, that by any thing I have said, it is my intention to recommend to you a determined resolution of remaining in the single state. All I mean is, to convince you that it is not simply in *situation* to make us either happy or miserable; to impress upon your mind a conviction of the possibility of conquering the most deeply-rooted and fondly cherished passion; and to assure you, that the notion of its being impracticable is both false and foolish.

"If, upon a candid and impartial view of the circumstances to which I have alluded, you perceive the necessity of banishing from your bosom a passion

a paſſion which may lead to the deſtruction of your peace; I truſt you have more ſtrength of mind, more real virtue, fortitude, and courage, than to ſhrink from the painful taſk. Depending on this, I ſhall not throw away the time that is now to me ſo precious, in adducing any further arguments to prove the neceſſity of this direliction of your preſent affection; but ſhall while ſtrength permits, give you a few inſtructions concerning the moſt efficacious mode of proceeding, in order to enſure a victory.

"In the firſt place, I would earneſtly adviſe you never to make a confidante of the paſſion prudence bids you conquer. At the deſcription of our own feelings, imagination takes fire, while the appearance of ſympathy feeds the conſuming and deſtructive flame. Few, very few, have ſufficient virtue to oppoſe the current of a friend's deſires; nor is it probable, that thoſe who have will be often choſen for boſom confidantes. In diſburthening our hearts, we ſeem rather more ſolicitous to obtain a ſanction to our paſſions, than to be put upon a method of conquering them; and I can ſay from experience, in looking back upon my paſt life, that I never did any thing which on cool reflection I had reaſon to regret, to which I was not ſpurred on by the injudicious advice of ſome too zealous friend.

"I would, therefore, recommend to my dear girl to avoid the dangerous condolence of a tender and ſympathetic mind. Should your heart ever feel depreſſed from ſtruggling with its emotions; ſhould your ſpirits be inclined to ſink, and imagination prompt you to believe that your own ſufferings exceed the ſufferings of your fellow-mortals; ſeek not to diſſipate this gloom in ſcenes of amuſement, which will only increaſe your melancholy—but turn your ſteps to the houſe of

ſorrow

ſorrow—fly to comfort the afflicted—to bind up the wounds of the broken in heart; and when you contemplate the real miſeries of life, you will bluſh at having grieved for fancied ills. Oh, may never deeper ſorrow wound the heart of my beloved child!

"Since the events of life are placed beyond our reach, ſince it is ſo ſeldom in our power to regulate them to our wiſhes, it is the wiſeſt part we can purſue, to regulate our deſires in ſuch a manner as may prevent our becoming the prey of diſcontent, and loſing the enjoyment of the bleſſings that are left us, in perverſe and abortive murmurs at inevitable deſtiny. I have heard many different methods of obtaining this deſirable frame of mind recommended to our uſe; but upon trial have found all to fail, except an humble and heart-felt confidence in the over-ruling providence of our great Creator.

"Fear not, then, my beloved child, to commit the events of your life to the care of that Heavenly Father, without whoſe knowledge even a ſparrow falls not to the ground. If your deſires are fulfilled, accept it as a boon from Him who alone can turn it to a bleſſing. If your wiſhes are diſappointed, by the previous ſolemn dedication of your will diſappointment will be diveſted of its bitterneſs, in the ſtruggle of contending paſſions, the heart that is determined to ſubmit to no law but that of duty, will ever come off victorious; but the victory will be doubly eaſy, when the prevailing motive is armed with the ſtrength of the Moſt High.

"I know there are, who in the hey-day of health and ſpirits, would ſcoff at this, as the mere effuſions of enthuſiaſm; but when they ſhall arrive at the cloſe of life—when, like me, they ſhall ſtand on the threſhold of eternity—when,

" —— from the tomb
" Truth, radiant goddeſs! ſallies on their ſoul,
" And puts Deluſion's duſky train to flight,"

depend on it. their deriſion will be at an end.

" My ſtrength is exhauſted. I can hold my pen no longer. Adieu! deareſt, beſt of girls! adieu. May we meet in the regions of everlaſting felicity! and till then may the GOD of mercies take thee under his protection!

" Amen! and farewell! M. G."

CHAP. XXVI.

" Lovers and madmen have ſuch ſeething brains,
" Such ſhaping fantaſies, that apprehend
" More than cool reaſon ever comprehends."

SHAKESPEARE.

" YOUR cold is better, this morning, my dear;" ſaid Captain Delmond to his wife, as ſhe poured out his chocolate.

' I think it is;' replied Mrs. Delmond.

" The day appears to be remarkably fine;" ſaid Captain Delmond, looking towards the road that led to the farm.

' It is a very good day;' anſwered his wife.

" I think a walk would be of ſervice to you, my dear;" ſaid the Captain.

' Perhaps it might;' replied Mrs. Delmond.

" It is a long time ſince you have ſeen poor Julia;" ſaid the Captain.

' It will be a week on Thurſday;' ſaid Mrs. Delmond.

If the reader never has had any acquaintance with the race of the *Torpids*, he will naturally conclude

conclude, that dear Mrs. Delmond was either ſo intent upon making breakfaſt, or had her mind ſo occupied by ſome ſubject of importance, that the meaning of her huſband in all theſe ſeveral hints concerning the weather, &c. entirely eſcaped her obſervation.

" Mrs. Delmond, however, was neither abſent nor ſtupid. She was perfectly well acquainted with her huſband's meaning from the firſt, and before ſhe came to breakfaſt, had determined to viſit Julia as ſoon as it was over. But the frank communication of her deſign would, perhaps, have afforded too much pleaſure to her huſband, and might have produced that unclouded cheerfulneſs, which at the time of meals is by many people deemed ſo prejudicial to health. Forming our opinion from obſervation, we ſhould believe it to be a part of the medical creed of many wiſe perſonages, that the motion of the juices of the ſtomach, ſo neceſſary to the proceſs of digeſtion, is happily augmented and aſſiſted by a due proportion of what is called *fretting*. Nor can we ſufficiently admire the tender care that is taken by many heads of families, in the due adminiſtration of this powerful ſtimulant, to all who have the happineſs of ſharing in their family repaſts.

Whether Mrs. Delmond had actually ſtudied this theory, we have never been able to learn; but as far as her powers could extend, ſhe frequently put it in practice. Theſe powers, it is true, were very circumſcribed. She could not, by breaking into a violent paſſion becauſe the fowls had got three turns too much or too little, promote the digeſtion of thoſe who had the pleaſure of ſitting at her table. She could neither fret nor fume, nor ſwear at the cook for the health of her friends, (a privilege reſerved for us lords of the creation;) ſhe could only contrive to ſmother the blaze of cheerful-

cheerfulneſs; by a look of penſive ſadneſs, or an apropos reprimand to the attendant, in the very middle of ſome good ſtory of her huſband's, or ſome lively ſally of her daughter's, to which ſhe ſaw him attending with uncommon glee. She now obſerved, that he wiſhed to talk of Julia; and though her own inclination would have led her to the ſame ſubject, ſhe, out of pure regard (no doubt) to his digeſtion, reſolved to baulk his intention, and to introduce ſome other topic of diſcourſe. She talked of the ſoot having fallen down the kitchen chimney. "Why, then, I ſuppoſe it is time to have it ſwept," ſaid the Captain.

'It is but a month ſince it was ſwept,' ſaid Mrs. Delmond, 'and I do not ſee the good of having it ſwept again.'

"What, then, would you have done with it?" ſaid Captain Delmond.

'I do not know, indeed,' replied the lady.

"I wiſh," ſaid the Captain, "you would take a walk to viſit Julia to-day. I have been thinking of her all night. This propoſal of Major Minden's—"

'Pray pull the bell,' ſaid Mrs. Delmond.

"For what?" ſaid the Captain, ſome-what teſtily.

'Only to take the things,' replied Mrs. Delmond.

"The things may ſtand," ſaid the Captain, taking his hand from the bell. "I was ſpeaking of this propoſal of Major Minden's: it is a ſerious buſineſs, the happineſs of our dear girl's life may depend upon it. His fortune is great, his family is honourable; but I cannot help wiſhing that we knew ſomething more of his temper and diſpoſitions. His manners are pleaſing, and his countenance has the appearance of much good-

good-humour: don't you think ſo, my dear?"

'I did not take much notice of it,' ſaid Mrs. Delmond.

"Do you think it will be proper to mention the affair to Julia?" ſaid the Captain.

"I really do not know,' ſaid Mrs. Delmond.

"I think it will," ſaid the Captain, "I have ever diſliked concealment. It appears to me to have ſomething in it diſingenuous and diſhonourable, and is ſeldom, very ſeldom neceſſary. It is the mean trick of timid and daſtardly minds, and does more miſchief in the world than ever was atchieved by blunt ſincerity. Inform her, then, my dear; but at the ſame time aſſure her that—" Here the maid entered, Mrs. Delmond continued to addreſs her in an under-voice, while ſhe cleared the breakfaſt-table, and then getting up, bade her huſband good-bye, and went to prepare herſelf for her walk.

She found Julia wonderfully better than when ſhe had ſeen her laſt, though her ſpirits were now more languid than ſhe had at that time obſerved them.

Julia, who expected every moment that her mother would mention Vallaton, found her heart palpitate as often as ſhe obſerved her about to open her lips. She ſoon perceived, however, that the preſence of Bridgetina preſented an obſtacle to Mrs. Delmond, who was not well enough acquainted with that young lady to ſpeak of family matters before her without reſtraint. Julia, therefore, delicately hinted to her friend, that ſhe wiſhed to have ſome converſation with her mother in private—but in vain. Every hint was loſt on Bridgetina, whoſe mind was ſo completely occupied in diſcuſſion and inveſtigation of abſtract theory, as to be totally loſt to the perception of all that was obvious to common obſervation. Juſt as

thoſe

thoſe whoſe optics, by being conſtantly employed on diſtant objects, loſe the power of ſeeing whatever comes cloſe to the eye.

Perceiving that Bridgetina would not move, Julia had recourſe to whiſpering, and at length, in a very low and tremulous voice, aſked Mrs. Delmond whether ſhe had not ſomething to communicate?

"Yes," replied her mother, "I have a great many things to tell you, but not before Miſs Botherim."

'She is reading,' ſaid Julia, 'and will not take any notice.'

"You are then going to be married," ſaid Mrs. Delmond, in a long whiſper.

'Heavens!' ſaid Julia, 'what my dear mother, do you mean? Indeed, indeed, you do me injuſtice; I never will do any thing without my father's full and free conſent.'

"But he has your father's conſent," whiſpered Mrs. Delmond.

'Has!' repeated Julia in extacy, 'has my father's conſent! impoſſible. How? where? which way did it come about? It is ſurely all a dream, an enchanting viſion: O tell me quickly how it happened.'

"General Villers brought him yeſterday to our houſe," replied Mrs. Delmond, "and ſpoke of him ſo highly to your father, when he propoſed the buſineſs to him——"

'General Villers then propoſed it!' exclaimed Julia.

"Yes," returned her mother, "it was General Villers that ſpoke for him; and got your father's conſent that he ſhould viſit you as a lover. So you muſt make haſte and get well, for you ſee what awaits you."

'It

'It is wonderful!' ſaid Julia. 'But how good it was of the dear General! and how delicate to make ſure of my father's conſent, before he made any direct propoſals to myſelf.'

"It was very proper to be ſure;" ſaid Mrs. Delmond.

'It is falſe reaſoning;' cried Bridgetina aloud, throwing down the book with great vehemence upon the window-ſeat. 'Julia has done nothing wrong; nothing that is not, on every abſtract principle of virtue, laudable, and praiſe worthy, and meritorious.'

"And pray, who ſays any thing againſt her?" ſaid Mrs Delmond.

'Yes replied Bridgetina, 'the falſe prejudices of the world condemn her conduct. Nor is ſhe herſelf ſublimed and purified from every taint of the odious prejudices of ſociety. Elſe, why this remorſe, why theſe tears?'

"I hear of no remorſe; I ſee no tears;" ſaid Mrs. Delmond.

'It is plain, Madam, you have never read the ſecond volume with attention.'

"The ſecond volume of what?' replied Mrs. Delmond.

'The ſecond volume of the divine Heloiſe;' ſaid Bridgetina.

"Indeed I never read a word of it;" ſaid Mrs. Delmond, "I declare I thought you meant my Julia."

'No,' ſaid Bridgetina; 'Julia is to be ſure very much enlightened, but ſhe has not yet attained the ſublime heights of Heloiſe.'

"I know nothing about her," ſaid Mrs. Delmond. "But I perceive it is time for me to think of returning home; ſo, farewell, Julia! I ſhall tell your father that you are not averſe to theſubject mentioned by the General."

'Tell him,' said Julia, 'that my heart is penetrated with his goodneſs, and that I am ready to do whatever he pleaſes. Never can I be ungrateful for his tenderneſs—for his dear concern for my happineſs!'

Mrs. Delmond was no ſooner gone, than Bridgetina began a diſſertation upon the miſtaken notion of gratitude; wondering how a perſon, ſo well informed as Julia, could be guilty of ſuch a monſtrous error.

'I know I have been convinced again and again, by the arguments of philoſophy,' replied Julia, 'that gratitude is contrary to the principles of juſtice, which alone ought to govern our conduct; but I cannot tell how it is—it ſeems to ſpring ſo naturally to my heart, that I know not how to conquer it.'

Mr. Vallaton, punctual to the appointed hour, preſented himſelf in the evening. The fine eyes of Julia ſparkled at his approach. The roſes which had been baniſhed by confinement from her cheeks, revived with redoubled luſtre, and gave freſh animation to one of the moſt expreſſive and beautiful countenances the hand of nature ever formed. The tumult of her ſpirits was not now, as on the day before, excited by a mixture of tender regret and bitter ſelf-reproach. The ſanction of her father's approbation had chaſed every painful emotion from her heart; and the flutter of ſpirits with which ſhe expected the eclairciſſement from Vallaton's lips, was, perhaps, the moſt pleaſurable ſenſation ſhe had ever in her life experienced.

Vallaton was, on his part, highly gratified by the manner of his reception; and reſolving to improve the preſent favourable diſpoſition of his miſtreſs, urged the ſubject of his paſſion

with all the eloquence of which he was master. He was equally surprised and delighted to find that Julia no longer opposed his suit by the apprehended displeasure of her father. She, indeed, never mentioned her father's name; for perceiving how it was avoided by Vallaton, and attributing his silence to the exquisite delicacy of his affection, which would be indebted to her heart alone for success, she resolved to indulge him at the expence of her curiosity, which burned to know by what means he had induced the General to plead his cause.

While Julia in sweet confusion listened to her lover's vows, of which in silent modesty she smiled her approbation, the heart of Bridgetina swelled with vexation, not unmixed with envy, at the superior happiness of her friend. Finding the attention of Vallaton too much engrossed by his fair mistress, to give her any hopes of a metaphysical argument, she betook herself to the garden; and there in sweet soliloquy she gave a vent to the tender sorrows of her gentle bosom.

"Ah! miserable, deplorable, odious, and wretched state of society! (cried she) in which every woman cannot find a lover equally ardent and equally amiable. Sweet sensibilities! delicious tenderness! Why do I sigh for you in vain? Ah! why was my cruel lot cast in such a dismal country? Why was I doomed to come into the world in such an age? Why was I born when an absurd, an unnatural institution ties up the hearts of men, and every nobler feeling becomes petrified, and worm-eaten, and mouldy, on the uncomeatable shelf of marriage? This is the cause, ye gods! this is the cause ——"

Here a seasonable shower of tears came to her relief; and seating herself down upon the bank

of

of a ſmall ſtream that ran at the bottom of the garden, ſhe increaſed its waters by the pearly torrent from her eyes, in as ſenſible a degree as ever brook was ſwelled from a ſimilar ſource. For an exact meaſurement of the height to which rivers have been ſwoln by ſuch incidents, and other minute deſcription of the phenomena, we refer our readers to the poets; and ſhall content ourſelves with obſerving, that in this, as in ſimilar inſtances, it happened that the peccant humours which had riſen to the eyes, from the region of the heart, were no ſooner carried fairly down the ſtream, than the patient experienced relief.

It would be unpardonable to neglect the opportunity that now preſents itſelf of offering a hint to our very much reſpected friends, the experimental philoſophers; to whoſe ſerious conſideration we would very earneſtly recommend a minute inveſtigation of the facts ſo often recorded in the works of celebrated writers. From theſe authors ſufficient data may be obtained for an exact calculation of the greateſt height to which any river was ever known to riſe by the fall of a ſingle ſhower of tears; but much ſubject for inveſtigation will ſtill remain. It is not enough to know how far the waters upon ſuch occaſions actually do riſe; it is ſtill to be aſcertained, by a ſet of repeated thermometrical obſervations, what is the exact increaſe of heat that it experiences from the ſaid ſhower. And a very careful analyzation muſt likewiſe be performed, to know *with certainty* the difference of the component parts of *ſalt tears*, and *bitter tears*, and *ſweet tears*, and *ſweet bitter tears*, and *ſalt-delicious tears*, and *tears half-delicious, half-agonizing*, &c. &c. upon which

a very pretty neat courſe of experiments might undoubtedly be made; and if recorded with philoſophical accuracy, and ornamented with a ſufficient quantity of technical terms, (diſtinguiſhing, for the benefit of the unlearned readers, the phlogiſtic from the antiphlogiſtic) would make a very learned, uſeful, and entertaining pocket volume. With this hint, for which we are conſcious of meriting the thanks of our fellow-citizens, we ſhall conclude the chapter.

CHAP. XXVII.

" His words replete with guile,
" Into her heart too eaſy entrance won—
" Impregn'd
" With reaſon to her ſeeming, and with truth."
MILTON.

WHEN Mrs. Delmond returned to her own houſe, ſhe found Mrs. Gubbles with the Captain, who was amuſing himſelf with the domeſtic anecdotes of a neighbouring family; a ſpecies of information for which he could not have applied to a ſuperior ſource. No one, however, could have half the pleaſure in hearing any piece of news, that this generous woman experienced in communicating it. The delight ſhe took in adding to the general ſtock of information was, indeed, ſo great, ſo truly diſintereſted, that it was not at all affected by the nature of the intelligence ſhe had to give; as whether that was ſorrowful or pleaſant, it was communicated by her with equal alacrity and cheerfulneſs.

No

No ſooner did the account of Mrs. Martha Goodwin's death reach her ears, than haſtily throwing on her cloak, which always hung upon a nail in the corner of the room to be in readineſs upon ſuch occaſions, ſhe ſallied out to communicate the news of the mournful event to her neighbours.

She firſt called on Mrs. Botherim; but, alas! ſhe was there too late; Mrs. Botherim had heard of it before. So, after ſettling with her the day of the funeral, and debating for ſome time upon the exact age of the deceaſed; the amount of her little fortune; the number of her gowns, petticoats, and ſtockings; and the probability that the maid would come in for a good ſhare of theſe articles of apparel; which, no doubt, the Miſs Orwells would be too proud to wear; ſhe took her leave, and proceeded to Captain Delmond's, where ſhe had the ſatisfaction of being the firſt to relate the loſs the ſociety of W——had ſuſtained in the death of one of its worthieſt members.

"She was an excellent woman," ſaid the Captain, "and will be a very great loſs to the family. She has been quite a mother to the young ladies, and was deſervedly beloved by them."

'Oh yes, to be ſure ſhe was;' ſaid Mrs. Gubbles. "She was indeed a very good ſort of a body, though a little particular in her way. I always thought it was a mighty odd whim, her never playing at cards; for my part, I have never no ideer of them there particularities; for, ſays I, what is it that can make any one make themſelves ſo particular, ſays I, but pride?'

"She uſed to excuſe herſelf on account of the weakneſs of her eyes," ſaid Captain Delmond.

'Take my word for it, that was all a sham;' replied Mrs. Gubbles. 'Her eyes, indeed! why she could pore upon books for the matter of a whole morning. Never tell me that she could not have played at cards every bit as well, if she had had a mind. No, no; it was all nothing but the pride of being thought wiser than other people.'

"She was very kind to the poor," said Captain Delmond. "I have heard of her visiting their cottages, and kindly soothing their afflictions by her sympathy, when she could in no other way relieve them."

'Ay, poor body,' said Mrs. Gubbles, 'she had nothing else to do. People who have families to look after must spend their time, aye and their money too, in another guess's way. But what do you think of young Mr. Churchill's good luck?

"I know nothing of it," said Captain Delmond.

'Have you not heard of his old grand-uncle's death?'

"No, I never heard a word of it," replied the Captain.

'Bless me! well, now, that is surprising. I could have told you of it a week ago. Yes, yes, the old miserly hunks is gone at last. He never did no good to nobody when living; but he has left a pretty fortune behind him, I warrant you; as good as fifteen hundred pounds a year in landed estate, besides a mint of money in them there funds, as they are called. It all goes, every farthing of it, to the young gentleman; and a very pretty, sweet young gentleman he is, as I ever seed in my life. Well, well, we shall see, but *I* know what I expects. If he is not over head and ears

ears in love with your daughter Miſs Julia, I give you leave to ſay I knows nothing.'

"With my daughter, Julia?" repeated Capt. Delmond: "How do you come to think ſo?"

'O,' returned Mrs. Gubbles, 'let me alone; I ſaw it all well enough, I warrant ye. When he was down laſt ſummer, and ſo much with young Dr. Sydney, though he was no doctor then, neither; I ſaw well enough how much he was taken with Miſs Julia. Did I not ſee them together, when they came with a heap of other company to the fruit-gardens, at the Old Abbey, of a Sunday evening? Did not I perceive how the young gentleman ſingled out Miſs Julia, and went always round to her ſide, and choſe out the very niceſt of the plumbs and the apricots for her?'

"Pugh! that's a great while ago," ſaid Capt. Delmond.

'Long as it is,' rejoined Mrs. Gubbles, 'the young gentleman has not forgotten it, I warrant ye. It was but a few days before his grand-uncle died, that he came poſt from London, and the very next day he came to our ſhop himſelf to give orders about ſome medicines. He no ſooner ſaw me, than he bowed, and ſpoke ſo genteelly, not pretending, as many of our ſaucy fine gentlemen would have done, to forget my name. "But, Mrs. Gubbles, ſays he, I think, ſays he, Mrs. Gubbles, I had the pleaſure of ſeeing you at the Abbey-gardens laſt ſummer; it is a very charming ſpot, ſays he." 'Yes, ſays I, ſir, that it is to be ſure, ſays I; I dare ſay, ſays I, you remember Miſs Delmond? Poor, dear young lady, what a terrible misfortune has befel her!' "A misfortune! ſays he;" 'and as I live he turned as white as my apron; and when I told him all the particulars of the whole buſineſs, he looked

ſo ſorrowful and ſo melancholy! He clean forgot his grand-uncle, and would have gone away without the medicines he was in ſuch haſte for when he came in, if the boy had not run after him on purpoſe.

Here the entrance of Mrs. Delmond changed the ſubject of the converſation, which, however, made a deep impreſſion on the Captain's mind. Mrs. Gubbles had no ſooner taken her leave, than he anxiouſly enquired in what manner Julia had received the intelligence of Major Minden's declaration.

'She ſeemed quite delighted with it,' ſaid Mrs. Delmond. 'I never ſaw her look ſo pleaſed at any thing in my life: ſhe was even thankful to the *dear General*, as ſhe called him, for ſpeaking in the Major's favour; and to you ſhe ſent her duty, and bid me tell you of her grateful ſenſe of your goodneſs.'

"It is very ſtrange!" ſaid the Captain, after a ſhort pauſe. "It is very ſtrange, how the idea of rank and fortune operates upon the mind. She never, that I know of, ſaw this gentleman but once; and tho' he is a very well-looking man, I do not ſee any thing about him that one ſhould think ſo captivating to a girl's fancy. Perhaps, however, he was at Caſtle-Villers in the ſpring; when Julia, you know, ſpent a fortnight there. Do you think he was, my dear?"

'I do not know, indeed,' returned Mrs. Delmond.

"Well," ſaid the Captain, "her choice ſhall be mine; though if I could give any credit to what Mrs. Gubbles has been telling me, and could hope that young Churchill was really attached to her, the excellence of his character, his known merit, and his reſidence too in the very

very neighbourhood, would give him in my mind a decided preference. But I have told her, that a negative in this affair was all I would ever claim; and never ſhall my child reproach me with a breach of promiſe. But ſhe is ſo well, you ſay, as to be able to ſit up upon the ſopha. The dear girl! would that I could once ſee her! She ſurely may ſoon be removed without danger."

'Mr. Gubbles, it ſeems, adviſes another fortnight's confinement;' returned Mrs. Delmond.

"It can't be helped!" ſaid the Captain, ſighing; "but if the weather be fine, you, my dear, may ſee her every day."

The weather, however, was not fine; it was for above a week perverſely adverſe to the Captain's wiſhes. No poſſibility of Mrs. Delmond's viſiting Julia in all that time. But though the rain prevented Mrs. Delmond, it was no obſtacle to Mr. Vallaton: he loſt not a ſingle day, and every day bleſſed him with increaſed conviction of the complete influence he had obtained over the tender heart of Julia.

He mentioned to her the travels of Vaillant; deſcribed in romantic terms the beauty of the country in thoſe unfrequented regions that daring traveller had explored; and ſpoke of the innocence and amiable ſimplicity of its virtuous inhabitants with enthuſiaſtic rapture. Julia liſtened with delight to his deſcription. When he perceived her imagination begin to glow: "Yes, dear Julia," ſaid he, "theſe are ſcenes where true happineſs might indeed be found. Freed from the galling chains of a corrupt and depraved ſociety, the mind might there have room to expand to virtue, with a companion endeared by ſimilarity of taſte and ſentiment, a congenial ſoul, a noble ſpirit which had ſtrength and energy

to ſoar above each vulgar prejudice, and to fly from a ſociety unripe for the improvements of philoſophy. How bleſt, how tranquil, might the delicious moments move!"

'It would be very charming, to be ſure,' ſaid Julia.

"Charming!" repeated Vallaton, "all that enthuſiaſts have ever preached concerning the joys of Paradiſe, would be more than realized."

'O ecſtatic ſtate of bliſs!" cried Bridgetina, 'dear delirium of delight! O that we were all among the Hottentots! And we ſhall be among them too, ere long, I truſt. But Julia knows nothing of the glorious ſcheme. Pray tell her, Mr. Vallaton, all about it; ſhe will make a charming addition to the party.'

Vallaton, who would rather have told Julia in his own way, was a little diſconcerted by this abrupt interruption. He had, however, the art to turn it to his own advantage; and Julia, who inſtantly thought of Prior's Emma, conſidered all he ſaid as a trial of her love. Yes, thought ſhe, like the artful lover of the nut-brown maid,

"By one great trial he reſolves to prove
"The faith of woman and the force of love."

I am aware of his intention; it is at once a proof of the ſincerity and the delicacy of his attachment. Nor ſhall I be leſs ſincere than the faithful Emma:

"Alphonſo too ſhall own,
"That I, of all mankind, could love but him alone."

We ſhould be extremely happy to oblige the dear boarding-ſchool angels by a faithful repetition of every word that paſſed in thoſe intereſting converſations betwixt Julia and her happy lover; but as we have no doubt that their own ſprightly imaginations will amply ſupply the deficiency,

ſelency, we leave it to fancy to paint the particulars of each tender ſcene, and content ourſelves with obſerving, that by attributing to her lover a refinement of delicacy, which, though congenial to her own mind, was very foreign to his thoughts, Julia became the dupe of her own romantic imagination.

Anxious to remove from his mind every tender doubt, ſhe ſcrupled not to engage herſelf by the moſt ſolemn promiſes to be his, and to follow his fortunes through the world.

Vallaton received this convincing proof of her affection with ecſtacy; but ſtill, to Julia's great ſurpriſe, perſevered in his ſilence with regard to her father. What could be his motive? What, but an intention of making her happy, by giving her an agreeable ſurpriſe? She would not for the world baulk his intention, and, therefore, not only carefully concealed her knowledge of what had paſſed, but became extremely anxious, leſt by ſome *mal-apropos* diſcovery of her having been acquainted with it, the merit of the frank acknowledgment of her attachment ſhould be leſſened in its value.

The week paſſed on without affording any variety of amuſement; yet notwithſtanding the unfavourable ſtate of the atmoſphere, ſo injurious to delicate nerves, and notwithſtanding the ſameneſs of the ſcene, the ſpirits of Julia did not ſink, but on the contrary, were never obſerved to be better, than in this rainy week, which ſhe declared to be the ſhorteſt ſhe had ever paſſed in her life.

Bridgetina was of a different opinion. To her it ſeemed to creep with ſlow and lagging pace. Day after day ſhe expected to behold Henry Sydney, and day after day cloſed in diſappointment. She conſidered his conduct in all points

of

of view; ſhe diſcuſſed every poſſible motive that could induce him to forbear gratifying himſelf in her ſociety; ſhe divided and ſubdivided every argument in his favour; ſhe reaſoned, ſhe inveſtigated, and always concluded with proving in the moſt ſatisfactory manner, that ſhe was right, and that, therefore, Henry muſt inevitably be wrong.

As ſhe was one morning ſitting with Julia, who could now, with very little aſſiſtance, come from her own room into the parlour, ſhe was interrupted in the ſixth head of her argument, by a loud knock at the door. She was ſtill in her morning diſhabille, which, to confeſs the truth, was none of the moſt elegant, and would willingly have been excuſed from being ſeen by Henry in a dreſs ſo very unbecoming; but to eſcape was now impoſſible; ſo folding over the laps of her wrapper, pulling up the heels of her ſhoes, and ſettling the bow of her morning cap, which ſhe in vain endeavoured to adjuſt to the middle of her head, ſhe ſnatched up a book, and reclining her head upon her hand, while her arm reſted on the arm of the chair, ſhe fixed herſelf in a meditating attitude, truly becoming the character of a female philoſopher.

She had ſcarcely time to arrange her poſture, when the door opened, and diſcovered—not Henry Sydney, but Mrs. Botherim; who, unable longer to ſupport the abſence of her dear Bridgetina, had bid defiance to every obſtacle in order to ſatisfy her impatient deſire of ſeeing the ſole object of her affections.

"And is it *only* you?" cried Bridgetina, in the querulous tone of diſappointment, as her mother entered the room.

'*Only me?*' repeated Mrs. Botherim, 'and very

very well it is that you ſee me alive, after all I have come through.'

Julia, with her wonted ſweetneſs, endeavoured to make amends by the kindneſs of her expreſſions, for the abrupt manner of Bridgetina; at which, however, the good lady appeared neither hurt nor ſurpriſed. Accuſtomed to her petulance, ſhe never felt its impropriety; but with a blind partiality, which converted every foible into a perfection, ſhe thought every word her daughter uttered was, at all times, "wiſeſt, diſcreeteſt, beſt." After having, at the earneſt entreaty of Julia, taken ſome refreſhment, the old lady began to expatiate upon the ever-ready topic of the weather; declaring ſhe had never ſeen ſuch continued rains in her life, or was ever out in ſuch a day.

"I hope, however," ſaid Julia, "that your health will not ſuffer from it."

'Nobody's health out to ſuffer from any phyſical cauſe;' ſaid Bridgetina. 'Rain, wind, tempeſt, hurricane, are mere trifles to a reflecting and inveſtigating mind. It is nought but the weak prejudices of ſociety that makes them be regarded in the light of evils. Let the rain beat, and the ſtorm rage; can rain or ſtorm be ſo pernicious or deſtructive, as the cruel ſtate of protracted and uncertain feelings?'

"It is mighty fine talking," ſaid Mrs. Botherim, "and mighty eaſy talking, too, in a good dry warm room; but let me tell you, Biddy, it is no ſuch eaſy matter for a perſon at my time of life to carry about a great umbrella, and to tug a heavy pair of pattens through the mud for two long miles, in ſuch a day. Well, what does it ſignify? I am quite well, now that I ſee you; for I have been dreaming of you at ſuch a rate."

'What

'What foolish notions you have about dreams;' said Bridgetina. 'I don't know how often I have explained to you their whole theory; but you never can remember any abstruse point.'

"Indeed, I never can;" returned the old lady. "You know I never pretend to dispute with you in any point of learning; as, indeed, why should I? But it does my heart good to hear you talk, and I have been so tired, and the house has been so lonesome since you have been away, that you can't think."

'I am extremely sorry,' said Julia, 'to have deprived you of Miss Botherim for so many days; and very sensible of my obligation to you, as well as to her for the favour of her company.'

"Alas! my dear Miss," said Mrs. Botherim, "I have but little of her company at any time. She is always so taken up with them there wise books as she reads on from morning to night, that I often don't get a single word out of her the length of a whole day. But then it is a pleasure for me to see her, and to do all her little jobs, while she is making herself wise. Did you ever know any one with such a memory as my Biddy?"

'Few, indeed,' returned Julia, 'have the advantage of a memory so retentive.'

"Few!" said Mrs. Botherim; "I don't believe there is the like on't. She will talk you out of any book she has been reading, for the length of a whole hour, and never once put in a word of her own. It is a fine thing to have such a genius! I wonder, for my part, who she takes after. Dear Mr. Botherim was, to be sure, a very learned man, but he kept it all to himself."

'My father was no philosopher," said Bridgetina; 'he cultivated no sensations but those of the palate; his distinguished taste in cookery shewed,

shewed, however, that he was not totally destitute of *powers*. Had these *powers*, by some early combination of circumstances, taken a metaphysical direction, he might, doubtless, have enlightened the world.'

"See, now," cried Mrs. Botherim, "what it is to reason! There have all the people in our town been wondering for this week past at the learned pig; when, if they had known any thing of them there *powers* and *combinations of circumstances* that Biddy speaks of, the learning of the pig would have been accounted for at once."

Julia could not forbear smiling at the simplicity of the fond mother; but found something so pleasing in the expression of maternal affection, that though thus united to weakness, she could not behold it with indifference. She exerted herself to entertain the old lady by her own and Bridgetina's conversation; for to Julia was Mrs. Botherim indebted for every sentence that was uttered by her daughter, who conceived it to be great loss of time to converse with one who was incapable of canvassing the nice points of her extraordinary system.

As Mrs. Botherim took leave, another visitor to Julia was announced. It was the faithful old Quinten, her father's servant, who had been on a six weeks' leave of absence into Yorkshire, from whence he had returned the preceding evening. Captain Delmond himself was not more shocked at the first accounts of Julia's misfortune, than was this affectionate creature. He could not get it from his mind all night. 'If I had not gone on this fool's journey, now, (said he) this accident would never have happened. I would have attended Miss myself, and taken care that no harm had come on her. I would ha'

ha' died ſooner than that ſhe ſhould have been ſo hurt. I wiſh I had been at home.'

Thus did the poor fellow continue to lament over the misfortune of his young miſtreſs, which he entirely attributed to his own abſence; and in the morning, much as his wearied limbs demanded repoſe, he intreated permiſſion to go to ſee her with ſo much earneſtneſs, that Captain Delmond could not refuſe his requeſt.

"Welcome home again, my good Quinten!" cried Julia, as he entered, holding out her hand to the old veteran, who advanced reſpectfully towards her. "I hope you have been very well ſince you left us, and I am indeed very glad to ſee you ſafe returned."

'God bleſs thee, dear young lady!' ſaid Quinten, the tears running down his furrowed cheeks, 'God Almighty bleſs thee! I ſhall never forgive myſelf for going away at ſuch a time. If I had been at home, I ſhould ha' prevented it; I know I ſhould.'

"Indeed, my good Quinten, no one could have prevented it;" ſaid Julia.

Quinten ſhook his head. 'Who can tell, Miſs,' ſaid he, 'what one might ha' done? Old as I am, I'm not yet ſo feeble but that I might ha' ſtopped the horſe; or, perhaps, ſaved your fall—or——Well, well! it was the very devil himſelf that contrived theſe curſed gigs, that's for certain. They are more dangerſome, and do more miſchief in the courſe of one ſummer, than any one of our beſt field-pieces in a whole campaign. There was a gentleman and his wife nearly killed t'other day out of them whirligigs, as I paſſed through Newark. May I be ſhot for a coward, if I would not ſooner march up to the

the very muzzle of the enemy's guns, than venture into one of them.'

"A great many accidents are occaſioned by them, to be ſure," ſaid Julia; "but I ſhall ſoon get the better of mine; I am almoſt well already."

'Thank God you are!' ſaid Quinten; 'but I ſhall never be happy, till I ſee you tripping it about again, as you uſed to do. It breaks my heart to think what his Honour muſt ha' ſuffered in bearing you ſo long from his ſight. Before he ever ſaw you, Miſs, it was the joy of his heart to hear what a pretty baby you were. I remember it was juſt as we were recovering from the third fever we had in that vile peſtilence of a place, on the very morning that Enſign Wilſon died; Captain More and Lieutenant Danby had been buried the day before; and in the courſe of the week ſeventeen of the ſtateſieſt fellows in our company had all dropped off, and made ſuch a blank in our ranks, that it ſhook the braveſt ſpirit of us all; had they met their death in the field, it would have been nothing; but to die without having fired a ſhot—without having ſo much as ſeen the enemy—'twas enough to vex the braveſt man alive! Well, juſt at this time I heard of the arrival of the packet; and though ſcarcely able to crawl out of my room, I went as faſt as my limbs would let me, to ſee if there were any letters for my maſter. I got one, and came back with it ſo joyfully! I thought no more of my weakneſs. Here, (ſaid I) pleaſe your Honour, here is a cordial for your Honour's heart, that will do it more good than all the drugs in the medicine-cheſt. Had you but ſeen, Miſs, how his ſunk eyes revived at the ſight! "It is a letter from my wife!" ſaid

he,

he, as he took it from me with his wasted hand; and holding it to his heart, he wept just like a baby. As he read it, I stood at the foot of the bed, and when I saw how happy he looked, (though the tears still stood in his eyes) I could have cried for joy too. 'I knew it would be a cordial to your Honour's heart;' said I. "It is indeed, Quinten, (said my master) a very great one. And Quinten, (said he) here is a crown to drink my wife and daughter's health. My dear girl comes on charmingly; (said he) by all accounts, she will make as great a beauty as her mother." And would you believe it, Miss, from that very hour he recovered, and had it not been for another fever, in which no letter from England arrived to comfort him, he might ha' been as well now as ever."

"You are a kind-hearted soul," said Julia, "and I hope you have been made happy with your friends. How did you find them?"

'Oh, Miss, (returned Quinten) I have no friends in Yorkshire now. Death has struck every soul off the muster-roll that either cared for me, or that I cared for. My two brothers, my uncles, my cousins, all were dead. Not even an old school-fellow remained in the place, excepting one who was the son of the shoemaker, a top man in the village, worth a deal of money, and kept as warm a house as any man in his station in all the Riding. But see the chance of war! What man can be sure that his son will maintain his post in the same condition in which he leaves it to him? Poor Jack is now, in his old age, obliged to go upon the parish; but the honest fellow has a heart still. He was as glad to see me, Miss, as if I had been his brother; related the history of all our old school-

ſchool-mates; and told me that I had ſtill a near relation left—my brother William's ſon, who had got greatly up in the world, and was a manufacturer at Halifax, he ſaid. So I thought I would go to ſee him, out of reſpect to his father's memory, who I loved very dearly. I little thought that the ſon of my brother would be aſhamed to own me; but the pitiful dog is ſo puffed up with pride, that he ſcorned to call an honeſt ſoldier uncle. Well, (ſaid I) thank God! I have the houſe of my own dear maſter to return to. He knows that I am no ſneaker. Under his command I have fought for my king and country; we have battled it together with the world theſe thirty years paſt, and when marching orders for heaven ſhall arrive, I know his Honour won't refuſe to let theſe old bones be placed in the ranks along-ſide with his own. So, Miſs, here I am; and pleaſe God I ſhall never go from home again as long as I live."

Julia, who had a great affection for this faithful domeſtic, liſtened to his garrulous prattle with much complaceney. Obſerving how much he had been fatigued, ſhe made him ſit down, and ordered him a glaſs of wine and ſome biſcuit. Nor did ſhe make any apology to Bridgetina for taking this liberty, as ſhe thought it would have been a ſarcaſm on her principles to have ſuppoſed the poſſibility of her taking offence from ſuch a circumſtance. Great was, therefore, her ſurpriſe, on obſerving the face of Bridgetina to redden with diſpleaſure, as the old veteran retired to a chair at the further end of the room. He ſtood a moment after he had reached it, and on Julia's beckoning him to be ſeated, he put his hand upon his heart,

and

and bowing with an expreſſion of reſpect, humility, and gratitude, he ſat down.

'Upon my word, Miſs Delmond,' ſaid Bridgetina, ſtarting from her ſeat, 'this is a liberty to which I have not been accuſtomed.' And then, before Julia could poſſibly make any reply, ſhe ſuddenly left the room.

Julia, though much diſturbed at perceiving the emotion of Bridgetina, would not ſuffer Quinten to depart till her maid had brought him the refreſhments ſhe had ordered. She then diſmiſſed him with a long and tender meſſage to her father, who, ſince the departure of Miſs Orwell, had through the medium of verbal meſſages alone heard of her welfare; Miſs Botherim being too much engaged, either in ſtudying or in talking, to have leiſure to think, far leſs to write, upon any one's affairs but her own.

On the departure of Quinten, Bridgetina re-entered the room. As the traces of diſpleaſure were ſtill viſible in her countenance, Julia began an immediate apology for the liberty ſhe had taken in deſiring the old domeſtic to ſit down. "I thought," ſaid ſhe, "that when you conſidered the long journey the poor fellow has ſo lately had, and obſerved how much he appeared to be worn out with fatigue, you could not poſſibly have been diſpleaſed."

'How much ſoever I admire the beautiful ſyſtem of perfect and compleat equality,' ſaid Bridgetina, 'I hold every partial and premature attempt at introducing it to be improper, and therefore muſt declare my opinion of its impropriety.'

"Indeed," replied Julia, "I had no thoughts of introducing equality at all. I only wiſhed

to

to rest poor old Quinten's legs for a few minutes. I am sorry it offended you; but surely, if philosophy teaches us that the difference of ranks is an obstacle to perfectibility, it cannot be truly philosophical tenaciously to adhere to the imaginary distinctions that so unfortunately separate us from our fellow-creatures. Have not I a thousand times heard you lament the present miserable state of things, and pathetically mourn over the wretched depression of the lower ranks?"

'Oh, yes,' said Bridgetina; in a general view, nothing to be sure is so deplorable. But the age of reason is not yet far enough advanced for people to desire their servants to sit down in the same room with them. The time will come, to be sure, when all the unhappy distinctions of station, and rank, and sex, and age, shall be abolished; when all shall be equally wise, and equally poor, and equally virtuous. Oh, happy period! Oh, much wished-for æra of felicity!'

"But pray how is this blessed state to be brought about," said Julia, "if every one pertinaciously refuses to descend, and proudly prohibits the exaltation of his inferiors?"

"It will all be brought about by the dissemination of philosophy,' said Bridgetina. "All will be then enlightened; but at present——'

"Well," cried Julia, "here comes Mr. Vallaton to decide upon our dispute—which of us have been in the right he shall now determine."

Vallaton was no sooner seated, than Julia informed him of the incident which had occurred,

occurred, dwelling much upon the virtues of the old domestic, for whom she expressed much kindness and attachment.

"As to desiring the person you mention to sit down," said Vallaton, "you certainly did it from a principle of benevolence, and as such it cannot be very severely reprehended; though upon investigation it may appear to have been founded upon mistake. True benevolence, or rather real virtue, (for there is, strictly speaking, no such thing as benevolence) gives no preference to any object, but for the sake of real beneficial qualities which really exist in that object. Now what beneficial qualities can possibly exist in a man who, for thirty years, has been in a state of servitude and depression? How long must every nobler power of the soul have been lost in the degrading habitude of submission? *If the hopelessness of his condition have not long ere now, blunted every finer feeling of his mind, giving him for the habits of his reflection slavery and contentment, must he not cherish in his bosom a burning envy, an unextinguishable abhorrence against the injustice of society?** Such a person cannot, therefore, be a proper object of regard."

'But, indeed,' said Julia, 'honest Quinten is the very reverse of all this; he is quite a noble-minded creature; indeed he is. The affectionate attachment he has shewn to my father and his family is beyond all description. And so disinterested is his regard, that when my father would, on coming home, have dismissed him from his service, as thinking it inconsistent with

* See the Enquirer, by Godwin.

his

his plan of economy to keep a man-ſervant in his houſe, Quinten, on his knees, beſought him to ſuffer him to ſtay without wages, which he ſaid his Chelſea penſion rendered now ſuperfluous. I ſhall break my heart if I leave you, (ſaid the poor fellow, with tears in his eyes) and what good will this penſion do me then? I could not bear the thoughts of your honour's being without a ſervant now, when you ſtand more in need of one than ever; indeed I could not, ſaid he, with ſo beſeeching a look, that my father could not reſiſt it. He wept as much as Quinten, while I climbed up on his knees, and caſting my arms about his neck, My dear papa won't let the good Quinten leave us, cried I, I'm ſure he won't. A ſpeech for which poor Quinten has ever ſince been ſo grateful, that I am perſuaded he would lay down his life to ſerve me!'

"Is it poſſible that the enlightened mind of my lovely Julia does not perceive, that all ſhe has ſaid tends rather to confirm than to rebut the force of my argument, which goes to prove that, as a ſervant, this perſon *muſt inevitably be deſtitute* of the beſt characteriſtics of a rational being. This blind affection, this degrading gratitude, which, it would ſeem, has excited your regard—how dark and ignoble is the ſource from whence it ſprings! But this fellow has not only been a ſervant, he has been a ſoldier. *He has learned ferocity in the ſchool of murder. His mind has been familiarized to the moſt dreadful ſpectacles He is totally ignorant of the principles of human nature. Whatever appearance he may wear, depend upon it he is at bottom mean, baſe, cruel,*

cruel, and arrogant; since it is impossible that a soldier should not be a depraved and unnatural being."*

'They may be so in general,' replied Julia; 'but I am sure both Quinten and his master are exceptions to the general rule. They, I am certain, have each of them hearts as good, and tender, and humane, as any human being ever yet possessed.

"Impossible!" cried Vallaton; utterly impossible! It is only, believe me, charming Julia, it is only from having been so fatally accustomed to their prejudices, that you view them with indifference. Could you divest yourself of that weak partiality, which so unhappily throws its delusive mist before your eyes, you would view with just and noble abhorrence those very persons who are now the objects of your much-mistaken regard. There is no point of philosophy more difficult of acquirement, than that which teaches us to make a proper estimate of the merits of individuals. This never can be done till we consider them, not with regard to ourselves, but to general utility. When our minds, purified from every narrow and illiberal prejudice, are enabled to take this enlarged and comprehensive view, our regards will be no longer influenced by the mean consideration of friendship or affection; we shall no longer admire any casual virtue; but in exact and just proportion to the talents, the powers, and capacity of the object, will be our reverence and esteem."

'Alas!' said Julia, 'how few are capable of this discernment! How few possess the strength of mind necessary for exerting it!'

* See Enquirer.

"Few,

"Few, to be ſure, in the preſent depraved ſtate of ſociety," ſaid Vallaton; "but it is only the regard of thoſe few that poſſeſſes any real value. What is the indiſcriminating affection of a parent, whoſe weak and ſelfiſh fondneſs blindly doats upon a child, becauſe, forſooth, he believes it to be his own? What is it, when put in compariſon with the dignified regard of an enlarged and philoſophic mind, which has attentively weighed its merits? How many beauties, how many excellences do I diſcover in the ſoul of Julia, which were never diſcerned by the eye of her father? From an accurate examination of the powers of her mind, I bow before her as the firſt of human beings; while her father merely loves her for the obedience that has been ſubſervient to his will, and beholds in her an object that at once ſoothes his pride, exalts his conſequence, and gratifies his ambition."

Julia ſighed deeply at this mortifying view of the motives of her father's tenderneſs; and Vallaton, perceiving the impreſſion he had made, continued his attack upon her prejudices, which he carried on in ſo maſterly a manner, that Julia, though ſhe could not eaſily pluck from her heart the deeply-rooted ſentiments of filial tenderneſs, was too much aſhamed of her weakneſs to give encouragement to their growth. Finding herſelf incapable of refuting the arguments of her logical admirer, ſhe readily admitted the belief that refutation was impoſſible; and ſo artfully did he contrive to mingle argument with flattery, that vanity and ſelf-love were too much intereſted in the truth of his repreſentations to render her ſolicitous of having them contradicted.

CHAP. XXVIII.

" Fancy! thou buſy offspring of the mind;
" Thou roving, ranging, rambler, unconfin'd;
" Pleaſing, diſpleaſing, aping, marring, making;
" Oft right for wrong, and wrong for right miſtaking."

BRIDGETINA, to whom every day became more and more inſupportable, was at length gratified by the appearance of Henry Sydney. The cruel youth, taking no notice of her ſoft embarraſſment, totally regardleſs of the faint ſcream ſhe uttered, or of the ſoft languiſhment of her non-bewitching eyes, only made her a ſlight bow and advanced to enquire for Julia, to whom, and whom alone, he thought it neceſſary to make any apology for his abſence.

While he addreſſed himſelf to Julia, Bridgetina regarded him with much attention; ſhe obſerved that an air of melancholy overſpread his countenance, that he looked pale and thoughtful, and that the quick intelligenee of his dark and brilliant eyes was exchanged for heavy languor and liſtleſs dejection.

The heart of Bridgetina beat quick at the diſcovery. "It is evident,' ſaid ſhe to herſelf, "that the dear youth has been made miſerable by this cruel ſeparation. Yes; the pangs of abſence have been more than he could bear. Delightful ſenſibility! enchanting tenderneſs! how amiably intereſting do ye make him now appear!" Then addreſſing herſelf to Henry, "How much muſt it grieve the friends of Doctor Sydney," ſaid ſhe,

ſhe, "to behold him thus the prey of ſorrow? It is but too evident that ſome tender ſenſation preys upon his heart. Could he but conſider me as worthy of his confidence, with what delight would I ſoothe each tender emotion of his troubled mind"

'You are very good, Madam,' ſaid Henry, ſmiling. 'I really did not know that my feelings had been quite ſo apparent; but you will not wonder that I ſhould be a little out of ſpirits, when I inform you that I leave W——to-morrow; and that it is probable I ſhall never more return to it as a place of reſidence.'

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Bridgetina, "is it poſſible! Can you really be ſo cruel, ſo barbarous, ſo inſenſible to the affection—"

'I am certain,' ſaid Julia, (interrupting her friend, for whom ſhe bluſhed nearly as deeply as Henry had done from the force of her expreſſions, which he was convinced could only allude to one object) 'I am certain,' ſaid Julia, 'that the friends of Dr. Sydney muſt, indeed, ſuffer much from the loſs of his ſociety. I pity poor Maria from my heart.'

"What is the affection of Maria," exclaimed Bridgetina, "or of a thouſand Marias, in compariſon of that heart-burſting emotion—thoſe romantic, high wrought, frenzied feelings, which are inſpired by fierce and ardent love? Doctor Sydney muſt know that he leaves behind him one perſon, and one alone, who is capable of ſuch a tide of tenderneſs."

'Good GOD!' cried Henry, in amazement, 'what is it you mean?' Then recollecting himſelf, 'What a fool I am,' ſaid he, 'not to perceive your intention of making a jeſt of me.'

"Me jeſt!" ſaid Bridgetina, "no one can ſay

that I ever made a jeſt, or ſo much as laughed at one in the courſe of my whole life: On a ſubject ſo ſerious, in a moment of ſuch impreſſion, it is not likely that I ſhould ſpeak lightly. Ah! too well you know the truth, the cruel truth of the circumſtance to which I allude."

'You aſtoniſh me beyond meaſure,' ſaid Henry. 'But do not thus play with my feelings, I beſeech you: for heaven's ſake be more explicit.'

"It is you that ought to be more explicit, I think," returned Bridgetina. "Why, acting under the influence of falſe delicacy, of erroneous prejudices, do you forbear to come to an explanation with her whoſe happineſs, whoſe fate is in your hands? What right have you by ſuſpenſe to deſtroy her peace, by delay to protract her utility?"

'You aſtoniſh me more and more,' ſaid Henry, in the greateſt agitation. 'But ſince you have ſo unaccountably diſcovered the ſecret of my heart, in juſtice to myſelf, I think I am bound to explain to you the motives of my conduct. The paſſion that inſpires my breaſt, I have indeed laboured to conceal. Alas! I now find how ineffectually. But when I conſidered the narrowneſs of my fortune, the precarioufneſs of a profeſſion, in which neither aſſiduity nor abilities can enſure ſucceſs, I thought it would be ungenerous and baſe to ſeek to bind by an engagement the hand and heart of her whoſe happineſs is, and ever will be, dearer to me than my own. No, never will I be ſo vilely ſelfiſh; ſhe ſhall be free, though to her I am bound in ties indiſſoluble and eternal!'

"And do you really feel for her ſo much affection?" cried Bridgetina, ſoftening her ſhrill voice as much as poſſible. "And do you think," continued

tinued ſhe, " that ſhe is leſs generous, leſs noble-minded than yourſelf? Ah! no; be aſſured ſhe is at this moment ready and willing to ſacrifice to you all the falſe prejudices of a depraved and misjudging world. What is the world to her who exiſts, who lives, who breathes but for you alone?"

'Dear Miſs Botherim,' ſaid Henry, 'you at once delight and grieve me by what you ſay Dear as the flattering idea of being beloved is to my heart, it but renders the cruelty of my ſituation the more intolerable. Shall I take advantage of ſuch endearing ſenſibility? ſhall I involve a generous and exalted woman in my misfortunes? Good heavens, how miſerable is my ſituation!'

" And why miſerable?" returned Bridgetina " Why is your ſituation to be deplored. It this depraved and diſtempered ſtate of civilization, that alone puts preſent happineſs beyond your reach; but this is not an evil without a remedy. Leave this corrupt and barren wilderneſs, where the rank weed of prejudice ſpreads peſtilence and perdition through the tainted air, and in a region uncorrupted by the baleful inſtitutions of ſociety, enjoy the delicious delirium of ſweet and mutual love."

Henry ſtared at this ſpeech, which was to him totally incomprehenſible. Before he had time to aſk for any explanation, the entrance of Mr. Gubbles put an end to the converſation.

Henry, deeply agitated by what he had heard from Bridgetina, now gave himſelf up to joy at the diſcovery of Harriet's affection; and again relapſed into the moſt gloomy melancholy from the cruel recollection of the barrier which remained, and might long remain, to oppoſe their union. His reſolution of leaving W——without making

any declaration of his paſſion began to waver. It was the idea of her happineſs that had determined his ſilence, but now that he had been ſo plainly informed of her tenderneſs for him, he thought it would be equally cruel and diſhonourable to leave her in any ſuſpenſe concerning his ſentiments.

'Bridgetina on the entrance of Mr. Gubbles, thought it neceſſary to retire, in order to conceal her emotion; which was, however, obſervable to no eyes but of Julia, as in truth ſhe was the only perſon who either looked at or thought of her at all. She had not yet returned, when Henry, impatient to be gone, haſtily took leave of Julia; who, much aſtoniſhed at his whole behaviour, aſked if he would not ſtay to ſee Miſs Botherim. 'She will have the goodneſs to excuſe me,' ſaid he, 'as my time is now ſo limited;' and then again repeating his wiſhes for Julia's ſpeedy and complete recovery, he departed.

With haſty ſteps he proceeded to Dr. Orwell's. As he drew near the houſe, a thouſand different emotions crouded on his mind; much as he was flattered by the pleaſing certainty of Harriet's attachment, his delicacy was in ſome degree hurt by her making a confidante of Miſs Botherim.

'What a perverſe, what an inconſiſtent being is man!' ſaid he to himſelf, with a deep ſigh. 'How miſerable did I deem the anxiety of doubt! how often have I trembled with the apprehenſions of Harriet's indifference! and now that I have nought to fear, I am leſs happy, leſs contented than ever! Oh, had I wooed the confeſſion from her own lips, how bleſſed would it have made me! But is not this vile, is it not ungrateful? Yes dear Harriet, I ought, and I ſhall love you more than ever.'

He

He entered the houſe without ceremony, and proceeded to the ſaloon; where he beheld Harriet ſitting at a ſmall work-table which ſtood near the window. Her claſped hands reſted on a folded letter which lay on the table, on the direction of which her eyes ſeemed to dwell with that unconſcious fixedneſs which denotes deep and painful meditation. Tears trickled faſt down her lovely cheeks, and a long and heavy ſigh heaved her boſom. On perceiving Henry, ſhe inſtantly took up the letter, and haſtily putting it in her pocket, endeavoured to reſume an air of cheerfulneſs and ſerenity.

'I fear I intrude upon you,' ſaid Henry, 'but I know your goodneſs will pardon my intruſion, when I tell you that the long-dreaded hour of my departure is arrived; that ſhort is the time I can now enjoy the ſociety moſt dear to me; ſoon, very ſoon muſt I be torn from it, perhaps for ever.'

"I am extremely ſorry to hear it," ſaid Harriet, with much compoſure in her looks, but in accents ſcarcely articulate; "though, as I hope it will be for your advantage, your real friends ought rather to rejoice than grieve at the event."

'And can Miſs Orwell part with her old friend thus coolly?' ſaid Henry.

"No one can take a deeper intereſt in the happineſs of their friends than I do," replied Harriet. "Could my friendſhip be of ſervice to you, you ſhould find that it was neither lukewarm nor inſincere. For your kind attentions to this family in our late affliction, I can never be either ungrateful nor forgetful; but——" Here her voice totally failing her, ſhe ſtopped a moment; and then, as if recollecting herſelf, ſaid, "I muſt acquaint my father with your being here; he too, I know,

know, will wiſh to return you his grateful acknowledgments, and will be ſorry to loſe a moment of your company."

'Cruel Harriet!' ſaid Henry, 'in a moment ſuch as this to talk of thanks for the common offices of humanity! When my full heart is burſting with anxiety to communicate to you the ſenſations which agitate it almoſt to madneſs, will you refuſe to me the conſolation of a hearing?'

"Doctor Sydney," ſaid Harriet, with a look of mingled dignity and ſweetneſs, "do not think me either inſenſible or capricious. You can have nothing to communicate to me to which I ought to liſten, that you may not freely ſpeak in preſence of my father."

Often (thought Henry) have I heard of the caprice of the ſex, but never did I imagine that in Harriet Orwell I ſhould behold a proof of it. 'And do you,' ſaid he, 'indeed prohibit me to make uſe of this laſt, this only opportunity of declaring to you the ſtate of my heart! of———,

"Indeed," ſaid Harriet, interrupting him, "it is very fooliſh, very improper to have any converſation of this kind." And then haſtily pulling the bell, ſhe deſired the ſervant, who immediately entered, to acquaint her father that Doctor Sydney wiſhed to ſee him.

Vexed, mortified, and diſappointed, Henry ſtood for ſome moments ſilent. 'Am I in a dream?' at length he exclaimed. 'Is it from Miſs Orwell's lips I hear theſe words? Has ſhe then no regard, no pity, no feeling for me? Vain illuſion! (continued he, in great agitation, ſtriking his hand againſt his forehead) oh, how fully is my temerity and preſumption puniſhed!'

"I am truly grieved," ſaid Harriet, in great confuſion, "I am ſorry, I am diſtreſſed to ſee you

ſo

ſo much agitated. But if the aſſurance of my *friendſhip*—my ſincere and laſting friendſhip, can afford you any conſolation, it ever has been—it ever will be yours."

Her trembling lip and faltering voice, as ſhe pronounced theſe words, proclaimed the agitation of her heart. Hearing her father's ſtep in the paſſage, ſhe aroſe, and holding out her hand to Henry, who ſeized it in a ſpeechleſs agony of amazement and deſpair, "Farewell!" ſaid ſhe, "may happineſs——" She could proceed no further; but as her father entered at one door, ſhe hurried out at the other, and running to her own apartment, gave vent to the emotions ſhe could no longer ſuppreſs.

Harriet had been in ſome degree prepared for the intended departure of Henry, of which ſhe had heard about an hour before he came to take his leave of her. Her heart had ſunk within her at the intelligence, and her agitated ſpirits had been forced to ſeek relief in a burſt of involuntary ſorrow. Far, however, from giving indulgence to theſe feelings, ſhe had ſummoned up all her reſolution to ſuppreſs them; ſhe knew that Henry would certainly call to take leave, and prepared her mind to ſuſtain the parting ſcene with dignity. When ſhe had a little compoſed herſelf, ſhe went to her bureau, took out the laſt letter of her beloved aunt, and endeavoured to fortify her mind by a peruſal of its contents. She then bathed her eyes in cold water to take away the veſtiges of her tears, and proceeded to the ſaloon, whither ſhe knew Henry would be ſhewn; again ſhe read over the laſt advice of her venerable friend, and with an enthuſiaſm kindled by the high-wrought emotion of her ſpirits, ſhe vowed to obey her wiſe inſtructions.

How

How well ſhe performed her reſolution has been already ſeen. Her heroiſm was, however, pretty nearly exhauſted by the time ſhe reached her own apartment; ſhe threw herſelf into a chair, and for ſome minutes gave way to the feelings of her deeply-wounded heart. She now regretted not having liſtened to Henry's declaration. "How cruel, how unfeeling muſt he now think me!" cried ſhe; "his eſteem, at leaſt, I might ſurely have retained: O why did I, by the appearance of ſuch pride, deprive myſelf of a regard ſo precious?" Thus did ſhe for ſome time add to the weight of ſorrow by the bitterneſs of ſelf accuſation. But her underſtanding was too good to be long warped by the influence of paſſion. She ſoon perceived, that to have acted in any other manner would have brought on all the evils which her aunt had ſo forcibly pointed out; and no ſooner did a conſciouſneſs of the propriety of her conduct reach her mind, than it comforted and ſoothed her. By an act of ardent and ſincere devotion, ſhe fortified her reſolution; and while her innocent ſoul was poured out to heaven in earneſt ſupplications for her lover's happineſs, that ſerenity which is the companion of elevated ſentiment, took poſſeſſion of her mind

Let us now return to the mortified and diſappointed Henry, who remained, for ſome time after ſhe left the ſaloon, in ſuch a ſtate of ſtupefaction, that he was almoſt inſenſible to the preſence of her father. He was at length rouſed from his reverie by the repeated queſtions of Dr. Orwell, and forced, in reply to them, to give him an account of the cauſe of his ſudden departure from W——; which was occaſioned by advice that morning received from his patroneſs Mrs. Fielding, through whoſe intereſt he hoped to be appointed

appointed phyſician to the —— Hoſpital, vacated by the death of Dr. ——.

Dr. Orwell very ſincerely congratulated his young friend on ſo flattering a proſpect, and highly approved of his fixing in London in preference to the country, where, though his virtues would be eſteemed, his talents would be loſt.

Henry in reply ſaid, 'that he merely went in conformity to the opinion of his father, who did not wiſh to diſoblige Mrs. Fielding by a non-compliance with her requeſt. For my own ſhare,' continued he, 'I am perfectly contented with the country, I have no wiſh to quit it; never ſhall I be ſo happy in any other place as I have been here; never, from the hour I leave this, ſhall I know a moment's peace.'

"I hope you will ſoon have too much buſineſs upon your hands to give you time for vain regrets," ſaid Dr. Orwell, ſmiling. "Greatly, however, ſhall we all miſs you—much have we been obliged to your attention; and wherever you are, the beſt wiſhes of me and of my family will attend you. Surely Harriet did not know that you were going away ſo ſoon, or ſhe would not have run away without bidding you farewell. But, poor girl, you muſt excuſe her; ſhe has now a great many domeſtic concerns to look after. I can aſſure you ſhe wiſhes you well, and will never forget your kind attention to her aunt."

Henry, much diſtreſſed by this ſpeech, and unable to carry on the converſation any farther, ſuddenly ſtarted up, and ſhaking hands with his good old friend, bid him farewell, and went away as faſt as poſſible. The behaviour of Harriet had aſtoniſhed as much as it had mortified him. Prepoſſeſſed with the idea of Miſs Botherim's being in her confidence, (for how elſe could ſhe attain the knowledge

knowledge of the diſpoſition of her heart?) he could not doubt of her affection. From whence, then, proceeded this unneceſſary and vexatious reſerve? Why to Miſs Botherim ſo free and open in the acknowledgment of her attachment, and to himſelf ſo backward as not even to deign to liſten to his vows? "Alas! it is but too evident," cried he; "pride and ambition have ſtifled the voice of love: it is at the ſuggeſtion of thoſe accurſed paſſions that ſhe rejects the man her heart approves. O Harriet, Harriet! how oppoſite to the exalted generoſity of thy ſentiments, is thy preſent conduct? If excellence ſuch as thine be found imperfect, in whom may we hereafter confide?" Thus did he continue to upbraid the gentle Harriet for a behaviour, which could he but have read her heart, and ſeen its real motives there diſplayed, would have rendered her more eſtimable, more amiable in his eyes than ever.

And here, kind reader, of whatever age or gender thou mayeſt haply chance to be, we entreat thee to make one moment's pauſe; and to be ſo obliging as to give a glance towards the perſon whoſe conduct thou haſt laſt condemned. Believe it certain, that with all thy penetration thou mayeſt, peradventure, have miſtaken the intentions of his heart. Mitigate, therefore, the fierceneſs of thy wrath. Retract the harſhneſs of thy cenſure, and ſo ſhalt thou, when the ſecrets of all hearts ſhall be revealed, eſcape the bitterneſs of remorſe for the cruelty of injuſtice.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.